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THE LAND WE LIVE IN

VOLUME FOURTH

DOMINE DIRIGE NOS

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LONDON

CHARLES KNIGHT

BRIGHTON

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THE
LAND WE LIVE IN.

A

PICTORIAL AND LITERARY SKETCH-BOOK

OF THE

BRITISH EMPIRE.

VOL. IV.

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JULI. FROM THE MOUTH OF THE HARBOUR

HULL AND THE HUMBER: YORK AND BEVERLEY.

As the tourist—willing to make the most of the time which he is stealing from business for the sake of his tour—sometimes makes a plunge into the busy scenes of commerce as well as into the quieter scenes of nature; so do we now propose to conduct the reader into a district where shipping and docks appeal to him in one direction, and cathedrals and ruins in another. The south-east portion of the great county of Yorkshire is to be the object of our visit; and Hull, York, and Beverley, are to be our towns: but as Hull will attract us chiefly on account of its mighty river Humber, its docks, and its shipping; so will York and Beverley appeal to our notice for the sake of their venerable minsters. Hull speaks of the present — York and Beverley of the past; and in this spirit we proceed on our tour.

THE HUMBER.

When we look at the great estuaries or river-mouths of our island, as laid down on a map, we cannot fail to see how invitingly they appeal to the energies of man. They show that, in each case, a stream is flowing from the interior, collecting as it goes the subsidiary waters of smaller streams, which are themselves an aggregate of the waters of numberless little rivulets and rills. They show that, while ships, laden with the treasures of foreign countries, can sail up to a certain point in the estuaries, smaller vessels and boats can penetrate far into the interior; thereby becoming media of interchange between those who have to sell and those who are willing to buy. They show, too, by the distribution of towns along the courses of such rivers, that this has been the direction in which population and civilization have advanced. The jagged and tortuous, but deep and commodious Firth of Clyde, with its Glasgow and Greenock and Dumbarton; the Solway Firth, (not always so choked with sand as now,) with its Carlisle and Annan and Maryport; the estuary of the Mersey, with the mighty Liverpool and the young Birkenhead lying at its entrance; the splendid estuary of the Severn, forming the Bristol Channel, and presenting a trumpet-shaped entrance up to Newport, Bristol, and Gloucester—these are on the west coast. The south coast is distinguished, not so much for the large rivers which flow into it, as for the remarkable bays or inlets which the sea has formed along the coast: it is in such inlets, sometimes at the termination of small rivers, and sometimes where a salt-water bay is alone observable, that we find Falmouth, Plymouth, Dartmouth, Teignmouth, Exeter and Exmouth, Weymouth, Poole, Southampton, Portsmouth, and some of the watering-places from thence to the North Foreland. Coming round to the east coast, we find the estuary of the Thames, with

its forest of masts; the Wash, once the outlet for large rivers, but since much exposed to geological changes; the Humber, with Hull and Grimsby; the Tees, with Stockton and Darlington; the Wear, with Sunderland and Wearmouth; the Tyne, with Newcastle and Shields; the wide Firth of Forth, with Leith and Stirling; the Dee, with Dundee and Perth; and the Moray Firth, with Inverness and the northern extremity of the Caledonian Canal. Thus is our sea-girt country dotted around with busy ports and commercial towns.

It is to one of these estuaries that we are about to invite the reader's attention,—the *Humber*, which flows into the German Ocean by such a noble expanse of river-mouth; which receives the contributions of so many rivers from Yorkshire as well as from the mid-land counties; which occupies so admirable a position in respect to the commercial ports of Norway, the Baltic, Denmark, and Holland. This river has on its banks one port of first-class eminence among our maritime towns, and others of rising importance, which will one day become great. No other river system in England collects the waters from so many points, and connects together so many important towns, as the Humber. It is itself formed mainly by the confluence of the Ouse with the Trent; and these two are the outlets for such a vast number of rivers, that Yorkshire, Derbyshire, Staffordshire, Nottinghamshire, and Leicestershire, pour out nearly the whole of their waters to the Humber; while half a dozen other counties contribute a portion of their supply.

We shall have further to say about the Humber in connection with the Docks, presently; and may therefore now proceed at once to the great commercial emporium of Hull.

THE EARLY DAYS OF HULL.

Hull—or, as it is more formally and correctly designated, *Kingston-upon-Hull* (Hull itself being the name of a river)—lies on the northern shore of the Humber, at the point where the two rivers Hull and Humber join. It has on its eastern side that singular flat-looking peninsula called Holderness, which stretches out to the German Ocean at Spurn Point. The coast of Lincolnshire spreads out for many miles opposite Hull; but it is a flat uninteresting coast, presenting none of those landmarks which hills or cliffs furnish. Indeed there is scarcely a hill visible from Hull in any direction.

Hull is not one of those towns which interest us by their relics of bygone ages. It tells of the present much more than of the past. It once had its Augustins, its Carmelites, and its Carthusians; it once had a

stately palace, wherein royalty sojourned awhile; and embattled fortifications complete enough to resist the entrance of Charles I. during the civil war. But all are gone—the monks, the palace, the walls. Of the early history of the town, records are more than usually scarce; so that we know less of its annals in feudal times, than of most of the large towns in the north. Leland, indeed, tells us that “the toune was in the tyme of Edward 3 but a meane fischer toune. The first great encreasing of the toune was by passing for fisch into Iseland, from whence they had the whole trade of stoke fisch into England, and partly other fisch. In Richard the 2nd’s days the tounce waxed very rich; and Michael de la Pole, marchaunt of Hull, and prentice as some say to one Rotenheryng, of the same toune, came into so high favor for wit, actyvite, and riches, that he was made Count of Suffolk; whereon he got of King Richard 2 many grants and privileges to the toune; and in his time the tounce was wonderfully augmented in building, and was enclosed with ditches, and the wall begun, and in continuance ended, and made all of brick, as most part of the houses of the toune at that time was.”

This town, as has been said, is situated at the point where the river Hull empties itself into the river Humber. It is a singular circumstance, that the Hull, which is now at the *eastern* side of the town, is believed to have been once on the *western*: the course of the river having been turned. At what time, and under what circumstances this diversion occurred is not now known; but there are records of many violent floods which burst over the whole district, from the sea to Hull; and it is deemed not improbable that some such occurrence may have affected the course of the river.

The Charter House, or Carthusian Priory, was founded about the year 1350, by William de la Pole. The enclosure of the town with walls took place during the reign of Edward III. In 1322, a royal licence was granted for encompassing the town with ditches and a wall. In aid of the expenses of carrying on the work, a grant was made of certain tolls for five years; but as this aid was insufficient, another grant was made in 1325, of a penny in the pound in the value of all goods and merchandize coming to the town.

For some centuries after the building of the wall, the town was confined between the Humber on the south, the Hull on the east, and the town-wall on the west and north. Even so late as the year 1640, the number of streets was less than forty: there are now about thirty times that number, so enormously has the town increased on all sides except the south.

Of the internal or social condition of Hull in those times we know very little. Taylor, the water-poet, whose ‘Very Merry Wherry Ferry Voyage,’ from London to Hull, in 1622, formed the subject of a quaint poem, speaks in flattering terms of the merits of the townsmen. He was, it appears, hospitably entertained by some of them after his voyage; and his gratitude may have warmed the colours of the picture which he drew of Hull and her inhabitants. He says:

“It is the only bulwark of the north:

All other towns for strength to it must strike,
And all the northern parts have not the like;
The people from the sea much wealth have won,
Each man doth live as he were Neptune’s son.”

He also records the enormous sum (in his eyes) spent in maintaining the harbour:

“It yearly costs five hundred pounds besides,
To fence the town from Hull and Humber tides,
For stakes, for baving, timber, stones, and piles,
All which are brought by water many miles.”

THE RISE AND GROWTH OF THE PORT.

So far as matters meet the eye of a modern observer, the history of the Hull docks furnishes the history of the town; for to those docks are owing nearly all the wealth which Hull possesses. The vast treasures of the east and west meet here as at a point. Russia and Sweden, Denmark and Norway, Holland and Germany, send to Hull their timber, their iron, their hemp, their tar, their tallow, their bones for manure, and their corn for food, their flax and linseed, and their hides and skins; while Hull is made the point of export for the cottons of Lancashire, the woollens of Yorkshire, the pottery of Staffordshire, the cutlery of Sheffield, the hosiery of Leicester, the bobbin-net of Nottingham, the metal wares of Birmingham, the steam-engines and machinery from our great manufacturing towns,—to all the ports which line the eastern side of the German Ocean.

Hull claims a pretty fair antiquity for her commerce and shipping. It is believed, that as early as A.D. 1200, Hull was one of the appointed places for the export of wool. In all that relates to the port of Hull in early times, the river Hull was the part alluded to, rather than the Humber in front of the town. Every successive century brought forward a steady increase in the trade of Hull; until at length some measures were imperatively called for, having for their object the enlargement of the harbour, and the better accommodation of shipping.

It has been a fortunate circumstance for Liverpool, and is (or has been) an unfortunate one for Hull, that in the former case the docks belong to the Corporation, whereby the arrangement in respect to docks, dock dues, new works, repairs, dredging, and the numerous matters which bear on the practical management of a port, are free from any clashing of interests between the town authorities and the dock authorities; whereas at Hull, the docks belong to a private company, between whom and the Corporation there has not been that cordiality and unanimity which would lead to well-arranged plans.

Before the construction of any of the docks, the shipping business used to be conducted along the northern shore of the Humber, within the limits of the town, and for a short distance up the river Hull; but by about the year 1770 the trade of the port had so far increased as to render further accommodation

necessary. It was first proposed that the Corporation should make new docks, but this was declined; it was then suggested that the Trinity House should take up the matter; but this body likewise shrunk from the responsibility. Matters grew so bad, that the Government were about to remove the bonding of the port from Hull to Gainsborough, the latter being situated some distance up the river Trent. Hereupon a company of "adventurers," or shareholders, determined to construct new docks; they formed a stock of 120 shares, to which 60 have since been added, on each of which a sum of £250 has been ultimately paid; and so well has the matter answered as a commercial speculation, that these shares are worth £1600 or £1800 each in the market. The Company obtained an Act in 1774, which gave them various powers in respect to the Humber and Hull rivers; and in 1788 the *Old Dock* was opened, bounding the town on the north, and opening into the river Hull, which in this part constitutes the Old Harbour. The Corporation took shares in the Company; and the Corporation and the Trinity Board also supplied a portion of the capital as separate bodies: receiving certain advantages therefrom, but not touching the dock dues. Some years afterwards, in 1809, an addition was made to the accommodation of the port, by the construction of the *Humber Dock*, connected with the Humber by a tidal basin, and bounding the town on the west. This left a gap between the north and the west, between the Old and the Humber Docks; and this gap was not filled up till 1829, when the *Junction Dock*, which establishes a communication between the two older docks, and which bounds the town on the north-west, was opened. It was then that Hull became for the first time an island—for such it effectually is: a large merchant ship can sail completely round the town. A small additional dock may be noticed, called the Ferry Dock, which was constructed in the early part of the present century. It is merely a small recess, with a wharf and pier, on the Humber frontage of the town.

These three docks, presenting a united area of only about twenty-six acres, have accommodated more traffic perhaps than any other docks in the kingdom: that is, the area in proportion with the shipping is smaller than in any other port. A merchant of Hull said, a few years ago, when Commissioners were inquiring into the commerce of Hull:—

"Within my knowledge the traffic of Hull has increased very considerably: so much so, that the harbour, which formerly was, with the then existing dock accommodation, sufficient for the port, became so crowded with shipping, that I have heard of one vessel leaving South End (a particular point in the harbour), and arriving at Elsinore before another just behind her could get out of the harbour." Another merchant "knew a vessel make the passage from Hull to Peterborough, while a second vessel, ready for sea at the same moment, was proceeding down the harbour from the Old Dock to the Humber." A third said, "I have known

forty-three sail of vessels, in two hours and twenty minutes, require to pass through the harbour, which is the highway to the Old Dock; and in 1844, forty-six sea-going vessels and steamers, twenty-eight river craft, and one large raft of timber, passed through the Humber Dock lock in one tide." This was corroborated by a merchant who had "known one hundred sail of vessels come out of the Old Dock in one tide."

What is called the Harbour, or the Old Harbour, is, as we before remarked, merely the lower portion of the river Hull, near its junction with the Humber; it bounds the town on the east, and is lined on both sides with wharfs and warehouses. This portion of the river is about two-thirds of a mile in length, and from fifty to eighty yards wide. It is used by vessels of various tonnage for taking in and discharging their cargoes along the quays of the warehouses on the banks; as a passage or channel for vessels going into or coming out of the Old Dock; and also as a channel for smaller vessels proceeding to the various wharfs and warehouses lying higher up the Hull, beyond the verge of the town. It is also used by river craft, and other small vessels, as a place of shelter in stormy and tempestuous weather, when it is frequently filled for many days together. It will therefore be seen how unavoidably must such a place be crowded; and we can imagine how a foreigner would be struck by such a spectacle of intense activity as this bit of river presents. The four purposes above enumerated give to this portion of the river Hull an amount of business which is perhaps not paralleled in an equal space in any country; because, in most other commercial ports, the docks can be reached without vessels having to pass through such a busily-occupied portion of river.

All improvements in this port are difficult, on account of the diversity of interests and privileges involved: these are, happily, not insurmountable, as the recent works have shown; but they require an unusual amount of discussion and struggle. The public bodies who have control over the port, are, the Municipal Corporation, the Corporation of the Trinity House, the Dock Company, the Dock Commissioners, the Pilot Commissioners, the Commissioners of the Holderness Drainage, and the Railway Company. It requires no small exercise of sagacity to determine the exact limits of each of these bodies' powers and privileges, and no small energy to induce them to work well together in the same direction: to these also are to be added the rights of those who hold property along the margin of the harbour, and the rights of the merchants and ship-owners. The main privileges of all these bodies are the following: The Corporation receive dues from all vessels using the port, for jettage and anchorage; they also own the Ferry-boat Dock, for market vessels; they are proprietors of the soil of that portion of the river Hull facing the harbour; and lastly, the Mayor is admiral of the harbour. The Corporation of the Trinity House supply the Humber with buoys and lights, and license pilots; all vessels pay buoyage, and a primage is paid on the cargoes



1. — FROM THE PIER, LOOKING UP QUEEN-STREET.

from foreign vessels; and this Corporation also appoint the dock- and harbour-masters. The Dock Company are owners of all the wet-docks, and receive dues from all vessels using the port, whether going into the docks or not, with certain specified exceptions. The Dock Commissioners have the control and management of the docks and quays. The Pilot Commissioners have the superintendence of the pilots and ballast-lighters; and to this body all vessels above six feet draught of water must pay pilotage. The Holderness Drainage Commissioners (Holderness being the low tongue of land which intervenes between Hull and the sea) have the right to require the Dock Commissioners to remove banks, hills, earth, soil, or rubbish in the harbour within low-water mark. Lastly, the Railway Company are owners of considerable quay and wharf-works on the western margin of the town.

By the year 1844 the Dock Company had matured its plans for an extension of the harbour accommodation, by the construction of a new dock; and an Act of Parliament was obtained for developing the scheme. By virtue of these plans, there was to be a new dock situated eastward of the triangular island on which the citadel is placed. There was also to be an enlargement of the point of junction where the Old Dock opens into the Old Harbour, as a means of facilitating the ingress and egress of shipping. And lastly, there was to be a new railway-dock constructed, connected with the railway-station, and also connected by a cut with the western side of the Humber Dock. The Company were authorized to raise £400,000 for these works. One of the important clauses of this Act is,

that the Docks are henceforward to be managed by Commissioners, so chosen as to represent the varied interests of the town. One important object of this Act is to prevent the unloading of timber ships in the already crowded docks. The Commissioners deemed it necessary to apply for another Act, in 1845, to enable them to enlarge the dimensions of the new Railway Dock, to erect new warehouses, and to lay down all requisite railways along the quays. The Dock Company had to apply for another Act, in 1849, to raise more capital for finishing the Victoria Dock. The Admiralty, on that occasion, insisted on certain provisions respecting the dredging and draining of the Harbour—a work which all parties had hitherto shifted from one to another.

Thus, then, when all the works are completed, Hull and its port will present the following features. There will in effect be two islands—the citadel island and the town island, and a triangular belt of dry land around the citadel island. The moat bounds the citadel on two sides; while the Humber bounds it on the third. The new eastern or Victoria Dock, of twelve or thirteen acres, spreads away eastward of the citadel moat; while its two basins give ingress the one to the Humber, and the other to the Hull. Then comes the town island, with the Hull or Old Harbour on the east, the Old Dock on the north, the Junction Dock on the north-west, the Humber Dock and the new Railway Dock on the west, and the little Ferry-boat Dock on the south—one of the most curious interlacings of dock accommodation presented by any of our seaport towns.



2.—THE GARRISON, LOOKING UP THE OLD HARBOUR.

A TOUR AROUND THE DOCKS.

Supposing that we land at the ferries from the Lincolnshire shore, (as most travellers from the south now do,) we find ourselves at the Ferry-boat Dock. This is a small open dock on the Humber front of Hull, with a pier stretching out from the shore in the form of a T. The pier is a neat and convenient timber structure, with sufficient accommodation for the small steamers which go down the river to Grimsby, across the river to Barton and New Holland, and up the river to Selby, Goole, and York. It is from this Pier, looking northward, that the scene represented in Cut No. 1 presents itself.

This pier lies pretty close to the western margin of the mouth of the river Hull: a river marvellously narrow for the multiplicity of business transacted on it. No bridge crosses it for a distance of half a mile above its mouth; so we will imagine ourselves to be ferried across. We land at a long wooden wharf, or series of wharfs, called Garrison Side; and a bridge from thence over the garrison moat takes us into the citadel. (Cut, No. 2.) This citadel is rather a peculiar adjunct to the town; but certainly well placed for defence, since it commands the entrances to the docks and harbours. Being surrounded by a moat, it constitutes a triangular island; within which are officers' quarters, soldiers' barracks, magazines, guard-houses, ramparts bristling with cannon, and all the paraphernalia and parade of a garrison. Entering this citadel at the south-west corner, and emerging from it at the centre of the north-east side, we find ourselves at once among the stones and scaffolding and excavations of the new Victoria Dock. This dock, when completed, will be very conveniently and judiciously arranged. There will be first an open basin in the Humber, bounded on the east and west by substantial piers; then from this a closed basin, lying eastward of the citadel, and opening from the open basin by two channels and two locks; then the Victoria Dock, stretching nearly parallel to the north-east side of the citadel; and lastly a basin, with locks at both ends, establishing a connection between the Victoria Dock and the River Hull. The consequence of this arrangement will be, two triangular islands, one within another: the Humber, the Hull, and the Victoria Dock will enclose one such island; and within this will be the citadel island, surrounded by its moat.

On returning to the Garrison Side, and walking up the eastern shore of the Hull river to the North Bridge (the only bridge over the Hull within the limits of the town), we cannot but be struck with the amazing activity of the river. Every foot of ground on both sides is occupied as wharf and warehouse, and the vessels lie packed so closely that there is only a mere rivulet of clear space in the middle for the passage of vessels up and down. The timber vessels and barges, especially, cannot escape notice. The eastern wharfs of the Hull, for some distance, are mostly belonging to timber yards; and here, from

morning till night, at certain seasons of the year, may be seen strings of sturdy porters, shouldering the deals and planks in the barges below, and running up the sloping stages which will land them on the wharf above. We might here venture to ask, "Is not this work for powerful cranes rather than for men's shoulders, especially in a crowded river?" Leaving this matter, however, and glancing to the opposite side of the river, we find that it is lined rather with warehouses than with wharfs or timber yards. The vessels, laden with their various treasures, come close alongside the warehouses, and the cargoes are transferred from the one receptacle to the other. After witnessing this scene for a distance of about two-thirds of a mile, we come to a narrow basin on the left, which gives entrance to the Old Dock; and immediately above this is the Bridge, the only land connection between the east and the central portions of Hull. Above the bridge, for the further distance of at least a mile, both sides of the river are still lined with vessels and barges, though smaller in size and more sparing in number than those below bridge.

Entering the Old Dock, which branches out pretty nearly westward from the river Hull, we come to a scene of interminable excitement and activity. The length of the dock is about a third of a mile, besides the basin and lock. There are quays entirely around it; the warehouses occupy upwards of two thousand square yards; the sheds are nearly seven hundred feet in length; and the dock will accommodate a hundred square rigged ships. The sides of the sheds are ingeniously managed: they rest upon wheels which work on a railway, so that they can be drawn aside or closed in at pleasure. In watching the operations which are constantly going on around or within this dock, an intelligent observer may pick up many scraps of information. He will see at one point a range of huge corn-warehouses; these warehouses have been filled with the produce of foreign countries, and he will see how this corn is sent up the country, to York or elsewhere. A shoot or trunk, at an upper window, is filled (say with oats) by men who shovel the grain into it; a man, standing on a stage below, receives the oats into the mouth of an open sack through a canvas hose or trunk; another man takes the sack on his back, and runs along a plank to a weighing-machine, where a third man ascertains whether the proper weight is contained in the sack; the oats are then emptied into the hold of a barge, lying alongside the wharf; and this barge, when laden, proceeds up the Ouse to Selby or York. Advancing along the quay, we come next to the Swedish iron dépôt. This introduces us to a remarkable feature in our commerce and manufactures. Good and plentiful as English iron is, it is not good enough for the Sheffield folks; their cutlery requires some peculiar quality of steel, which is furnished by Swedish iron better than by English. A small district called Dannemora, lying about thirty miles from Upsala, in Sweden, supplies us with our best cutlery iron: the produce of the district is said to amount to about four thousand tons annually,

the whole of which is consigned to one house at Hull. Here we may see the long narrow bars of Swedish iron, borne by men from the warehouses to the quay side, and transferred to the barges which are to convey them inland to Sheffield or other places. Proceeding round the dock, we find such scenes as these constantly occurring. The ships (probably for some convenience of loading and unloading) lie longitudinally near the south quay, and transversely near the north quay. The buildings around the dock are either wharfs and warehouses, or such shops as supply the wants of a sea-going population.

Advanced to the western end of the Old Dock, we come to one of the busiest spots in Hull. (Cut, No. 3.) It is the point where a narrow channel connects the Old Dock with the Junction Dock; and over this channel is a swivel bridge which establishes a communication between the centre and the north-western portion of the town—now very extensive. Near this point is a statue of Wilberforce, surmounting a lofty column; it is almost exactly in the centre of Hull, and forms a conspicuous landmark as seen from different directions. Hull had never much to do with slave-grown commerce; but it is nevertheless pleasant to see the abolition of slavery celebrated by the erection of such a column. The Junction Dock is much shorter but a little wider than the Old Dock. It will hold sixty square rigged ships: and it is often difficult to see where an additional vessel could squeeze room for itself. Many of these vessels are larger than those which moor in the Old Dock. Sometimes we may see a fine large merchantman, laden with guano from Callao; or some other vessel which has crossed the Atlantic. But it may be remarked, by any one who ferrets out the names of the vessels as they lie in the docks, that while Liverpool is visited by ships which have crossed all the broad oceans from every direction, Hull is the *dépôt* rather of vessels which have simply crossed the German Ocean, after having, perhaps, traversed a portion of the Baltic: this is, indeed, the kind of traffic which distinguishes Hull above all other British ports. The ‘Koning Willem,’ steamer; the ‘Lovise, fra Fanøe;’ the ‘Margaretha, von Emden;’ the ‘Kirstine, af Dragøe;’—such names, Danish, Swedish, and Norwegian, meet the eye at every few yards in perambulating the Hull docks.

The southern end of the Junction Dock brings us to another narrow channel, which, like the former, is crossed by a swivel bridge for establishing connection between different parts of the town. This channel opens into the Humber Dock, and extends nearly in a north and south direction. This Dock is intermediate in size between the two former: it will accommodate about seventy square-rigged vessels. It is the dock for the large steamers, in the establishment of which Hull has taken a more active part than any of the eastern ports, except London. Antwerp, Rotterdam, Hamburg, Copenhagen, St. Petersburg, as well as numerous English ports—all are placed in steam-ship connection with Hull. Sailing vessels, too, of large tonnage, lie in

the Humber Dock, receiving their cargoes of merchandize in countless variety, or bringing their supplies of foreign produce to this country. About half the western side of the Humber Dock is lined by the quays, sheds, and warehouses of the railway company, whose goods-station is at this spot, admirably arranged for the transfer of merchandize from ship to rail, or from rail to ship.

To aid in the transfer just alluded to, a new dock has been built, called the Railway Dock, branching out westward of the Humber Dock. It is of small dimensions; but the rails are brought quite close up to the southern quay, so that vessels can be laden and unladen with great quickness. The railway goods-station is well placed for the accommodation of the traffic of the Old, the Junction, and the Humber Docks; though the same cannot be said in respect to the Hull Harbour or the new Victoria Dock.

Southward, the Humber Dock ends in a narrow channel or lock, which is crossed by a swivel bridge, and which opens into the Humber Basin. This latter is a convenient receptacle for shipping, open to the Humber, and lined with well-built stone quays and piers, a portion of which is occupied by sheds.

We have now made a tour of the docks; and a busy tour it is. That the Docks should be large and well-managed; that maritime affairs should occupy a larger share of the attention of the Hull inhabitants than any other industrial pursuit; and that the wealth of the upper class of its inhabitants should be mainly derived from this source—will appear reasonable enough when we know the amount of shipping which enters and leaves the port. From returns made by order of the House of Commons, it appears that the ships which have entered the port of Hull during the last thirty years, have varied from 600 to 2,600 annually: the average of the last ten years having been considerably over 2,000. These vessels seem to have, on an average, a tonnage of about 160 tons; so that the amount of produce (unless any considerable number of the ships enter in ballast, which is hardly probable) brought into the port must be very large. It is a curious circumstance, and one which must be owing to the spontaneous course of commerce rather than to planned arrangements, that the British and foreign vessels engaged in the Hull trade are almost exactly equal in number. From 1833 to 1845, the British vessels which left the port amounted to 13,089; while the foreign were 13,114 in number. Until 1838, the British vessels almost invariably outnumbered the foreign; but in that year the balance began to turn in the other direction, and has so continued ever since, with a few exceptions. The British vessels have, however, a much larger average tonnage than the foreign; so that there has never been a year when the aggregate tonnage of foreign vessels at Hull has equalled that of British. The British average is over 200 tons; the foreign is but little more than 100. In the first half of 1849 there were 28,000 bales of cotton twist, and 14,000 of cotton goods, exported from Hull: fully one-half of these quantities went to Hamburg.



3.—DOCKS, AND THE WILBERFORCE COLUMN.

The above numbers tell very little to the mind of one who is not conversant with the proceedings of other ports; but when we find that London, Liverpool, and Newcastle, are the only British ports which take precedence of Hull in the number of vessels despatched therefrom; and that Leith, Glasgow, Greenock, Bristol, and the whole of the Irish ports, are subordinate to Hull in this matter—we may excuse the merchants of the Humber if they are a little proud of their busy port. The nations to which the foreign vessels in the Hull trade mostly belong are Germany, Denmark, Holland, and Sweden. The chief trade is with Russia, the Hanse Towns, Holland, and the North American colonies: the trade with France is but small.

If the Hull merchants were to test the grandeur of their port according to the amount of Customs' duty realized by the Government, it would occupy a somewhat different rank from that which results from taking the number and tonnage of the vessels. This arises from two causes. The Customs' arrangements sometimes require that the duties for a particular river shall be paid at a particular town on that river; and secondly, the kind of commodities mostly imported by any one town may be more amenable to Customs' duties than those of another. This is strikingly exemplified at Bristol, where the imported commodities pay a very high average Customs' duty. Influenced by these causes, the principal ports rank thus, in respect to Customs' receipts:—London, Liverpool, Bristol and Dublin (about equal), Glasgow and Leith (about equal), Hull, Newcastle, Belfast, Greenock, Cork. Hull stands

fourth on the list in respect to tonnage, but only seventh in regard to Customs; Newcastle occupies the third place in tonnage, but the eighth in Customs. Hull contributes rather over half a million sterling annually to the revenue of Customs.

THE MANUFACTURING INDUSTRY OF HULL.

In looking at the commercial arrangements of Hull generally, exclusive of those of the docks, we find that they are influenced by the peculiar form of the town. The old portion of Hull is, as we have said, an island, bounded by the two rivers and the three docks; and as this portion is incapable of enlargement, no new commercial establishments of any great extent can be established within it. Most of the notable buildings of the town (except those quite modern) lie within this boundary; although it does not occupy more than one-eighth part of the actual area of this constantly growing town. The Market-place, Queen-street, Low-gate, Whitefriar-gate, Myton-gate, Blackfriar-gate, Humber-street, High-street—the principal commercial streets of the town—are all here situated. The most curious among these streets is High-street, the original main street of the town. It lies nearly close to, and follows the windings of, the river Hull. It is so narrow, the road-paving is so irregularly pebbly, the foot-pavement is so infinitesimally small, the houses are so large and high and old, the staiths or passages leading down to the river are so numerous, that this street is distinguished from all others in Hull. It is a sort of Thames-street or

Bankside, with wharfs and warehouses on the river-side, and shops and buildings of various kinds on the opposite side. The narrow streets and lanes which lead out of it toward the Market-place and Low-gate, are mostly inhabited by persons of a seafaring life.

Crossing the river Hull, and escaping from the timber-wharfs which lie between it and the Citadel, we find a long string of factories and works of great magnitude lining the eastern banks of the river for nearly a couple of miles. Glass-works, pottery-works, alkali-works, bone-mills, iron-works, and a multitude of others, occupy positions very near the banks of the river. When we depart a little way from the river eastward, we soon reach the private streets, the partly-built ground, and the gardens and fields of Sutton, Sudcoates, and Drypool.

Keeping to the west of the river Hull, but extending our walk northward of the Docks, we come to the very extensive suburb, parish, or district of Sculcoates; a district in which many of the wealthier inhabitants have their private residences, and in which new streets and squares are springing up every year. But all the wealthy people, and all the good streets and squares, keep clear of the river Hull. So thoroughly is this river—on both banks, and for a couple of miles in length—given up to commerce and manufactures—that the amenities of private life do not invade the territory. Ships and seamen, smoke and factories, wharfs and warehouses, have it all their own way. There is a narrow crooked street, called Trippet in one part, Wincolmlee in another, and Church-street in a third; it follows the windings of the river Hull; and it presents such an array of oil-mills, glue-mills, bone-mills, horn and hoof-mills, cement-mills, colour-mills, &c., as render it not among the most savoury of thoroughfares. High up in this direction, on the extreme northern verge of industrious and ever-busy Hull, stands a building which we should hardly expect to find there. It is a cotton-mill on a vast scale, replete with all the finest apparatus of such establishments. There are two such at Hull; one on the eastern and the other on the western side of the river; both owned by joint-stock companies, whose shares are sold in the market like those of a railway-company. But (such is the force of habit) though the hundreds of windows, the loftiness of the chimneys, the perfection of the machinery, the excellence of the work, the number of the operatives, may be indisputable, yet one can hardly reconcile it with customary ideas to associate Hull with a cotton-mill. Nay, though Cobden Place presents us with a very pretty range of cottages near the mill, yet even this, can scarcely induce us to regard the mill other than as a “fish out of water.” No disrespect to either mill or partners, however; for, after all, it may be a flourishing concern, and a commercial benefit to Hull generally.

The western environs of the town are not such as seem likely to present us with many manufacturing or commercial establishments. They have more private streets. One of the most notable, or perhaps *the* most notable

commercial building, is the new passenger-station of the railway; one of the finest and noblest in the north of England. The old station, near the water, was required for goods' traffic; but we cannot avoid thinking that its locality was more convenient for passengers than that of the new, as being nearer to the commercial centre of the town. But this is a matter which the railway magnates must be supposed competent to settle. The new hotel is one of the most sumptuous specimens of hotel-architecture connected with any of our railways.

We must not think of quitting the commerce and manufactures of Hull, without a word or two about whales and whale-fishers.

Hull has been for generations one of the headquarters of the Greenland Whale-fishery. The northern ports of our island have had far more to do with this branch of enterprise than the southern; and the merchants and seamen of Hull have a whole host of associations connected with the subject. The lively author of the ‘Home Tour in the Manufacturing Districts,’ while noticing the arrival of one of these vessels at the port, says: “The interest evinced by all descriptions of persons at Hull, on the arrival of a whaler, is very remarkable; for it may be said that the moral and physical affections of half the inhabitants are more or less excited—some in the hope or reality of profit, direct or indirect; and others by a host of domestic joys and anxieties.” He goes on to observe: “An additional cause rendered the present spectacle even still more touching. A custom prevails among the seamen of these vessels, when traversing the polar seas, to fix, on the first day of May, a garland aloft, suspended midway on a rope leading from the maintop-gallant-mast head to the foretop-mast head: a garland, not, indeed, bedecked with flowers, but ornamented with knots of riband, love-tokens of the lads for their lasses; each containing, as it were, a little tender history, sanctified in the heart's treasury, and with the details of which they alone are acquainted.” This garland remains suspended, “blow high, blow low, in spite of sleet and hail, till the ship reaches once more her port. No sooner does she arrive at the Docks, than, according to long-established custom, it becomes an object of supreme emulation among the boys of the town, seamen's sons, to compete for the possession of the aforesaid symbol: to which end, animated by the gaze of their friends on shore, and a spirit of rivalry among themselves, they vie with each other in a perilous race up the rigging. The contest was at this moment about to take place: the garland being suspended aloft, in the position before described, and containing within its periphery the model of a ship, cut from the heart of an English oak, the type of honest affection.”

The northern whale-fishery has in past generations been looked upon with great favour in Hull. It was established (or perhaps we had better say revived) by a Mr. Standidge, in 1765: and it reached its highest pitch at Hull in 1818, when sixty-three ships belonging

to that port were engaged in it. But this fishery is no longer what it once was. The whales, like the beavers, are thinning under the influence of man's hunting and fishing propensities. But such whales as are brought to England are treated pretty much the same way at all the ports whither the whale ships are bound. There are establishments at Hull, at the outskirts of the town, where the boiling-down of the monsters takes place. Let the reader imagine a whale-ship to arrive at the port, with the hull packed quite full of blubber and barrels. The ponderous animal is cut up piecemeal while at sea, and all the parts which are worth preserving are stowed away in the hold of the ship; and among these parts the most notable is the flesh or blubber, whence the oil is obtained. This blubber, when conveyed to the boiling-house, is emptied from the barrels into large vats, where it undergoes those processes which yield the common lamp-oil,—processes which render the boiling-house anything but an Elysium. Another matter of attention is the *whale-bone*: this is not, as many persons suppose, the actual substance of the bones of the whale: it is the material of a sort of screen or comb, within the mouth of the animal, which assists in the collection of weeds and small fishes for the food of the whale. The whalebone having a sort of lamellar structure, is easily split into layers by a cutting instrument. Women then scrape off a kind of pithy or horny substance from the surface of the whalebone; and also a kind of fringy or fibrous edging, which is applied to many such purposes as horsehair. Glue is made from a part of the offal of the whale; and everything which is applicable to no other useful purpose is prepared for manure: so that the monster of the deep is made to contribute to man's wants in many ways. Whether the Messrs. Enderby's South Sea projects will throw the whale traffic into a new channel is an interesting point, to be decided by the future.

We happened to be at Hull on the day when the gallant whaler, 'Abram,' started on her venturesome voyage to the icy regions. There are few newspaper readers who are not aware of the frequent exploits of the whalers among the ice-bergs of the Greenland seas; of the aid which they have often afforded to the hardy Arctic explorers; of the ominous absence and silence of Sir John Franklin; of the plans of the English Government to assist in his rescue, if living; of the recent unsuccessful search made by Sir James Ross; of the tearful but heroic attempts of the wife (perhaps widow) of the veteran officer, to send still more and more assistance to the probable place of his detention; and of the agreement which this lady made with the captain and crew of a Hull whale-ship, to start with provisions and stores on a voyage to Baffin's Bay, to assist the missing navigators. The ship 'Abram' was ready for her task by the middle of June. God speed the expedition!

THE BUILDINGS AND INSTITUTIONS OF HULL.

We have said very little hitherto of the public

buildings of Hull. Let us rapidly glance at some among the principal of them. A few of the larger streets we have named; and a word or two, *en passant*, concerning the poorer or humbler, may not be amiss.

There is a general tendency in most towns for the inhabitants of a particular class or rank to copy each other in the style of dwellings inhabited; and thus, although we may not be able to assign any special reason for the adoption of a certain style of buildings in one town rather than another, yet we may observe a family likeness running through the mass of buildings in one town. Mr. Smith, of Deanston, who examined the sanatory condition of Hull four or five years ago on the part of the Government, tells us that the masters of small vessels and the mates of larger vessels very frequently reside in that town in oblong square paved courts, to which entrance is obtained by smaller narrow arched alleys, which branch out of the principal streets. The entrance-alleys are too often dirty and neglected; but the courts are well paved, and are scrubbed and washed scrupulously clean. Mr. Smith remarks that it is very pleasing, after having passed through these unsavoury alleys, "to find yourself all at once in a court from twenty to forty feet square, or oblong, with a paved area washed as clean as the deck of a ship. The doors and windows of the dwellings are all as tidy as possible; and the windows have all clean muslin screens." He then speaks of the residences of the working classes, which, as in most old towns, "are houses formerly occupied by a better class." But new rows of houses have been built, which are "set off in oblong courts, open at one end to the street, and generally closed at the other by a wall, and in some cases a dwelling. These courts are from eighteen to twenty feet wide, well flagged on the surface, with a fall towards the centre, where there is a covered sewer to receive all the surface and slop water through openings grated over, or covered with a stone perforated with many small holes. A row of stand-pipes for supplying water is arranged along the middle of the court. No carts are permitted to come into these courts. The dwellings are arranged on each side; they have a living-room below, fourteen or fifteen feet square, with a little scullery in one corner at the back, and a very small back court. . . . Up-stairs are two small bed-rooms. These houses are occupied by artisans and the better class of labourers. The buildings are of brick, with slated roofs: the floors of the living-rooms are flagged, and there are no under cellars." Luckily for Hull, the near approach of the tide-water in the docks to the general level of the streets will not allow of cellars being made for habitation. Would it were so at Liverpool.

In a large majority of our towns, a cathedral or church is the most important building. Hull is no exception to this rule. The church of the Holy Trinity at Hull is one of those fine old structures which command our admiration, whether we be commercially inclined or lovers of the picturesque. (Cut, No. 4.) It is grand from its character, and venerable for its age.

Built in the early part of the fourteenth century, it presents those architectural features which mark the decorated style. It has the reputation of being the largest parish church (not a cathedral) in England. It is 272 feet long from east to west, of which the nave occupies 144 and the chancel 100; the extreme breadth is 172 feet. It has all the elements of a complete ecclesiastical structure; nave, aisles, chancel, and transepts. There is a noble central tower at the crossing of the nave and transepts. The east end, visible from the market-place, exhibits one of the finest and noblest windows which could be found even among our cathedrals. The light delicate perpendicular work of the western or nave portion; the fine tracery of the great window of the south transept; the rich decorations of the interior of the chancel; and the numerous interesting monuments placed in different parts of the building—all render this fine church worthy of admiration. It has lately been restored in some of its parts; but there is one little matter which, though not very glaring, is rather too much so for the present taste in ecclesiastical architecture. The elaborate gates of the southern front, formed of cast iron scroll work, are made to contain the names of two individuals, thus bound up for ages with the gates themselves. Now if these were the names of the original architects of the church, to whose genius we owe the majestic pile; or of some bishops or pastors who gave celebrity to it in past times; or of some munificent persons by whose donations the building has been restored—it might be well enough; but when we find that they are the names of two townsmen who happened to be Churchwardens some half dozen years ago, in the year probably when the repairs were finished, we cannot help thinking that vanity rather than good taste has been exhibited.

This church of the Holy Trinity is often called the *High Church*. St. Mary's, the next best church in Hull, is in like manner called the *Low Church*. It is situated a little northward of the former, in the street called Low Gate. It was originally as large and magnificent as Trinity, but it has been shorn of much of its splendour. The structure is rather more than five centuries old; but the nave, the transepts, and the tower, all fell down, or were taken down, in early times: the original chancel alone remained; this, in the time of Queen Elizabeth, was converted into a church, and a small new chancel and tower added. The church is altogether small; and the only portion of it which possesses much interest is the venerable nave—once the chancel.

There is a fair average of good-looking churches at Hull, though none, except the High Church, which would rivet the attention of the observer. In the centre of the town there are the Mariners' Church, near the Junction Dock; the Trinity Chapel, attached to the Trinity House; and several chapels belonging to the various dissenting bodies; while in the portions of the town which surround this busy centre we find the churches of St. Peter, St. Mark, St. Paul, St.

Stephen, St. James, and one or two others—which possess various degrees of merit, from the very pretty to the very ugly.

The maritime associations of Hull have given to it many buildings and institutions of a peculiar character. The Guild of the Trinity House has existed at Hull for nearly five centuries. It was originally an association for religious purposes and mutual relief; but it gradually assumed a maritime character; and its successive charters at length defined its uses to be “the conservation and government of all mariners, and increase of the navies and seamen belonging to the town;” as also for the relief and support of poor marines and seamen, their widows and children. These charters have confirmed to the Guild certain tolls or dues on the shipping of Hull, which have for many centuries been devoted to the various purposes of the Guild. Other estates and funds have gradually fallen into the hands of the Guild, and other controlling privileges over the general management of the port and seamen: the result of which has been that the Guild is now a very important Corporation, the consent of which is requisite for almost any and every improvement in the port or commerce of Hull.

The Trinity House itself, where the business of the Guild is transacted, is about a century old. It is a plain brick structure, consisting of buildings surrounding a spacious open court, with the usual naval emblems of Neptune, Britannia, and so forth, as adornments. The council-room, court-room, and other apartments, contain a few portraits and a few curiosities; but the chief part of this building is occupied by pensioners. There are many hospitals and almshouses in Hull, wholly for pilots or seamen, which are supported either by the Trinity Guild or by other bodies. There is, for instance, the almshouse at the Trinity House; where upwards of thirty “younger brethren” of the Guild, or their widows, have a house and a weekly stipend; there is the Marine Hospital, a house for a small number of old seamen and their wives; there is Robinson's Hospital, for six “younger brothers” and their wives; there is Watson's Hospital, for the widows of seafaring men; there is the Merchant Seamen's Hospital, for twenty seamen and their wives; and Ferres' Hospital, for “younger brethren” and their wives. These various buildings are scattered about the town, mostly towards the centre: they are of no mark externally; but their uses are such as fittingly pertain to such a town as Hull.

The benevolent institutions, other than those relating to maritime affairs, are of the usual character. One of them is the Charter House, or “God's House of Hull.” It is a very ancient foundation; having been chartered in the reign of Richard II., for the support of “thirteen poor men and thirteen poor women, feeble and old, as brethren and sisters.” As the funds, arising chiefly from the rents of estates, have gradually increased in value, the number of “brethren and sisters” has increased to about sixty, and a new house has been



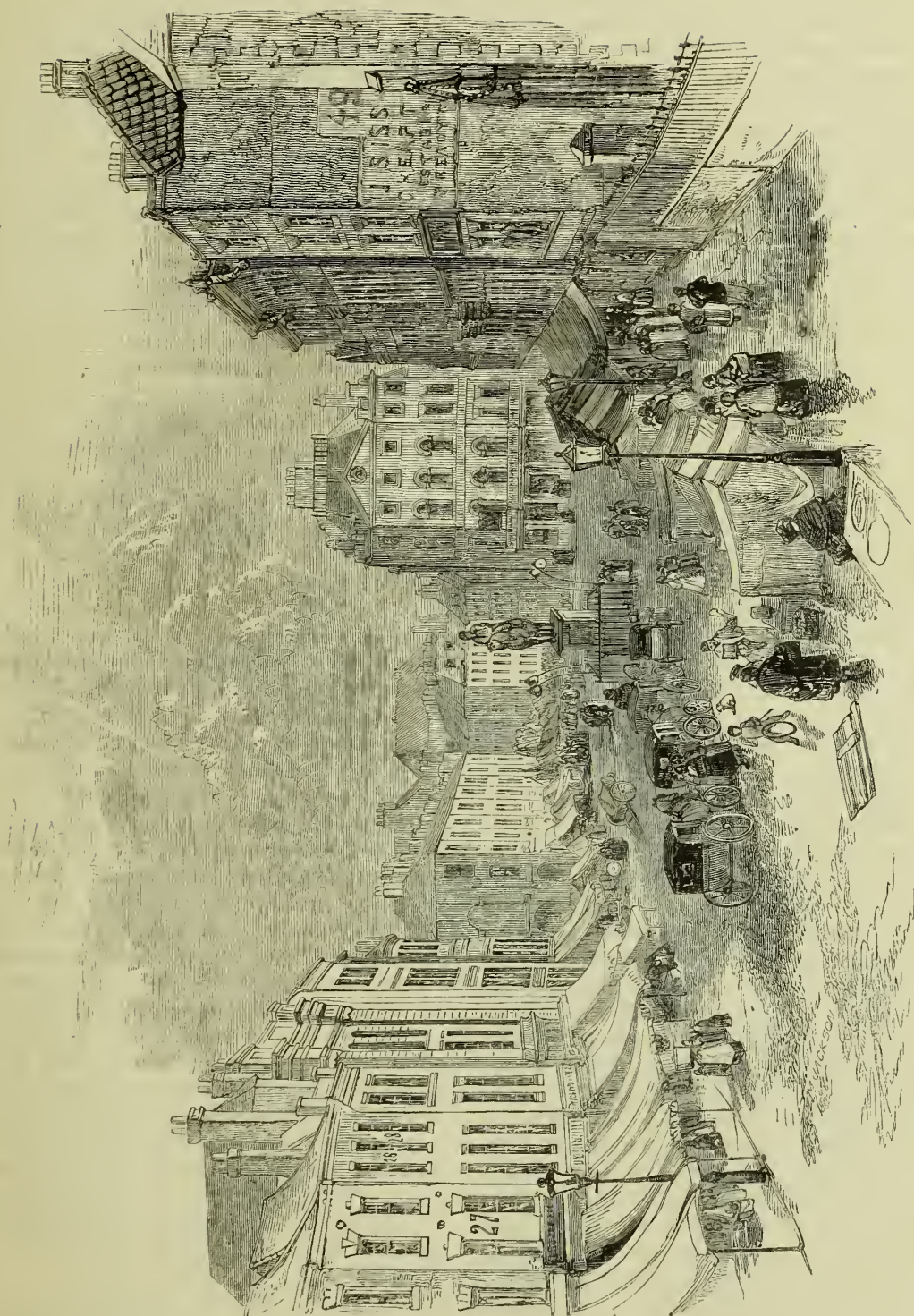
4.—CHURCH OF THE HOLY TRINITY.

built for them. The existing Charter House stands a little northward of the Old Dock ; it is a brick building with wings and a semi-circular porch, and is rather well arranged within than beautiful without. There are no fewer than a dozen hospitals and almshouses at Hull, besides those managed by the Trinity Guild, for the support of decayed and aged persons. Of those institutions which relate to the sickness of the body, rather than to the decay of worldly wealth, the chief is the Infirmary, devoted to the usual purposes of buildings having that name. It is one of the best looking among the public buildings of Hull. Occupying a large open area, in a wide road on the north-west margin of the town, it stands well forth to view ; and in the front court is a statue of Dr. Alderson, whose name is favourably connected with the medical charities of Hull. Near the junction of the railways to Beverley and to Selby is a Lunatic Asylum ; and in other parts of the town are buildings pertaining more or less to infirmities, bodily or mental.

Of the buildings relating to education and literature, the oldest is the Grammar School, founded during the reign of Richard III. The existing building is Elizabethan both in its date and its style ; and within its walls were educated Andrew Marvell, Bishop Watson, William Wilberforce, Archdeacon Wrangham, and others whose names have become public property. The Vicar's

School in Vicar Lane, is a sort of free grammar school on a smaller scale. Among the modern educational establishments at Hull, the most notable are Hull College and Kingston College, which stand to each other in the same kind of rivalry as University College and King's College in London ; the one being open to pupils without religious test ; the other in connection with the Established Church. Both are proprietary ; both were opened about the same time ; both give a comprehensive system of education ; and both are situated near the same spot. At the termination of a wide street, in the north-west part of Hull, two roads branch off, one leading to Beverley and the other farther westward. In the former of these roads, near the junction, stands Kingston College, a picturesque structure in the Tudor style, with a few neighbouring houses built to correspond with it, so as to form an architectural whole. In the other road is Hull College, in the Grecian style, with an octa-style Corinthian portico, and wings having semi-circular ends. The rivalry is singularly close, but we doubt not it has proved beneficial to both. The chief building at Hull devoted to literary and scientific matters is situated in Kingston Square ; it is a large structure, containing a lecture-room, a museum, and apartments for various scientific institutions.

Concerning the corporate and judicial buildings of



5.—THE MARKET-PLACE, HULL.

Hull, the less we say the better. The Town-hall, Sessions-house, &c., are much below the standard of towns of equal size. The Wilberforce column, the equestrian statue of William III. in the Market-place, (the Market-place and the statue are shown in Cut, No. 5,) and the New Baths and Washhouses deserve, however, to be pointed out. The latter, especially, is highly creditable to the town. This structure stands (it must be admitted) in a spot where its beauty can be little seen, in the southern part of the narrow street called Trippet, near the North Bridge, out of the way of the busy traffic; but as it is in the midst of a dense poor neighbourhood, it is well placed for its especial object. Considered as a structure, it is a beautiful and richly-decorated specimen of the Tudor style; if placed in front of one of the docks, or in any other open space, it would be a great ornament to the town.

If we were to linger further among the streets of this busy town, we should doubtless find more objects to interest us, either commercial or antiquarian; but we must spare a few lines to notice the environs.

THE PENINSULA OF HOLDERNESS.

Hull lies in the East Riding of Yorkshire. It is in the midst of a county so perfectly flat, that all picturesque hilly scenes are out of the question, unless we go so far from Hull as to be beyond the vicinity altogether. Westward, towards Ferriby and Anlaby; north-west, towards Market Weighton; northward, towards Beverley; eastward, towards Patrington and the Spurn Light—all is flat. In travelling along the Hull and Selby Railway, we have the flats of the East Riding on the north of us, and the flats of Lincolnshire across the Humber on the south. Lincolnshire, whether seen from the Railway or from the Pier-head, presents some such an aspect as that shown in Cut, No. 6. It must be confessed, that these are not scenes which the artist would choose for his pencil. Almost the whole of the towns and villages which form a semicircle around Hull are purely agricultural; some of them have pretty churches; but, generally speaking their relics of past ages are few in number, while the commercial element is but little developed.

Turning eastward, we find that the district beyond Hull is of a somewhat remarkable character. It constitutes the peninsula of Holderness, the outline of which has been oddly compared to "a boar's head, with the town of Patrington in its snout." Its shores maintain a constant battle with the sea: in some places exhibiting traces of having been washed away by currents, sending the coast-line farther and farther inland; while in other places, sands and shoals indicate that dry land is superseding an expanse of water. One side of Holderness is washed by the German Ocean, and another by the Humber; and, as may reasonably be supposed, the washing away of the coast is exhibited principally on the former, and the shoaling on the latter. In a large map of Holderness, accompanying 'Poulson's History' of the district, it is curious to

remark the catalogue of ravages made by the sea. At the north of the district, within the limits of the ocean, is marked "Hartburn, washed away by the sea;" lower down is "Hye, lost by the sea;" farther south are two localities, both similarly beyond the limits of land—"Site of the town of Hornsea Beck," and "Site of Hornsea Burton." Not far from there is the town of Aldborough, near the coast; and six or eight hundred yards out at sea, opposite the town, is the "Site of the ancient church of Aldborough." The coast at this part is washed away at the rate of about four yards annually; and it is believed that a whole string of sea-side villages has been thus destroyed during the lapse of ages. Farther south again, opposite the existing village of Withernsea, is the "site of the ancient church," about a third of a mile out at sea. On the southern margin of Holderness, nearly the whole distance from Spurn Point to Hull, there is a succession of shoals, which render the navigation of the river somewhat difficult.

The Spurn Point here spoken of is a remarkable spot. It is an elongated strip of land which juts out southward across the very mouth of the Humber, as if it would bar the confluence of that river with the ocean, and there can be little doubt that the present course of the estuary of the Humber has been affected by this obstruction. It does not appear to be a lofty solid promontory; it is rather a low peninsula of gravel and sand, accumulated by the sea and wind, and laid in its peculiar form by the united action of currents from the sea and the Humber. It is instructive to observe how shattered fragments arrange themselves according to natural laws, and give a determinate character to different spots. The cliffs of Flamborough, Bridlington, and other parts of the coast, are being constantly washed down by the action of the sea, and the materials are sorted by the tide according to their weight and magnitude: the pebbles first, the sand farther south, and the fine impalpable mud near the mouth of the Humber. It is deemed not improbable that Spurn Point twill, in some future age, be an island, by the washing away of the isthmus of pebbles and sand which joins it to the mainland westward of Spurn Point; in the broadest part of the Humber estuary is an extraordinary accumulation of sand, designated Sunk Island. It is in truth an island, inhabited and cultivated; but it has been wholly gained from the river, by the deposit of sand and mud through a long series of ages, occasioned by a particular set of the tide at this point. It now presents about ten thousand acres of dry land, and is said to be increasing at the rate of about a hundred acres annually.

The projection of this sandy peninsula into the mouth of the Humber renders it a dangerous obstacle to shipping; and as early as the monastic times, a day-signal and a night-light were set up on the Point. Two light-houses were built on Spurn Point in the reign of Charles I. Both were rebuilt by Smeaton, in the latter half of the last century; the "high light" still

remains, but the "low light" has been so much exposed to the destructive action of the tide that it has been frequently rebuilt. Sir G. Head, while proceeding to Spurn Point from Patrington, passed through Kilnsea, his account of which strikingly illustrates the tide-friction before spoken of:—"I thought I had never seen human dwellings so critically placed: the houses huddled together on a bleak bare spot, unrelieved by surrounding objects—a low promontory on a crumbling 'foundation,' against which the waves continually beat with a heavy swell; indeed, the imagination can hardly depict a more abrupt and daring position. Before entering the village, and immediately contiguous, the road leading to it at one particular part had already gone; while, in a line diverging from the chasm, rails were set up to direct the course of the night traveller, and to prevent him from walking on straightforward into the sea. It seems extraordinary that people can endure residence on so precarious a tenure: not that there is real danger to the inhabitant in keeping his post, for the cliffs yield at a regular progressive rate, affording sufficient warning of impending destruction; but because of the peculiarly melancholy reflection consequent upon living on any spot in the round world doomed to premature decay. Notwithstanding, hitherto such has been the apathy of the villagers, that many have rested quietly for weeks together, with the spray of the sea-storm rattling against their windows, and thus have remained till the ground has been almost torn from under their very beds." At the present time, the sea is actually eating its way through a churchyard, the surface of which is about thirty feet above the sea level; and the spoils which are thus gathered from the land, and strewed along the beach below, are of a somewhat ghastly nature.

Holderness is essentially an agricultural country. The windmills meet the eye on every side, and give quite a character to the district. These Yorkshire windmills are of a superior kind—round, large, brick-built, and well formed. The farms of the district are extremely large; and the levels are drained by cuts, after the Lincolnshire plan. The farm-houses and farm-buildings are on a very complete and extensive scale, so that one farm forms a tolerable village in itself, as far as regards its appearance from a distance. Patrington is the central corn-market for the Holderness farmers: they meet the corn-factors at that town, on certain days and hours; bargains are struck, and the corn is transferred to temporary warehouses in the town, preparatory to its transference to Wakefield or other great granary towns.

THE DOCKS AT GRIMSBY AND GOOLE.

Although Hull is the magnate of the Humber, it is not the only busy port of that river; Great Grimsby, at the sea-mouth, and Goole, higher up—both are growing in importance, and both come within the scope of our present object.

Grimsby is not, like Birkenhead or Fleetwood, a port

which has sprung from nothing within the last few years; it has been a recognized port for more than half a century; and the works now in progress are extensions of the port: though they are extensions on such a scale as to amount almost to a re-formation.

There was a company formed in Grimsby, in 1796, called the Grimsby Dock Company; and this body obtained an Act for the construction of a dock and the improvement of the port. The dock was completed in 1801. (Cut, No. 7.) It is situated wholly landward, that is, within the line of high-water mark; and it is supplied with fresh water by streams from the interior. A lock connects it with the Humber. The principal trade of the port is in Baltic produce, such as timber, deals, tar, seed, bones, and iron; and as the dock dues are much lower than those of Hull, and as there are no wharfage dues or corporation dues, the port has always shared a portion of the Humber trade. When, however, the Lincolnshire railways were approaching Grimsby, and the prospect of a new field of enterprize opened, the Dock Company requested Mr. Rendel to examine the port, and draw up a plan for a new dock. This was done; and in the autumn of 1844, a very comprehensive scheme was developed by that engineer.

According to the plan proposed, the engineer will avail himself of that large, useless, unsightly mass of mud which intervenes between high and low-water mark. Covered with water twice every day, and laid bare twice every day, such a strip of semi-dry land is an eyesore to most ports, except where the soil is a fine smooth sand, or a clear shingle beach. Mr. Rendel proposes to include or enclose an area of no less than 132 acres of this sort of no-man's-land, which on the margin of the Humber is invariably soft mud; part of which, when reclaimed, will form a dock, and part will serve as a site for graving docks, wharfs, warehouses, ship-yards, &c. The water area of the dock will be 27 acres (more than the united area of all the Hull docks, except the new Victoria Dock); there will be 20 acres for wharfs and quays; and 85 acres for various building purposes. There will be upwards of 5,000 feet in length of dock wharfage, and 6,000 feet of river frontage—all formed by masonry, where there is now nothing but sand at low-water. There is to be a basin of eleven acres, to connect the dock with the Humber; and two piers will bound this basin on the east and west, each about 600 feet long. The piers are to be built of open pile-work, to allow the river to flow uninterruptedly beneath them; and they are to have slips and stairs suitable for the accommodation of steamers and other vessels. Between the basin and the dock are to be two communications: one by a lock, large enough for the largest class of steamers, and the other of smaller dimensions, for vessels of less burden. No communication will be kept up with the Humber except through these locks; and the dock will be supplied with fresh water from land streams, in the same way as the old dock. This arrangement will occasion extra trouble in lockage; but advantages more than equivalent are expected to be derived in these three respects—



6.—THE PIER, LOOKING TO NEW HOLLAND.

the water is so clean that the dock will rarely require dredging; the water will cleanse the copper bottoms of ships lying in the docks; and the water will also be available for cleaning the boilers of steam-vessels. The new dock will extend north-eastward, quite beyond the river limits of the old dock; and there will be a channel of communication from one to the other. The breadth of the Humber opposite Grimsby is about two miles and a half at low-water; and exactly opposite the new dock, near the middle of the river, is a bank called the Burcom Sands, formed by a deposit of stiff fine sand, rising nearly to the level of high-water. This bank, instead of being an obstruction, is expected by Mr. Rendel to be an advantage: he proposes to construct such works upon it as will convert it into a kind of breakwater, protecting the port from unfavourable winds and storms, and scouring out the channel between the bank and Grimsby. The whole of these great works were contemplated by Mr. Rendel to involve an outlay of half a million sterling; but he showed how the works might be prosecuted by degrees, according as the traffic grew; so as to spread the outlay over a wider period.

Such was the plan proposed by Mr. Rendel; and such was, in substance, the plan for which an Act was obtained in 1845. Other Acts of Parliament were

obtained in 1846 and 1848, to facilitate the establishment of steam-ferries across the Humber from Grimsby to Hull.

It was a busy day for Grimsby, when, on April 17, 1849, Prince Albert laid the first stone of the new docks. The preparatory works had been in hand for two years; and in the mean time the Sheffield and Lincolnshire, the East Lincolnshire, and the Great Northern Railway Companies, had so advanced their respective undertakings, that Grimsby was brought into easy connexion with Boston and Peterborough, with Lincoln and Nottingham, with Gainsborough and the Trent, and with the Ferries opposite Hull. The processions and the feasting, the trowel and the case of coins, the toasts and the congratulations, were all duly described and recorded in the journals of the period. It has been up-hill work, and will yet be so for some time, to provide the means for these costly engineering constructions; but for the sake of the townsmen, of the county, of commerce in general, and of the shareholders in particular, we heartily wish success to the project.

Grimsby does not appeal much to our admiration as a town. (Cut, No. 8.) If we see it at low-water, the broad expanse of mud is annoyingly monotonous. It reminds us of Captain Basil Hall's capital description



7.— THE OLD DOCK, GRIMSBY.



8.— GRIMSBY.

of a tide-harbour; but Mr. Rendel's works, when carried out, will greatly change the aspect both of the town and of the harbour.

We have now to turn our face westward, and glance at a rising port situated some miles up the Humber.

Goole, in its origin, as well as in its features as a port, may be deemed a rival to Hull. The rivalry is modest, it is true; but it has very likely been instrumental in stirring up the merchants of Hull to increased activity and enterprise. The Humber, as we have explained, is formed by the junction of the Ouse with the Trent; and about ten miles above, or westward of this junction, at a point where the Dutch river enters the Ouse, stands the town of Goole. This Dutch river is a remarkable work. It is a sort of canal to furnish an improved outlet for the river Don, which flows thither from Sheffield to Doncaster. In the reign of Charles II., a Dutchman named Van Mudén, undertook to make a new channel from the Don, about seven miles in length, which should shorten the ancient circuitous course of the river: he effected it, but at the expense of his peace of mind, of his fortune, and ultimately of his life. It is very rarely that the inhabitants of a district are prepared to receive, in a friendly spirit, a foreigner who, possessed of a more intelligent and enterprising character than themselves, seeks to introduce new commercial or industrial arrangements among them, which might possibly affect some of the old usages of the place. Van Mudén found this to his cost. Seeing, as we may at the present day, a canal whose deep shelving banks, ample width, and ebbing and flowing tide, give it almost the appearance of a natural river, we cannot refuse to thank the man who made it; but in Van Mudén's case, "unable," as it has been said, "to stem the torrent of opposition raised by interested persons against him—in spite of his able plans, their vigorous execution, and the liberal appropriation of the whole of his private means to support them—notwithstanding the thousands of acres of land reclaimed by drainage, and that he may fairly be said at least to have added one to the navigable rivers of the country—in return for all these benefits, poor Van Mudén first fell into discredit, then into debt, and ultimately perished in gaol." The immediate object in view was not so much to facilitate internal navigation, as to drain the fenny tracts in the northern part of Lincolnshire; for the Dutch river was, in the first instance, merely two parallel drains. Poor Van Mudén was made a knight; we read of him as "Sir Cornelius;" but his fate was luckless. His successors, however, now called the *participants*, still levy an acreage rent on the lands benefited by the drainage.

Van Mudén, by the terms of his arrangement, was to receive one-third of all the land he might reclaim; and as fast as the reclamation took place, he located some of his countrymen in the drained land. Hence the Dutch-looking houses, windmills, dykes, and embankments, and the Dutch names of many of the inhabitants, met with in this district. According to one

account of this enterprise, it seems as if Van Mudén did only one half of the work, and an unexpected visitation of Nature the other half, in the formation of this river; for he left it in the form of two parallel drains; but a terrible flood, in the year 1688, carried away the sluices and the division between the two drains; so that, as nothing but the outward banks remain, the cut assumes the appearance of a very wide canal, which at high tides is navigable for brigs of so large a size as 300 tons burden. There are three drawbridges over this wide canal, which are kept in repair by the Don Navigation Company, and for which a certain pontage or bridge-toll is paid in respect to every vessel which makes the transit. While this Dutch river is kept in a good state, the bed of the lower portion of the old river Don has received gradual accumulations of alluvial soil and vegetation, so as now to have become filled up and scarcely discernible. The same cause which has filled up this deserted river has rendered available the valuable process of *warping* agricultural land,—a process which Dutchmen know more about than any other persons.

Although Dutch River joins the Ouse near Goole, yet it has not had the effect of making Goole a port of any importance. The Trent on the one side, and the Aire and the Calder on the other, have had more commerce than the Don, to which Dutch River belongs. Indeed, until within the last few years, Goole seldom found a place in maps of England. But canal companies, dock companies, and railway companies, have, within the last thirty years, raised Goole to a respectable position as a port; and it will now share with Hull and Grimsby the large commercial traffic of the Humber.

A FIRST GLANCE AT YORK.

Let us now take our leave of ports, harbours, docks, and ships, steamers and railways, whales, smoke, cotton, wool, iron, steel—and let us wend our way to York: the ancient, quiet, well-to-do, ecclesiastical city of York.

This fine old city is one of those landmarks of time which point to a period very far back in the history of this country. Its associations with royalty, with war, with feudal struggles, with archiepiscopal jurisdiction—all give it a venerable claim to our attention. If railways have made it an important centre of commercial operations, this may be regarded rather as a result of other circumstances than of design. Had it not been for certain engineering difficulties, Leeds would from the outset have filled that office which York has been made to fill in this respect; and its manufacturing importance would have rendered it a more fitting centre. Leeds (like Hull) may be said to represent the present—York the past.

The history of the city is best studied in connexion with some of its ancient buildings and institutions; but before we can understand these, it will be well to glance at the city as a whole, and see what are its bearings and general relations.

York, then, stands on the rivers Ouse and Foss, just at the point where they join. As if to mark the importance of the city, it is made a county in itself. Situated exactly at the junction of the three Ridings of this large county, it belongs to none of them. The county or *ainsty* of York city comprises a small tract of land around the city; but three-fourths of the population of the ainsty live within the city itself. York is one of the few English cities which yet retain their boundary walls; and one of the finest modes of viewing the noble *Minster* on all sides is to traverse the city wall (so far as it is open for this purpose), and turn the eye towards the venerable structure whenever a favourable opportunity occurs. If the spectator can catch the reflection of the morning sun from the east window, or of the setting sun from the glorious west front, he will indeed be repaid. The city is entered by four gates in the wall, from four different directions. The two rivers are crossed by several bridges, which connect the two portions of the city.

The history of York, as a fortified city, is not without interest; for we cannot stand on the venerable wall without speculating on the circumstances which have left this relic of past ages yet standing. York existed before the arrival of the Romans in Britain; but, like other ancient British towns, it was perhaps nothing more than a collection of huts, surrounded by a trench and the trunks of the trees which had been cut down to clear a sufficient space in the forest. It was converted into a Roman station about A.D. 80: its original British name of Eborac being retained in the Latin name Eboracum. It very soon became the principal Roman station in the north; it was the head-quarters of one of the Roman legions; it was the residence of the emperors when they visited the province; and it was the town in which two of the emperors died. That the Romans fortified York is abundantly evident. One of the angle towers and a portion of the Roman wall yet remain; and in recent excavations there have been discovered a further portion of wall, the remains of two wall-towers, and the foundation of one of the gates of the station. It is supposed that, as a Roman station, it occupied a space of about 650 yards by 550, enclosed by a wall and a rampart mound on the inner side of the wall, and a fosse on the outside; with four angle-towers, a series of minor towers or turrets, and four gates or principal entrances, from which proceeded military roads to the neighbouring stations. There have also been found, on the north-west and south-west, numerous relics, which point to Eboracum as having been an important and populous station. The Roman multangular tower, yet remaining, is a remarkable specimen of the strength which the Romans threw into their structures. This interesting relic stands near the lodge of the Yorkshire Society's Museum. English coins have been found in the upper part of the ruins of this tower, and Roman coins in the lower part.

After the desolating struggles which followed the departure of the Romans, York disappears from historical view for a time; but we meet it next as the

capital of the Saxon kingdom of Northumbria, and the most important town in the north. It was generally a royal residence from that time till the Norman Conquest. York was almost utterly destroyed by William; he regarded it, to use the words of William of Malmesbury, "as a nest of sedition;" and he left but few vestiges of it remaining.

The present fortifications of York were formed at various periods subsequent to the Conquest; but it is not well-known in whose reigns, or at what dates. In the time of Edward the Confessor, York is said to have consisted of seven wards, of which one belonged to the archbishop, and one was occupied by the castle. It is unquestioned that the present walls inclose a greater area than those of early times; but in the architecture of the walls, which have been so often repaired and in part rebuilt, there is nothing characteristic of any particular age. So far as a date can be assigned, that of the year 1280, in the reign of Edward I., has been named as about the time when the walls were probably built. The city must have presented rather a formidable appearance in the time of Henry VIII.; for Leland gives the following account of it:—"The great tower at Lendal had a chain of iron to cast over the river, then another tower, and so on to Bootham Bar; from thence to Monk Bar ten towers, and to Layerthorpe Postern four towers; for some distance the deep waters of the Foss defended this part of the city without the walls; and from thence to Walmgate Bar three towers; then Fishergate Bar, walled up in the time of Henry VII., and three towers, the last a postern; from which by a bridge over the Foss, to the Castle, and the ruins of five towers, were all that remained of it. On the west side of the river was put a tower, from which the wall passed over the dungeon to the Castle or Old Bailey, with nine towers to Micklegate Bar; and between it and North-street Postern ten towers; the postern was opposite to the tower at Lendal, to draw the chain over the river between them."

The walls have never in modern times entirely surrounded the city; there being a space, on the eastern side, of about five hundred yards in length, which till recently was a kind of morass. The extent of the walls is about two miles and a half. The greater portion of the terrace, or upper surface of the wall, is open to the public as a promenade; the wall being thick enough to give breadth to the terrace. There are four principal gates, and five postern gates. The principal gates are called *Bars*; they are the Micklegate Bar, Bootham Bar, Monk Bar, and Walmgate Bar. Micklegate Bar is the principal entrance into York; it is situated on the south-west side of the city; the barbican and doors were removed a few years ago; over this gate the heads of criminals executed for high treason used to be exposed. Bootham Bar is the entrance from the north-west; it has the most modern appearance of any of the bars; the barbican has been removed. Monk Bar is on the north-eastern side; it is very ancient, and the battlements are ornamented with statues of men in the act of hurling stones; the barbican,

as in the two former cases, has been removed. Walmgate Bar, on the south-east side of the city, is the only one which retains its barbican and gates; it has recently been restored, and presents a very interesting appearance of this kind of military architecture. Besides the above four bars and the five posterns, two additional entrances have been made through the walls within the last few years; one is a re-opening of an old entrance, which was closed in the time of Henry VII.; the other has been made to admit the railway to run into the station in the heart of the town.

The Castle, like some other of the castles of England, has fallen from its high estate: it is no longer a majestic defence for a great city, but a prison for malefactors. It must once have been a noble place, for the area within the walls covers a space of four acres. The castle-yard, in which the nomination of the county members takes place, will contain 40,000 persons. Until the beginning of the present century, the chief entrance to the castle was on the west side, and was approached over the then existing moat by a drawbridge, defended by towers; but the only entrance now existing is on the north. The old castle stood on the south side of the castle-yard: it was converted into a jail for the use of the county; it was finally pulled down in 1701; and the structure now called the Old Buildings, for male debtors, was erected on its site. Another building has been erected, for the reception of female debtors and criminals; but by far the largest building within the castle precincts, and the most important structure in York, next to the cathedral, is the new County Prison, which cost more than £200,000, and is one of the strongest places of the kind in England. The relics of Clifford's Tower present a far more interesting object, however, to the lovers of old times, than these new and costly prisons. This tower was built by William the Conqueror; it was placed in the hands of a member of the Clifford family, as governor; and was used as the donjon, or keep, of the fortress. Around it was a deep moat with palisades; the entrance, which was next to the castle, was over a drawbridge, whence extended a flight of steps up the slope of the mound on which the tower is built. Thus did it remain till its destruction by an accidental explosion, in the seventeenth century, since which time it has been only a fragment—a rugged venerable fragment.

YORK MINSTER: THE EXTERIOR.

There has always been an interesting ecclesiastical history connected with our cathedral towns. Very frequently the cathedral itself was the germ of the town; and in some cases the history of the church structure connected with the town extends farther back than any of the authentic records of the place. In respect to York, we are told that, in the seventh century, Edwin, king of Northumbria, was baptized at York by Paulinus; and that the same monarch erected the first Christian church at that place, in which

many of the kings were consecrated, enthroned, and buried. Seward the Dane, who was Earl of Northumbria in the reign of Edward the Confessor, built a church at York, dedicated to the royal Danish Saint Olaf or Olave. An interesting portion of the Saxon church erected by Paulinus has been recently brought to light, beneath the choir of the present cathedral; and fragments of crosses, or commemorative pillars, and some coffins of stone and wood, belonging to the Saxon period, have occasionally been found. The church in which Edwin had been baptized was hastily built of wood; but soon afterwards Paulinus induced the king to lay the foundation of a larger and more magnificent structure, which was finished by his successors, aided by the most eminent artists from the continent. It was destroyed by fire in 741; rebuilt in a style of great magnificence a few years afterwards; burnt down again in 1070; and again rebuilt by Archbishop Thomas. From remains of the crypt, discovered during recent excavations, and preserved beneath the floor of the present choir, there appears to have been a good deal of grandeur and beauty in the edifice here alluded to. The cathedral was again considerably injured by fire in 1137; but not so much as to require rebuilding: repairs, alterations, and additions were made. It is not exactly known at what times and by whom the various portions of the present noble structure were built; but enough is determined, to show that a period of more than three centuries witnessed these gradual additions. The various new works, after the dilapidation in 1137, were executed by Archbishop Roger. The present south transept is supposed to have been built by Archbishop Walter Grey, between 1220 and 1241. The rebuilding of the north transept is believed to have been begun by the same prelate, but not completed till several years after his death. The date assigned for the commencement of the exquisite and almost unrivalled chapter-house is 1284; but the finishing did not take place till the next century. The present nave was begun in the year 1291, in the archiepiscopate of John Le Romain; but was not finished till the time of Archbishop Thoresby, in 1360. The choir was commenced by the prelate just named; but, as in most other parts of the building, the works extended over a great length of time, and were not finished till 1472. The central tower was nearly finished about that time; and the north-west tower, probably the latest portion of the present exterior, was brought to a completion towards the close of the same century.

We thus find, that during a period of nearly nine centuries works were almost constantly in hand, for the rebuilding or enlarging of a cathedral church at York; and that the spot where those works were carried on is the same as that which is now graced by the noble and venerable structure. Three centuries and a half have witnessed a few fires and a few dilapidations; but the cathedral is essentially the same as that which reared its head in feudal times. Strange is it that two of the principal features of this structure should have been



9.—YORK MINSTER.

destroyed by fire in the short space of a dozen years. The middle aisle of the choir was fired by the fanatic incendiary, Jonathan Martin, in 1829; while the middle aisle of the nave, with the south-western bell-tower and its peal of bells, were destroyed accidentally in 1840. The first fire destroyed the stalls and the organ of the choir; the second fire did not approach the service-part of the building; but in each case the central tower preserved the main portions of the building. The restoration consequent on these two fires, entailed an expense of nearly one hundred thousand pounds: that such a sum was raised by subscription for such a purpose, shows that there still lives a spark of that feeling which led to the erection of these majestic structures in past times.

York Minster is a uniform structure, having nave, choir, and transepts. It is, perhaps, the most complete text for a history of Gothic architecture in England; since the portions successively erected exemplify the various changes which this style underwent in this country during two or three centuries,—from the earliest adoption of simple pointed windows, to the rich adornment of the decorated style. The following are a few of the measurements. The extreme length from east to west, 524 feet; interior length, 487; extreme length of transept from north to south, 241; interior length, 225; length of the nave, 264; height of the nave, 99; breadth of the centre aisle, 47; breadth of the side aisles, 18; breadth of the transepts, 94; height of the central tower, 213; height of the two western towers, 196; breadth of the west front, 109; breadth of the east front, 105; dimensions of the great east window, 75 feet by 32 feet.

Let us glance first at the *exterior* of the venerable Minster. (Cut, No. 9.) The west front is, perhaps, the finest west front of all our cathedrals, partly on account of its great magnitude. Its window is inferior only to the west window of Carlisle Cathedral; but in other respects it is perhaps unrivalled. It consists of a central portion between two lofty towers. The lower part of this centre is occupied by the deeply-recessed, richly-adorned entrance; exhibiting a series of side columns supporting arches which become smaller and smaller as we advance farther. Exteriorly, this doorway is bounded by a triangular canopy; and on either side of it are rich niches filled with statues. Above the entrance stands the great west window, with its eight lofty lights, its rich tracery, and its surmounting canopy. On either side of the window is a panelled front, partially occupied with statues in niches; and above it is a battlemented pediment.

Next we approach the towers: those most majestic productions, which, standing at the north-west and south-west corners of the building, form such conspicuous objects on three sides. Each tower consists of a central compartment, flanked by two series of magnificent buttresses. First, or lowermost, there is a recessed porch; next above this a canopied, traceried window; then a flat space of panelling; next another window, but without a canopy; then a short battle-

ment; above this a double window, much loftier than either of those below; then another battlement; and lastly, shooting up to a height nearly two hundred feet from the ground, a series of turrets and crocketted pinnacles. On either side of this central compartment, as we have said, are the buttresses, rising tier after tier, and most richly adorned with panelling, niches, statues, canopies, tracery, crockettings, and finials. Among the statues near the great doorway are those of William de Melton, Robert de Vavasour, and William de Percy, early benefactors of the cathedral. In the arch over the door, in full tracery-work, is represented the temptation and expulsion of Adam and Eve.

The east front is very little less beautiful than the west, so far as its lower elevation will admit. The great window has been considered by some architectural critics, as the finest in the world in the perpendicular style: it is unquestionably a noble work. The window occupies in width the entire space between the buttresses, and comprises no less than two hundred compartments, filled with stained glass. At the base of the window is a row of fifteen heads, supposed to have been intended for some of the characters of Scripture. The buttresses at the corner of the east front are adorned with niches, statues, pedestals, and canopies, scarcely yielding to those of the west front in richness. Above the window is the statue of the venerable founder of the choir, Archbishop Thoresby, mitred and robed, sitting in his archiepiscopal chair, and holding in his left-hand a model of the cathedral.

York Minster is so unfortunately hemmed in by houses and buildings, that the south side is but imperfectly seen. The south transept, the most ancient part of the cathedral, is distinguished by a number of narrow and acutely pointed arches, with slender pillars, crowned with plain or slightly ornamented capitals. There are no prominent buttresses; the windows are comparatively small; and the whole arrangements mark an earlier and simpler style of art than the east and west fronts. Between the south transept and the south-western tower rise six small pinnacles, originally intended for buttresses to the lower part of the nave. The south side of the choir is much richer than that of the nave. "The massy columns," says Mr. Britton, "finely decorated with a variety of figures, and terminating in richly ornamented pinnacles; the windows large, and displaying a beautiful tracery; the small transept of the choir, with its superb light; and the screen work before the three farthest windows of the upper tier—all concur to render this external part of the structure strikingly beautiful and magnificent.

The north side is less encumbered with buildings than the south, and consequently displays its beauties more uninterruptedly. There are here five long lancet windows, locally designated the Five Sisters, which instructively illustrate the early pointed style. There are three minor entrances to the cathedral on this side; one opposite the residentiary house, another opposite the Deanery, and a third opening into the east aisle of the south transept.

The central or lantern-tower does not rise to a height equal to those of many other cathedrals. It is exceeded in this respect by those of Salisbury, Lincoln, Norwich, Ely, Chichester, Lichfield, Durham, and Gloucester. The truth appears to have been, that the architect intended to surmount this stone tower by a steeple of wood covered with lead; but he was deterred by a fear lest the foundation should prove insufficient to sustain so great a weight. As it is, the tower appears heavy and dumpy, and is the least attractive part of the building. There are eight windows in this tower, two on each side, with two tiers of mullions, the heads of which terminate in sweeping pediments.

YORK MINSTER: THE INTERIOR.

We now approach the interior. Here presents itself a scene which most writers consider to be unequalled among our cathedrals. Mr. Britton, indeed, goes so far as to say, that "Architecture, perhaps, has never produced, nor can imagination easily conceive, a vista of greater magnificence and beauty than that which is seen from the western entrance of the cathedral. The screen which separates the nave from the choir, rising only just high enough to form a support for the organ, does not intercept the view of the eastern end of the church, with its columns, its arches, and its most superb window. In proceeding from the western to the eastern end of the cathedral, the progressive improvements in the architecture are visible, and the style of the cross aisle may be contrasted with that of later periods."

The great western entrance to the cathedral, as at St. Paul's and Westminster Abbey, is reserved for state occasions. Whether this species of exclusion in such a place is altogether judicious, must be decided by the reader for himself; but it takes away considerably from the impressive effect which would be wrought on the mind of an observer, by making the western entrance the general one. The glorious view through the nave to the choir should precede all minor details. But let us be thankful for it under any form. When within the great entrance, we find the pier-arches to be eight in number on each side, separated by seven piers or columns. Each arch is of the lancet shape, about fifty feet high, and is enriched by bold and highly-adorned mouldings. The piers are solid quadrangular masses, having three-quarter columns on their faces. Above the arches is a range of clerestory windows, having below them an open screen to the triforium, with trefoiled heads, crocketed pediments, and quatrefoiled cornice. At the height of about forty-five feet from the ground, commence the ribs or mouldings which form the framework of the beautiful roof of the nave. The roof is formed of wood; and at the intersections of the beautiful tracery into which the ribs are carved, there are knots or clusters, which are carved into representations of incidents in Scripture history. The triforium gallery formerly contained statues of the

patron saints of the several European nations. The two side aisles are panelled, and decorated with tracery; the windows, eight to each aisle, are nearly all filled with stained glass. The clerestory windows, and the beautiful window over the great entrance, are likewise of this material.

Arrived at the centre of the building, we find ourselves beneath the great tower, with the nave behind us, the choir in advance, the south transept on the right hand, and the north on the left. The tower is supported by four massy piers formed of many-clustered columns. From the capitals which surmount these columns spring four noble arches, nearly 100 feet in height; and on the tops of these arches the square walls of the tower are built. Each side of the tower contains two lofty windows. The roof of the tower, visible from the cathedral below, is of beautiful carved oak tracery, analogous to that of the nave.

The interior of the south transept is a fine example of early English. It is here that the usual entrance to the cathedral is situated; but the principal interest of the transept is centred in its windows. These are ranged in three tiers. At the top is a splendid mari-gold window, nearly thirty feet in diameter; below this are three windows, filled with representations of apostles and saints; and below these is another range of more modern windows. The east and west sides of the transepts contain many monuments and effigies, of which the most beautiful is the tomb of Archbishop Walter de Grey, a fine specimen of the work of the thirteenth century.

The north transept is in a somewhat more advanced style of architecture. The chief adornment of this part is the series of five windows, or rather five departments of one great window, to which the name of the Five Sisters has been given: a name originating in the circumstance that five sisters presented these windows to the cathedral, and wrought with their own hands the embroidered patterns for the devices. The roof of the transept has been recently raised, to render these beautiful windows more extensively visible. The sides of the transept are richly adorned in arches and compartments; and in the east aisle, which faces St. Nicholas' Chapel, is the exquisite tomb of Archbishop Grenfield.

The organ-screen, which closes in the choir from the rest of the building, now meets our view. It is in the richest form of the perpendicular style. The lower part is divided into fifteen compartments or niches, in which are placed statues of the kings from William the Conqueror to Henry VI., in ancient regal costume. Above these are three rows of smaller figures, representing the angelic choir; so that the whole screen presents an extraordinary display of mediæval sculpture. In the middle of the screen is the entrance to the choir; a beautiful canopied recess, with mouldings and sculptures around the arch, and elaborate iron gates. After the fire of 1829, a proposition was seriously discussed, whether or not to remove this screen further back, so as to bring the great tower

more completely into view from the nave : the question raised quite an agitation at the time ; but it was ultimately resolved to leave matters as they were.

Upon this screen is now placed an organ, which is, we believe, deemed the finest in the kingdom : at any rate, it is one worthy of the building which contains it. The old organ was destroyed by the fire of 1829 ; and neither expense nor talent were spared in the placing of a new one. The specification of the organ was made out by Dr. Camidge, the organist ; the execution devolved upon Messrs. Elliott and Hill, of London ; and the expense was borne by the Earl of Scarborough. There are three sets of keys, of six octaves each ; and two octaves of pedal keys. There are 90 stops or sets of pipes ; and the total number of pipes exceeds 6,000. In nearly all its features it excels the great organs of Birmingham and Haarlem. If ever the sublimity of sound can be brought home to the feelings of all, it is when such an organ is pouring its vast body of tones through the vaulted avenues of this cathedral.

Through the doorway in the organ-screen we enter the choir, the most highly decorated portion of the cathedral. Sir Robert Smirke has rebuilt this part in scrupulous imitation of its former self. The richly carved stalls, the cathedral or archbishop's throne, the pulpit—all are restored in the ancient style. There are nine side arches, above which the triforium and clerestory are much more richly adorned than those in the nave. A screen used to exist behind the altar, with a music-gallery above it ; but this intercepted the view of the grand east window ; and few, we imagine, can regret its removal.

Beneath a portion of the choir is the ancient crypt—one of those solemn, impressive, subterranean vaults, which a few of our cathedrals exhibit. There are nine massive pillars, in three rows, supporting the vaulted roof ; and each of the four aisles into which the crypt is thus divided used to contain an altar and a chantry. In one of these remarkable underground chapels, designated “the chantry of the altar of St. Mary in Cryptis,” mass was celebrated. All the sanctity of these crypts is gone in our day : they are little better than lumber-rooms—the more is the pity !

Ascending again from the crypt to the choir, we find that the side aisles of the choir, and the Lady Chapel behind it, are the chief depositories of the monuments which the minster contains. These are of the usual kind—monuments to bishops, deans, privy counsellors, peers, generals, gentry ; persons who may have filled their respective stations creditably ; but whose monuments are too often but sorry accompaniments to the exquisite architecture of the building. Moving from these to the magnificent east window, we there find representations which *do* belong to the building, and to the age when it was built. This unequalled production is divided into two hundred compartments, each about a yard square, and each filled, in stained glass, with figures about two feet in height. The scriptural characters and incidents recorded in this way are extraordinary for their number—the Saviour, angels,

patriarchs, prophets, apostles, confessors, and martyrs ; the creation, the temptation, the expulsion, the deluge, the stories of Jacob and Joseph, the finding of Moses, the scenes on Mount Sinai ; the exploits of Samson and David and Abraham ; the seals and vials and trumpets of the apocalyptic vision, interpreted according to the notions of the time—all form a kind of transference of the Bible to the stained glass of a window.

THE CHAPTER-HOUSE : THE BELLS : ST. MARY'S ABBEY.

The Chapter-house is the only structure, exterior to the cathedral, which we need notice ; but this is indeed a gem. It is perhaps the finest Chapter-house in England. It is supposed to have been built in the latter half of the 13th century. The Chapter-house is an octagonal building, 63 feet in diameter by 68 feet high, and wholly supported without a central pillar. It is the absence of any central support which gives to this structure so much of its beauty. One side of the octagon is formed by the entrance, divided by a richly canopied central pier into two doorways, occupied by richly carved oak doors. The other seven sides of the octagon are occupied each with a noble lancet-headed window, nearly 50 feet in height. Beneath each window is a series of six semi-octagonal stalls, profusely carved, and bounded by carvings and sculptures, the subjects of some of which look strange enough to modern eyes. At a height of nearly forty feet from the ground, spring the mouldings or ribs for the vaulted ceiling, which is bound together with exquisite skill and taste.

We can hardly find room for it, yet a paragraph must be spared for the *Bells* of the fine old minster. There is a Peal of Bells, and there is a Great Bell ; and both are worthy of note. The peal is situated in the south-west tower. When the fire of 1840 occurred, the old bells were so damaged by the flames as to be rendered useless. Dr. Beckwith supplied the funds for a new set ; which were rung for the first time to celebrate the restoration of the cathedral on the 4th of July, 1844. The bells are twelve in number ; they vary in height from two and a half to five and a half feet, and in weight from seven to fifty-three hundred-weight. But the great bell, named the Great Peter of York is the reigning monarch—not only over the other bells of this minster, but over all the bells in the United Kingdom. London, Lincoln, and Oxford—all boast of their mighty bells ; but all must yield to the Great Peter. The large bell at St. Paul's Cathedral weighs about five tons ; the Great Tom of Lincoln about five tons and a half ; and the Old Tom of Oxford about seven tons and a half ; but the Great Peter weighs no less than twelve tons and a half (about 28,000 pounds). The height of this monster bell is seven feet two inches, and its thickness at the sounding curve is seven inches. Seventeen tons of metal were melted for it, and were run into the mould in seven minutes and a half. It

took fourteen days in cooling before the clay-mould was removed from it. The ornaments on the exterior of the bell are similar in style to many of the details of the cathedral; and an inscription round the top, in Lombardic characters, runs thus:—

“In sanctæ et æternæ Trinitatis honorem
Pecunia sponte collata, Eboracenses
Faciendum curaverunt in usum
Ecclesiæ metrop. B. Petri, Ebor.”

The enormous clapper for the bell was made at one of the Yorkshire iron-works; it weighs four hundred weight, and is beautifully worked in wrought iron. The oaken stock in which the bell is fixed, with its bolts, weighs three tons. The bell is rung with two wheels, one on each side of the axle, fourteen feet in diameter; and it is said that fifteen men are required to ring it. Its sound (in the key of F) is deep, mellow, and rich in the grandest degree. The citizens of York subscribed the fund for defraying the expenses of this bell: it amounted to £2000.

Here we quit the fine old minster. Simply as a matter for occasional comparison, we may state that, in total length, York Minster is excelled only by Winchester Cathedral; in total breadth, only by St. Paul's; in length of choir, only by St. Paul's and Norwich; in length of nave, only by Ely; while in the breadth and the height of the nave, the choir, and the aisles, it excels them all. The breadth of York Minster exceeds the entire length of each of the cathedrals of Carlisle, Bath, Bristol, and Oxford.

One of the pleasant relics of antiquity at York is the Abbey of St. Mary. There are many parts of the city from whence the ruins can be well seen; and from the back-ground of trees standing near them, they have a very beautiful appearance when a summer's sun lights up the green foliage. The original St. Mary's Abbey was built by William Rufus in 1088; it was destroyed by fire in 1137, and remained in ruins till 1270, when Simon de Warwick rebuilt it on a magnificent scale. The Abbey Church was of great size, having had a choir and nave of equal dimensions, north and south transepts, and a central tower; the existing ruins are only a part of the north wall of the nave of the church. The Abbey was inhabited by a fraternity of black monks, of the Order of St. Benedict; and these monks appear to have had a sort of standing quarrel with the citizens of York; for many frays are recorded as having occurred between the citizens and the retainers of the monks; and the monks obtained a licence from Henry III. to fortify their monastery by a wall and towers. At the time of the dissolution of the monasteries, the revenues of this Abbey were very large; but from this period the decay of the fine old building was lamentably rapid: it was indeed not a natural decay, but a destruction by the hand of man. The Abbey and its church were used as a quarry: some of the stones were used by Henry VIII. for building the Manor House; another portion, in 1701, for rebuilding the County Jail at York; another, in 1705,

for rebuilding the adjoining church of St. Olave; another, in 1717, for repairing Beverley Minster; and throughout the same century the stones were used as a storehouse whence to make lime for building purposes. Had not the Yorkshire Philosophical Society obtained a grant of the Abbey and its ground from the Crown in 1822, there is no knowing how much (or how little) of the ruins might be now left. The portion of the ruins yet remaining consist chiefly of eight beautiful light gothic window-arches, with carved capitals, and a small portion of the clustered columns of each end. In the excavations necessary for building the new Museum of the Philosophical Society (the Museum stands between the Abbey Ruins and the Roman Tower) the whole plan of the Abbey was laid bare: it extended 371 feet in length by 60 in breadth. A little eastward of this ruin is a small court, surrounded by a wall built of broken columns, capitals, and stones, bearing marks of fire, and supposed to be part of the Abbey destroyed in 1137. A few other fragments of various buildings once belonging to the Abbey, are visible in different parts of the vicinity.

BEVERLEY AND ITS MINSTER.

The flat country between York and Beverley is so thoroughly agricultural, so thinly inhabited, and so utterly without mountains to please the artist, and minerals to attract the manufacturer, that even the railway magnates shake their heads at “running a line” through the district. Pocklington and Market Weighton are the two agricultural towns met with along this route; besides these, there are only villages. And such, indeed, is the character of the greater part of the East Riding. The exception is furnished by the northern part of the Riding, where the hills called the *Wolds* give more diversity to the scene, and where the approach to the bold coast at Bridlington and Scarborough opens to the view of the visitor an entirely different landscape.

Beverley is also an agricultural town; that is, it is the centre of an agricultural district. But it is something more than this. It is a venerable minster town, and has a history which extends far back into our Saxon times. It is, too, a right pleasant town: clean, well-built, with tolerably wide streets, a good market-place, and a race-course which is well known throughout the East Riding to those who are attached to the stud. When the antiquaries tell us that *Beverley* used to be spelt *Beverlac*; that one among many Yorkshire lakes was situated near the town; and that the name (“lake of beavers”) was derived from the circumstance that beavers used to abound in the neighbouring river Hull—we begin to speculate as to the number of centuries which must have elapsed since that state of things existed.

Beverley was a grown child when Hull was yet in its cradle; and it was not without a struggle that the former gradually yielded the palm of commercial supe-

riority to the latter. Beverley was favoured by many of the early kings: Athelstan granted a charter to the town, exempting it from certain tolls, and conferring upon it important privileges. In the Minster is still to be seen the following distich, placed between the pictures of Athelstan and St. John of Beverley, in allusion, apparently, to these privileges:

"Als free, make I the,
As hert may thynke, or eyh can see."

Athelstan's charter was confirmed by later monarchs; and King John especially conceded to the townsmen freedom from "toll, pontage, passage, stallage," &c.

Beverley Minster is, without dispute, the second finest ecclesiastical structure in Yorkshire: the first place being, of course, appropriated to the venerable cathedral of York. It is one of the most ancient establishments, too, in the kingdom; for a cathedral or collegiate church, at Beverley, existed thirteen hundred years ago. It does not seem to be very well known by whom, or at what time, the present structure was built; but as it presents specimens of the Early English, the Decorated, and the Perpendicular styles, it must have been built at many different times. The general character of the building is Early English; and as the minster has the advantage of being completely insulated, its beauty is easily observable. The general form of the exterior, to an uncritical eye, somewhat resembles that of Westminster Abbey, in so far as it is without a central tower, and has two square towers at the west front. The minster is cruciform, having the usual arrangement of nave, choir, and transepts. The west end is truly magnificent, and yields the palm to very few of our cathedrals; indeed, Rickman says, that "the west front of this church is to the Perpendicular what that of York is to the Decorated style:" that is, its finest example. The porch is a richly-recessed gothic arch; and over it is a splendid window, surmounted by a richly-panelled compartment, in front of which is the ornate canopy of the window. The corners of the entire front are occupied by the noble towers, which are distinct and complete compositions from the ground to the summit. There are two elaborately decorated buttresses on the west side, and two on the lateral side, of each tower; and between these buttresses are four windows, two in each front, one above another. Above the level of these windows is a panelled compartment, and above this another window, still richer than the lower ones. Above the upper windows the tower contracts in dimensions, and is terminated by a series of pinnacles, more rich and varied, perhaps, than is presented by any of our cathedrals. The dimensions of the Minster are as follow: Length from east to west, 334 feet; breadth of the nave and side aisles, 64 feet; length of the great cross aisle, or transept, 167 feet; height of the nave,

67 feet; height of the side aisles, 33 feet; height of the two west towers, 200 feet.

The chief beauties of the interior are the screen and the Percy Monument. In the last century a gorgeous wooden composition was put up as an altar-screen: behind this were the remains of the ancient altar-screen or rood-loft; it was of the Decorated style, and enriched to an almost unexampled degree in carved stone. Mr. Rickman deemed it, even in its dilapidated state, one of the best schools wherein to study the details of the Decorated style. About forty years ago the mayor and corporation of Beverley, as trustees of the Minster fund, engaged the services of Mr. Comins, at a regular salary, to take charge of the gradual restoration of the Minster. One of Mr. Comins' undertakings was, to restore the old altar screen. He took casts of the ornaments and mouldings, and carved a new screen of elaborate beauty, in the exact model of the old one: this was completed in 1826. The entire exterior has been restored: the porches, buttresses, canopies, pinnacles,—all have been brought into so admirable a state, that the Minster has now few parallels, in this respect, among the cathedrals of England. One change effected in the interior has been the removal of the pews and galleries, which for some generations had disfigured the nave. The parishioners offered much opposition to the change; but, in 1822, the authorities succeeded in replacing those seats by others in the choir, quite as convenient for divine service, and leaving the nave in its original grandeur as a columned vista. In the choir there is a most beautiful monument to one of the Percy family, of Decorated character, and gorgeous execution. In the nave there is a monument, earlier than that of the Percys, and less superbly ornamented, but equally chaste in composition.

'Tis an honour to Beverley to contain two such churches as those which adorn the town. "St. Mary's Church, Beverley," says Mr. Rickman, "if it had not so rich a neighbour as the Minster, would be thought a curious and valuable church." It has a beautiful west front, with pierced towers and fine windows: the chancel has some curious groining; and the piers and arches of the western half, or nave, are very fine. "Every part of this church," says the competent authority just quoted, "is curious. The original buildings were evidently Norman and Early English: some portions are very early Decorated, and of various gradations to advanced Perpendicular; and the additions have been made not only round, but, under the former work, so as to cause some curious anomalies."

There was a time when Beverley had its monastery of Black Friars, its monastery of Franciscans, its House of Knights Hospitallers, and other establishments more or less connected with the ancient religion of the country: but these are gone. The Minster and St. Mary's Church are the links which connect the present with the past.

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THE POTTERIES.

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THE STAFFORDSHIRE POTTERIES.

THERE is no county in England more singularly varied than Staffordshire, in respect to the topographical features by which it is marked. We have abundant instances, where one portion of a county is manufacturing and another portion agricultural and picturesque. Warwickshire has its Birmingham on the one hand, and the lovely scenery of the Avon on the other; Yorkshire has its clothiers on the south-west, and its agriculturists and its moorlands in other parts; and so of other counties: if they be not throughout such districts as the artist and the poet would love to contemplate, they generally exhibit some *one* industrial feature, which spreads itself around a certain centre, and leaves the rest of the county to the graziers, the farmers, and the tourists. But Staffordshire has a double manufacturing existence: it has its iron and coal in the south, and its clay and pottery in the north. Stafford, the county town, stands midway, and holds, as it were, the balance between them. The two halves of the population, or at least those engaged in the departments of industry alluded to, differ as much from each other as if they lived in totally distinct counties: their earnings are regulated by different rules; their working and workshop arrange-

ments bear little analogy in the two cases; and their domestic and social economy present many a marked contrast. The agriculturists who live between and around them are like agriculturists elsewhere; but the north and the south have, each, something unique about them.

An opportunity was afforded for glancing at the iron and coal district of South Staffordshire, in the paper relating to BIRMINGHAM. (Vol. ii. p. 153.) Let us here take a similar view of the remarkable Pottery district of the northern portion of the county.

Before we visit this busy hive of workers, it may be well to see what relation it bears to the surface of the country around it.

A GENERAL GLANCE.

The Pottery district is bounded on the east by a portion of country often strangely wild and barren. A glimpse of a few of the heights composing it can be obtained from the more elevated parts of the Pottery towns; but we must go somewhat away from them—towards Congleton, or Leek, or Cheadle—before these features become very apparent. This north-eastern



1.—THE OLD CHURCH, BURSLEM.

district, comprising about one-sixth of the county, is designated the *Moorlands*: it is the southern extremity of the long line of elevated ground which extends through Yorkshire and Northumberland to the Cheviots. These moorlands have been well described as "a singular *mélange* of wildness, desolation, dreariness, beauty, grandeur, and romance. A tourist who traverses them looks successively upon dismal bogs, irksome upland moors, soaring peaks, and sublime precipices: he is alternately lifted up to the survey of a brilliant panorama, scores of miles in diameter, and pent within the mural faces of a deep ravine, which admits a view of but a stripe of the over-arching sky; and he now wanders amid repulsive gravelly knolls, sectioned into parts by the prosaic dry stone wall, and now luxuriates in lovely dales and glens, embellished with cultivation, and gorgeous in the ornaments of wood, water, cascade, and variegated surface." These moorlands vary in general height from three to six hundred feet above the average level of the rest of the county; but some portions rise to twelve or fifteen hundred feet. In the extreme north of the county, the wild and desolate features are more apparent than in any other—broken expanses of peat-moss and spongy moor, with here and there rugged masses of rock rising in the utmost irregularity above the unreclaimed and irreclaimable soil. Farther east, these features gradually lose their wildness, until at length we come to the lovely scenery of the Dove. Southward, the country assumes the flat characteristics of an iron and coal region; while the valley of the Trent exhibits those numerous varieties of clay and marl which led to the settlement of the Potteries in that locality.

Turning to the western side of the Pottery district, between it and Cheshire, we come to a district which gradually softens down in its external features, until we arrive at the great salt region of Cheshire—a region which has its own peculiar characteristics of surface. As to hills or elevated spots, the most remarkable in the immediate vicinity of the Potteries, perhaps, is Mole Cop. It is an elongated ridge, due north of the Potteries, and reaching to a height of considerably above a thousand feet: it is for many miles a remarkable object, as seen from the coach-road from the Potteries through Congleton to Manchester.

In the midst of this northern half of the county, then, stand the POTTERIES. In attempting to characterize this remarkable district, we find that any of the usual comparisons would fail. It is not one huge town, springing from one nucleus, and spreading out its suburbs equally on all sides to accommodate its commercial growth. It is not a district, wide enough to have many centres of trade, separated by farms and country villages. It is not a series of valleys intersecting a hilly country, and dotted with manufacturing villages along the sides of the streams. It is not, on the other hand, a hilly range, in which manufactures cling to the hills rather than to the lowlands.

The Pottery district is something distinct from all these. It is a row of seven or eight towns, lying along

the same turnpike-road, and having the interstices between them gradually filled up with thrice that number of hamlets and chapelries, all of which grow up as much like the parent towns as possible. It is, indeed, one street, about eight miles in length, with a few shorter streets on either side. Nowhere on this route do we lose sight of the Pottery characteristics; although they thicken and accumulate more particularly at the seven or eight nuclei than at other parts. At Burslem, and at Hanley, the works spread out on either side so far, that the district becomes a couple of miles in width; but still the best conception of the whole is of one vast manufacturing street, running from south to north, or more nearly from south-east to north-west, and swelling out to the bulk of large towns at particular spots.

Taking the Potteries as represented by the chief towns, we have from north to south, Tunstall, Burslem, Longport, Hanley, Shelton, Stoke, Fenton, and Lane End; but there are so many townships, chapelries, hamlets, and suburbs, between and among these, and all are so intimately connected with the pottery manufacture, that the list becomes a much more formidable one:—Golden Hill, Green Lane, Green Field, Clay Hills, Brown Hills, Tunstall, Longport, Newport, Dale Hall, Hamell, Hot Lane, Burslem, Sneyd Green, Cobridge, Vale Pleasant, Etruria, Hanley, Shelton, Boothon, Penkhull, Stoke, Fenton, Lane Delph, Foley, Longton, and Lane End. It was this remarkable elongated district which was made a Parliamentary borough in 1832, by the name (familiarily, at least,) of The Potteries; though the name given to the borough is Stoke, from that of the chief town in the centre of the borough.

Immediately westward of the centre of the Potteries, at a distance of about a couple of miles, stands the large and old town of Newcastle-under-Lyme, a town which has had some notable manufactures of hats, boots, and other commodities, but which, strange as it may seem, takes no part in the manufacture of pottery. The potters have not wandered out of their eight-mile street so far as to reach Newcastle, except to dig up a particular kind of clay which is found near that town, and which is useful for some of their works. If the Potteries be approached from this direction (which was the case so long as the Grand Junction Railway was the chief medium of communication), we first meet with them at Stoke; if from Manchester, Tunstall; if from the south, Lane End. But whichever be the direction, the characteristics are pretty much the same. There is nothing in the nature of the manufacture to prevent the neighbouring districts from being grassy and pleasant, and dotted by those varied features which distinguish country scenes. There is plenty of smoke, it is true, above the pottery towns themselves; and we soon find that this smoke envelopes and surmounts furnaces of a very different kind from those observable in the iron or cotton districts. A general view of the Potteries, as taken from a village lying westward of them, and including within its range the towns of Etruria, Hanley, and Shelton, is given in the Steel Plate.

Mr. Kohl's comparison of the Pottery works to fortifications is not altogether inapposite. He says:—"On approaching from Newcastle-under-Lyme, Burslem and Hanley are seen lying somewhat high, and the view that presents itself is unique in its kind. A stranger might be tempted to believe that he saw a vast line of fortifications rising before him. The surrounding hills are all crowned with the lofty columns and the huge pyramids of the chimneys, and with the great rounded furnaces, of which dozens are often seen close together, looking like colossal bomb-mortars. The high roofs of the drying-houses, the magnificent warehouses, and the massy walls that enclose the whole great establishment, with the piles of clay, flints, bones, cinders, and other matters, serve rather to strengthen the illusion. Nor does the scene lose in interest as you proceed through the district. Between the great factories, or banks, lie scattered the small houses of the shop-keepers, the workmen, the painters, the engravers, the colourmen, and others; while here and there the intervals are filled up by churches and chapels, or by the stately houses of those who have grown rich by pottery."

We must here at once settle a point which, unexplained, would somewhat puzzle the reader. A 'bank' is the local name for a pottery establishment: the whole of the buildings and kilns which are necessary for the manufacture are designated by this name. Thus there are Copeland's Bank, Ridgway's Bank, Minton's Bank; and sometimes Mr. So-and-so's China Bank may be one side of the road, while his Earthenware Bank may be on the other. What the meaning of this appellation may be, we have never had the good fortune to hear: it adds one to the many acceptations of the word 'bank.' As to the "great rounded furnaces," spoken of by Mr. Kohl as imparting a particular character to the appearance of the towns, they are the kilns in which the ware is baked, and concerning which we hope to convey a little information before this paper is concluded.

Whoever has occasion to refer to French works, in which English names of persons and of places are mentioned, must have had abundant opportunities of observing how absurdly incorrect many of such passages are—sometimes topographically, and at other times orthographically. Thus, in Alexander Brongniart's '*Traité des Arts Céramiques*,' a very extensive work relating to porcelain and pottery, Fenton, Lane End, and Longton, are wholly omitted from the list of Staffordshire Pottery towns; while Etruria is placed "at the southern extremity of the line of towns"—a place where we should have some trouble to find it. Again, Brongniart tells us that "the Caledonian Canal, (!) the Newcastle Canal, and the Trunk Canal, pass through the Pottery district." He moreover places Copeland and Garrett's gigantic works at Hanley, instead of Stoke.

FROM TUNSTALL TO ETRURIA.

But leaving these mistakes of foreigners to the

charitable consideration of those who know that English writers are too apt to sin in a similar way, let us make a tour of the district, telling of its chief features as we pass along. It may be well to begin at the north, and so work our way downward to the south.

In the north, then, within view of the Mole Cop hill, and almost close to the extraordinary Harecastle tunnel of the Grand Trunk Canal, is the little busy knot which has Tunstall in its centre, and which may be considered as comprising the suburbs and hamlets of Golden Hill, Green Lane, Green Field, Clay Hills, and Brown Hills, besides the larger town of Tunstall itself. These collectively form the northern member of the series of Pottery towns. The chimneys which convey away the smoke from the furnaces, and the bulky masses of the kilns in which the ware is baked, are the distinguishing features. Sometimes two or three of these kilns are near each other in one establishment; sometimes the number is six or eight; but the similarity among them all is so great, that they form by far the most prominent characteristic of the district: one which marks it out distinctly from all others. Their shape is neither sugar-loaf nor bee-hive, but something between the two; and their dark brick, unrelieved, unwindowed surfaces present a singular monotony; yet, as parts of a general picture, this monotony gives way to something better.

Tunstall is among the most modern of the Pottery towns. At the beginning of the present century it was merely a hamlet of sixty houses; whereas now it is one of the five market-towns of the Potteries,—the other four being Burslem, Hanley, Stoke, and Lane End. The town lies on the declivity of a considerable eminence; it has a very spacious market-place, and a fair share of public buildings. As to its manufactures, they are mostly confined to earthenware, blue tiles, and other coarse goods: they hardly aspire to the dignity of porcelain. In traversing the high road, through Tunstall and the adjacent hamlets, we have proof enough how cheap fuel is in this district. Instead of being purchased, as a London mechanic or labourer would have to purchase it, in small quantities, and stored as a precious material, a whole cart-full of coal at a time is shot in front or the side of a cottage or humble dwelling, to be taken into the house at convenience. There is abundance of coal beneath the district; and this, together with the great variety of clay, goes far to explain why the pottery manufacture has been located in this spot.

Our next stoppage, southward, is at Burslem, a much more important place than Tunstall. The tower of Burslem Church, shown in Cut No. 1, is considered to be the oldest existing structure in the Pottery district. In the centre of the town is an oblong market-place, with a market-house in the centre, and the best inns of the place around it; and on a market-day the busy throng of people show that it is the heart of a thickly-populated spot. But it is no easy matter to obtain a clear idea of the topography of the town. It has not one high road, but many

high roads; and these roads twist about in various directions. Wherever they turn, however, they present banks or potteries on every side—some of them on a very large scale; and one could almost marvel what becomes of all the crockery made at such a multitude of places. The world must break more plates and cups than it is willing to acknowledge: unless, indeed, ‘nobody’ does it.

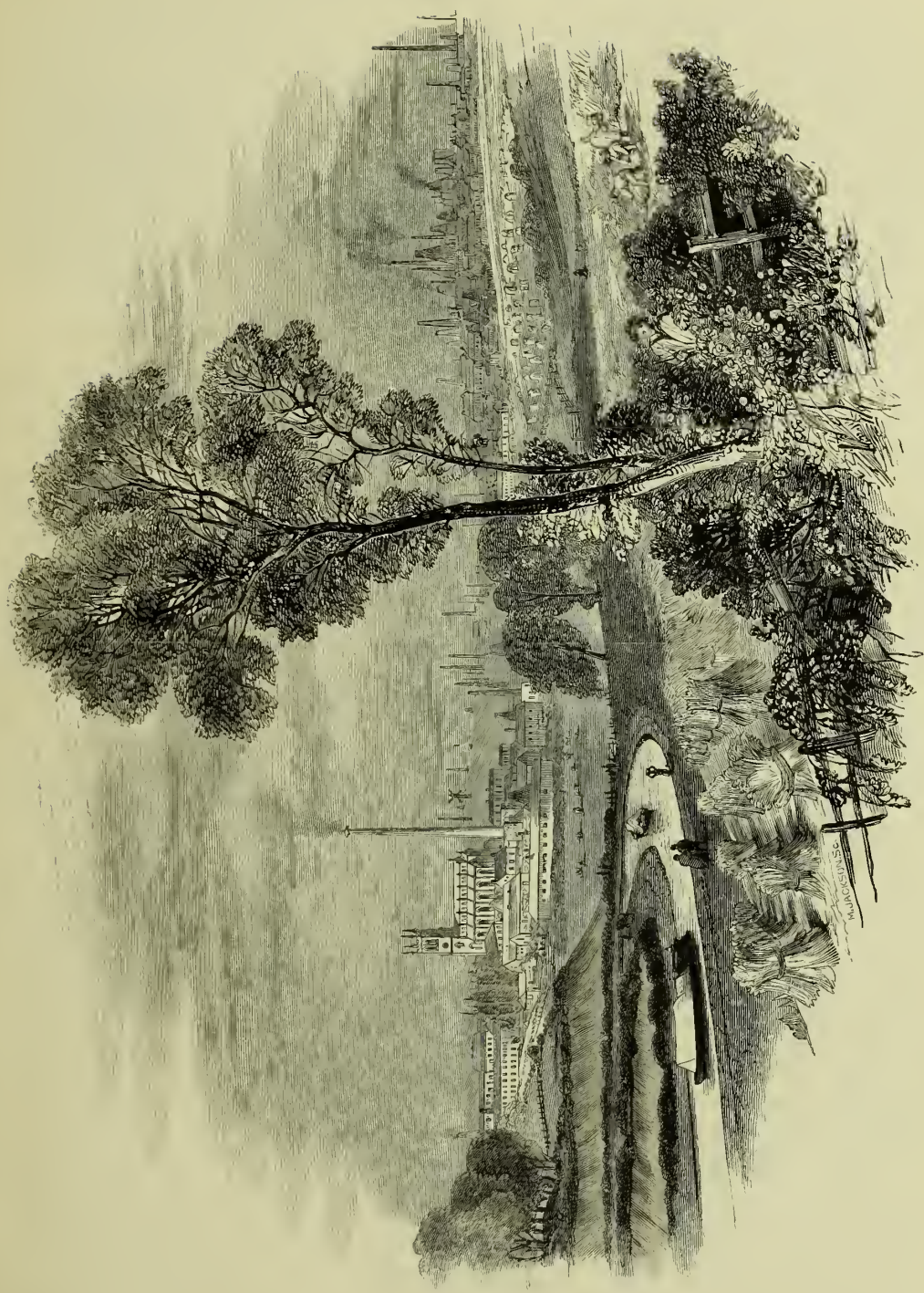
Burslem and Longport are now so connected by buildings, that they form together one town—a town which stretches out pretty widely in every direction. A general view of this double town is given in Cut No. 2. Indeed, the suburbs or hamlets of Newport, Dale End, Hamell, and Hot Lane, are also being more and more brought within the same sort of connection; so that the whole together form the second member of one great series. The station of the North Staffordshire Railway, designed for the accommodation of this group, is on the Longport side; and in walking thence to the centre of Burslem, we obtain a very good notion of this city of banks—this ‘Mother of the Potteries,’ as it loves to be called. The ground is very irregular; and in some places the valleys are becoming gradually filled up with enormous heaps of broken crockery and worn-out saggars or baking-troughs. Instead of fossils or pebbles, spars or crystals, an explorer would find that his minerals (unless he digs a good way beneath the surface) would be confined to pots and pans, jugs and mugs—a wreck of fractured goods: here a relic of the willow-pattern; there a bit of iron-stone china; yonder, the side of a cup, destined for some very good ‘Richard,’ or ‘Emma,’ as the inscription may indicate; at one place, a tea-pot, *sans* handle, *sans* spout, *sans* cover, *sans* bottom, *sans* everything; and at another, a fragment of a sagger, whose almost vitrified appearance shows how great is the heat to which such vessels are exposed. Such are the materials of the *débris* which is filling up many of the depressions and hollows in and around the pottery towns.

Whoever wishes to see the characteristics of the working population of a manufacturing district, should watch for the hour when all hands troop out to dinner. There is sure to be a something which an observant eye can catch. If it be at Oldham, he will see that all, men and women, wear wooden shoes with buckles, and all the women handkerchiefs—or rather, headkerchiefs—instead of bonnets. If at the Potteries, he will observe that all the world (a Frenchman would be sure to say ‘*tout le monde*’ in such a case) wear little, natty, gray, hemispherical hats or caps—not the broad-brims which have recently had a season of favour among cricketers and steam-boat tourists, but having a brim curled up compactly all round. These caps are made of coarse gray felt; and they form an extensive article of manufacture in the neighbouring town of Newcastle; for they are worn almost universally by the potters, men and boys, while at work; and the feminine workers do not altogether reject them. The caps have the double reputation of being “nice and warm” in winter,

and “nice and cool” in summer. If we further look at the groups of potters, while returning homewards to dinner, we can hardly fail to see that they are a whitey-brown race, so far as dress is concerned; the pottery materials are mostly of a light colour, and they leave their impress both on skin and on clothes. Boys are plentiful in the banks, and some of them very little boys too. Many persons have thought the system of juvenile labour is adopted to too great an extent in the Potteries; and a Government commission was appointed a few years ago, to collect evidence calculated to bear on this subject. Some of the evidence given, as obtained from the boys themselves, is saddening, some laughable, some shrewd, some stupid. One young urchin said: “I get milk-bread for breakfast, and bacon and tatees sometimes for dinner: sometimes only tatees. I go to Sunday-school, and learn spelling and the catechiz.”

But Hanley and Shelton are waiting for our notice; the third and perhaps the largest of the manufacturing groups. Whether we include Sneyd Green, Cobridge, Vale Pleasant, and Etruria, with Hanley and Shelton, is pretty much a matter of choice, as they are all so linked together as to answer to many different modes of classification. There is a fine open road southward from Burslem to Hanley; and there are certainly enough green fields on either side to mark a division between the Burslem group and the Hanley group; but still there is so little interval between the banks and the dwellings along the road, that our simile of the eight-mile street pretty nearly holds good.

Hanley and Shelton are so intimately connected, that it is difficult for the eye to determine where one begins and the other ends. The two are united so as to form one market-town. Hanley is itself a chapelry, and Shelton a township; but taking the two together, and calling the whole by the name of Hanley, we may say that Hanley stands on the south-western slope of a gently-rising eminence. The principal streets have some good shops; and there has been lately finished a range of shops far above the standard of everything else in the Pottery district,—emulating something of that shop-architecture which is now so conspicuous in our principal towns. The Pottery banks are of course the most notable objects in and around the town; but when we mount to the highest part of the ascent on which the town is situated, we come to a more decided boundary of the Pottery district than, perhaps, in any other spot. There is a sudden and entire cessation of the bustle of the Potteries, succeeded, towards the east, by a wide extent of very pretty green fields, through which flows the infant Trent, afterwards to grow to an important river. There is on this high ground a lofty old windmill, which a recent proprietor has converted into a museum and an observatory: of the museum we will not say much; but the observatory at the top is really a creditable look-out. It gives to our view a panorama embracing a wide extent of country; and it affords a favourable means of seeing how abruptly the Pottery district terminates at the



2.—BURSLEM AND LONGPORT.

head of this ridge. At a short distance eastward of the mill, and bordering on the Trent, stands the paper-mill of Messrs. Fourdrinier,—a name connected with some very important improvements in the manufacture of paper. At this mill is made a great part of that very peculiar tough but thin paper, which is employed in decorating blue-printed ware.

One of the chief buildings near Shelton is remarkable inasmuch as it belongs to all the Pottery towns, rather than to any one among them in particular. It is the North Staffordshire Infirmary, plain and unassuming as a building, but extensive in its sphere of usefulness. Most of the principal manufacturers are subscribers to it; and there is a system by which the work-people avail themselves of its advantages by small periodical payments.

FROM ETRURIA TO LANE END.

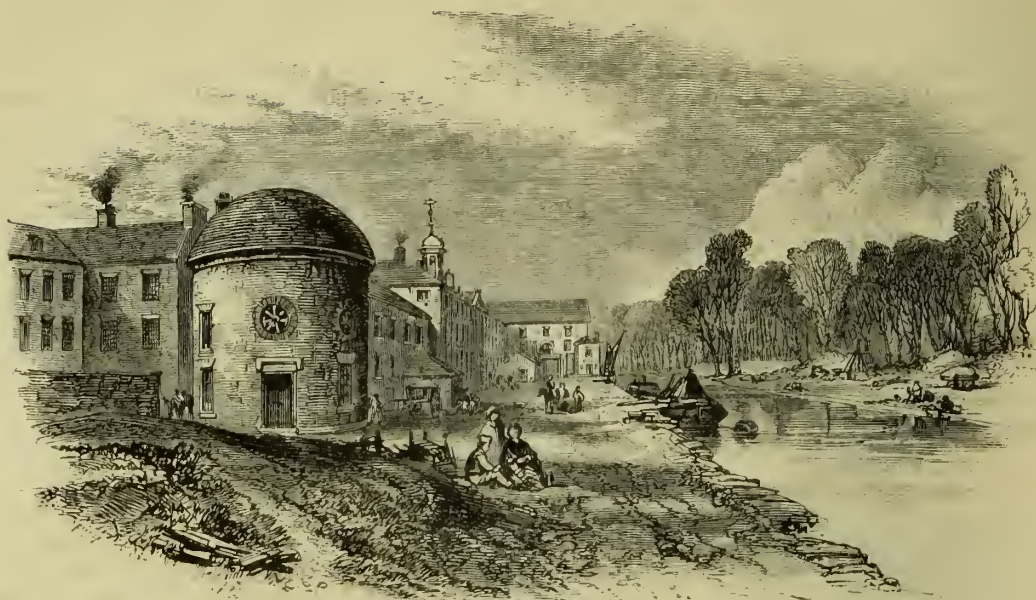
Lying nearly midway between Shelton and Newcastle, but considered as a sort of appendage to the former, is Etruria.

We shall, in a later page, have something to say of the remarkable man who built Etruria; but at present it will suffice to know that Etruria is the name of the large establishment once belonging to Josiah Wedgwood, comprising the works themselves, the mansion of the proprietor, and streets of houses for the work-people. The Grand Trunk Canal passes between the works and the mansion; and it was near this spot that Wedgwood himself cut the first sod of the canal: a canal which was destined to form a medium of communication with Hull and eastern Europe. The works are large, and will ever, as long as they remain in existence, be the most interesting memorial of the manufacture generally; for it was within those walls that most of the improvements were wrought which acted as an incentive to *elegance* in the art. The wealthy descendants of Wedgwood have in great part withdrawn from manufacturing pursuits; but 'Mr. Wedgwood's bank at Trury' is still known to all the potters, high and low, and is not likely to be forgotten, although other firms may have since overtaken and eclipsed it. Of the mansion near the works, it will suffice to say that it is like many other mansions elsewhere: a roomy brick dwelling in the midst of a park. The Works are shown in Cut, No. 3, and the Mansion in Cut, No. 4. As to the streets in which the operatives live, a passer-by would find it difficult to distinguish one house from another. They are like casts taken from the same mould. All are about of equal height, and have an equal number of windows; all the windows are decked with flowers, placed in pots which would shame our London flower-pots; all the street-doors open into the best parlours; and all the best parlours (or so many of them, that we feel tempted to jump to a conclusion as to the rest) have mahogany chests of drawers. It appears that the potters have a very commendable bit of pride concerning this article of furniture; and there can be little doubt that the

treasures stored away in such receptacles often comprise no small amount of display and finery for the Sunday's wear. But we are not entitled to peep into the drawers; so will pass on.

While speaking of the potters and their houses, we may as well mention that they have the reputation of having more *freeholds* in their possession than any other class of operatives in this country. Among the more prudent men the earnings are large enough, in a cheap county, to permit them to lay by sufficient for the purchase of a small freehold dwelling; and it is said that near Burslem there is a row or street of houses consisting entirely of workmen's freeholds. This does not appear to be a result of any Building Society, Land Society, or Socialist scheme, but to spring from individual acts of prudence — so much the better. That some potters are reckless and poor, and some poor without being reckless, may well be imagined. We remember seeing a handbill emanating from the "Handlers' and Flat and Hollow Ware Pressers' Surplus Labour Society" (a name almost as long as Boz's "Hot Muffin and Crumpet Baking and Punctual Delivery Company"), in which the grievances of the members were to be remedied by a certain labour-scheme; and the Reports of the "Children's Employment Commissioners" showed that there is much more squalor and more ignorance than there ought to be where so large an amount of wages is distributed every week; but we incline to think that the potters, as a class, would rank as high as most English operatives in intelligence and in comfort. Some of the witnesses who gave evidence before the Government Commissioner presented rather a gloomy picture of the people and their condition; while others felt that they could venture to take a more cheerful view of the state of things. One of them, a manager or foreman, said: "I do not think that there is a more respectable set of mechanics in England. They are great politicians; for it is the practice, when the newspapers arrive, for one amongst them to seat himself in the middle of the room, and read aloud for twenty minutes; he is then relieved by another, and returns to his work." Here follows, however, rather an ugly spot—"If it happens that, in his turn, one of the persons *cannot read*, his place is taken by another, and he works for him." There is a Potters' Emigration Society, whose funds have been devoted to the purchase of an estate at Wisconsin, in the United States of America, whither many of the potters have emigrated, and, it is said, prospered.

Our tour now brings us to Stoke, the principal town of the district in a municipal and parliamentary sense, although not the largest in respect to manufactures. Stoke has a very fair number of goodly streets and houses. Its High-street forms the distinguishing feature in Cut, No. 5. The foot-pavements here, as in most of the pottery towns, are generally made of bricks, which have a neat and clean appearance, and are infinitely preferable to the little rounded pebbles which weary the feet in many other country towns. The church is a



3.—WEDGWOOD'S MANUFACTORY, ETRURIA.

modern structure, in the Decorated style; and there are other places of worship, rather humbler in their pretensions. The Town Hall and the National School are commodious buildings; but by far the most imposing building at Stoke is the magnificent Railway-station, of which we shall have something to say presently. The most important establishments, however, are the Banks, of which two—those of Messrs. Copeland and Garrett, and of Messrs. Minton,—are among the largest in the whole district; each giving employ to many hundreds of persons, and each producing those beautiful specimens of workmanship which now leave English porcelain very little, if anything, behind the level of that of other countries. The area of such establishments is to be measured not by yards but by acres.

Around Stoke, as around the three manufacturing centres already described, there are smaller places which help to make up a group with it; but whether some of these might not be more fittingly associated with Hanley and Shelton, and others with Lane End and Longton, is really a matter of very little consequence. Boothon, Penkhull, Fenton, Lane-Delph, and Foley, with whichever large towns they may be grouped, are members of the general series, and contain their banks like the more important towns.

Lane End and Longton—once distinct places, but now grown together into one very large town—form the southern extremity of the Pottery district. At Stoke the high road turns somewhat more to the south-east, passing through Lane End towards Uttoxeter and Burton; while another road continues southward towards Stone and Stafford; and two branches of the North Staffordshire Railway follow these two roads. The high road through Lane End presents us with the

longest line of continuous street in the district, and is as straight as the road itself; but when we turn aside to the minor streets, we find them as irregular as they can well be; odd nooks and corners present themselves on all sides; and wherever there is a bit of vacant ground, there do we meet with the same wreck of crockery as at Burslem and the other towns. It is doubtful whether we should be correct in saying that there is one handsome building in Lane End: but there are a good many convenient for their several objects; and not the least among them is the Railway-station, which is admirably placed for the business of the town.

There are, perhaps, more pottery works at Lane End and Longton than even at Burslem: the pottery made there is truly enormous in quantity. But there is this difference observable: Lane End produces the commoner wares, such as are sold in the cheap shops and by hawkers. The brown, the yellow, the white wares—these are the staple of Lane End industry. The porcelain of Stoke and Hanley affects to look down upon the earthenware of Lane End and Longton; and we are not quite sure that the former couple are on 'speaking terms' with the latter. There seems no reason to doubt that Lane End can and does produce beautiful specimens of ware; but the bulk of the manufacture is understood to be of the commoner kind. We have fancied, too, that the operatives have a somewhat stronger dash of roughness about them. But be this as it may, they have their Working Man's Hall, and in this hall the 'Dramatic Amateurs' strut their hour upon the stage, for the small charge of threepence per visitor. Whether, as at the Newcastle Theatre, "smoking is strictly prohibited," we do not know; but doubtless a proper decorum is preserved.



4.—ETRURIA HALL.

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What the total number of pottery establishments in the whole district may be, we have no certain means of determining; but perhaps the most correct estimate is likely to be that of the Government Commissioner lately alluded to; as the purport of his investigation was to visit all the works, with a view to a general estimate of the results. The list which he gives includes fifty-six distinct porcelain and pottery works in Stoke and the portion of the district southward of it, and sixty in the portion northward of Stoke.

We have now brought the reader all the way from Tunstall to Lane End, and have pointed out the chief external characteristics of this eight-mile street. But we have seen the semi-beehive semi-sugarloaf buildings only on the outside, not in the interior: we have spoken of the men, their caps, their houses, their amusements, without seeing them at work. A notice of the district without a peep into one of the banks, would be as barren as looking at the cover of a book without opening it. We *must* open the book; and in order to read the book aright, it will be well first to glance at the rise and progress of the manufacture in this district, so far as its more salient features are concerned.

RISE OF THE POTTERY MANUFACTURE.

The progress of the art of pottery in this country has been marked by many singular features. Many discoveries and improvements have resulted (or have seemed to result) from mere accident; and many personal anecdotes are bound up with the history. Staffordshire has had its full share—and indeed a lion's share—in all the stages of progress.

That the Romans, and perhaps the Britons, practised this art in England in early times, there is abundant evidence. In taking down the nunnery chapel of Farewell, in Staffordshire, in 1747, there were found in the south wall, several feet asunder, and at a height of six feet from the ground, three ranges of vessels of very coarse pottery, covered with thin plaster. The mouths of these vessels were towards the inside of the edifice. They were of two sizes: the larger were 11½ inches high, 4½ inches diameter at the mouth, and 24 inches in circumference at the widest part; while the smaller were 6 inches high, 3 inches diameter at the mouth, and 16½ inches in the largest circumference. What was the age of these vessels no evidence remains to show; but the readers of antiquarian works are familiar with numberless examples of urns, vases, and vessels of different kinds, being dug up among or near the foundations of ancient buildings: showing that the pottery art, whether introduced here by the Romans or pre-existing, must have been practised many ages ago. This, however, is not proving much; for the art is so easy and so natural, that it is likely to occur almost spontaneously in any country where clay is abundant.

It is known that, for many centuries, considerable quantities of common culinary ware were made in Staffordshire, of red, brown, and mottled pottery, easily

procured by a mixture of the clays found in the county. When the manufacture was confined to such productions, the prepared liquid clay, or slip, was evaporated to the proper degree of stiffness by exposure to the sun and air, instead of exposure to kiln-fires as at present. Such potteries were called Sun-kiln potteries; and they were usually built at a very open part of the road, where free access of sun and air could be obtained. The remains of many of these sun-kilns are yet to be seen from Tunstall in the north to Lane End in the south; and a few of them are even yet employed in making coarse red flower-pots and other articles. The distinguishing feature of these buildings was the kiln itself, which was a kind of shallow tank, sixteen or twenty feet square by half a yard in depth, in which the prepared clay was exposed to sun and air till the required degree of evaporation had supervened.

Dr. Plot visited the Potteries about 1680; and it is evident from his account that the native clays were the material almost wholly worked upon. "The greatest pottery they have in this county," says he, "is carried on at Burslem, near Newcastle-under-Lyme, where, for making their several sorts of pots, they have as many different sorts of clay, which they dig round about the town, all within half a mile distance: the best being found nearest the coal, and are distinguished by their colours and uses, as followeth:—*bottle-clay*, of a bright whitish-streaked yellow colour; *hard fire-clay*, of a duller whitish colour, and fuller interspersed with a dark yellow, which they use for their black wares, being mixed with the *red blending clay*, which is of a dirty red colour; *white clay*, so called, it seems, though of a blewish colour, and used for making yellow-coloured ware, because yellow is the lightest colour they make any ware of. All these they call *throwing* clays, because they are of a closer texture, and will work in the wheel; which none of the three other clays, called *slips*, will doe, being of looser and more friable natures."

Some writers have said that the employment of Burslem was in making *butter-pots*, a very coarse, cheap, and porous kind of ware; but the author of a 'History of the Staffordshire Potteries,' who seems from his style of description to have been himself a potter, is indignant at such a limitation of the art: he shows that, in the seventeenth century, numerous kinds of jars and bottles were made at that time; as well as a curious sort of vessel called a *jowl*, with a hole in the lower or narrow end for a spigot or tap. The butter-pot seems, however, to have been an article of more commercial notoriety, for Plot has the following paragraph relating to it:—"The butter they (the factors) buy by the pot, of a long cylindrical form, made at Burslem of a certain size, so as not to weigh above six pounds at most, and to contain at least fourteen pounds of butter, according to an Act of Parliament made about fourteen or sixteen years ago, for regulating the abuses in this trade, in the make of the pots, and false packing of the butter; which before was sometimes laid good for a little depth at the top,



5.—HIGH-STREET, STOKE.

and bad at the bottom; and sometimes set in rolls, only touching at the top, and standing hollow below at a great distance from the sides of the pot. To correct these little country Moorlandish cheats (than whom no people whatever are esteemed more subtle) the factors keep a surveyor all the summer here, who, if he have good ground to suspect any of the pots, tries them with an instrument of iron made like a cheese-taster, only much larger and longer, called an auger or butter-bore, with which he makes proof, thrusting it in obliquely to the bottom of the pot."

One of the early improvements was to give some sort of glaze or vitreous surface to the better kinds of ware; but it is not now known what were the earliest forms of this art at the Staffordshire Potteries. Another improvement or novelty consisted in combining layers of different coloured clays into the same mass before working, so as to give the ware a streaked or variegated appearance. About 1670 it became very customary to use pulverized lead-ore for glazing the surface of the ware; and to prevent the discoloration of this glaze while exposing it to the necessary heat of the glazing-kiln, the articles were placed in *saggers*, or large vessels of coarse clay, which were themselves placed in the kilns. These saggers have given rise to

a bit of learning among the potters; for we are told in the 'History' before referred to, that the name is derived "from the Hebrew *sagar*, to burn; and to this day applied as *segar* to a rolled leaf of tobacco, from burning while its fumes are inhaled." A very few years afterwards, the discovery of the efficiency of salt in glazing was made by one of the accidents which have played so busy a part in the history of the Potteries. "At Stanley Farm (a short mile from the small pottery of Mr. Palmer, at Bagnall, five miles east of Burslem), the servant of Mr. Joseph Yates was boiling, in an earthen vessel, a strong lixivium of common salt, to be used some way in curing pork; but during her temporary absence the liquor effervesced, and some ran over the sides of the vessel, quickly causing them to become red-hot; the muriatic acid decomposed the surface; and when cold, the sides were partially glazed. Mr. Palmer availed himself of the hint thus obtained, and commenced making a fresh sort—the common *brown ware* of our day; and was soon followed by the manufacturers in Holden Lane, Green Hills, and Brown Hills: the proximity of their situation to the salt-wyches affording great facility for procuring the quantity of salt required for their purposes."

It may easily be imagined, that by mixing together different kinds of clay, varieties of texture as well as varieties of colour might be produced. Thus we are told that, before the end of the seventeenth century, one manufacturer combined the whitish clay found near Shelton with the fine sand found in another part of the district, and made with it a rude kind of *white stone ware*; another, by mixing marl with the same sand, produced *brown stone ware*; while a third, by a different combination of materials, produced *crouch-ware*. The state of the atmosphere in and around the pottery district, consequent on the use of salt in glazing, seems to have been rather extraordinary. There were, about the year 1700, twenty-two glazing-ovens in Burslem, each with eight mouths; and around each of them was a scaffold, on which men stood to throw salt into the ovens. The salt was decomposed by the heat of the oven; and holes in the saggars allowed the fumes to enter and act upon the ware within the saggars. The oven was always adapted to the quantity of articles made during each week; and no manufacturer of that period fired more than one oven-full weekly, commencing on the Thursday night, and finishing about mid-day on Saturday. "The vast volumes of smoke and vapours from the ovens, entering the atmosphere, produced that dense white cloud which, from about eight o'clock till twelve on a Saturday morning (the time of *firing-up*, as it is called), so completely enveloped the whole of the interior of the town, as to cause persons often to run against each other; travellers to mistake the road; and strangers to mention it as extremely disagreeable, and not unlike the smoke of Etna and Vesuvius." This latter comparison is rather a formidable one; but the local historian sweeps it away by reminding us that "a smoky atmosphere is not regarded by the patriotic observer, who can view through it an industrious population employed for the benefit of themselves and their country, and behold vast piles of national wealth enhanced by individual industry."

A period of twenty or thirty years on either side of the year 1700 seems to have been prolific in inventions in this art at Burslem and the neighbourhood. At that period the East India Company supplied all that was known in England of white ornamented *china* and *unglazed red porcelain*. Two brothers, named Elers, from Nürnberg, in Germany, found out (by what means is not now known) that at Bradwell, in the immediate vicinity of Burslem, there was a bed of beautiful red clay, peculiarly fine in grain and colour. They established a pottery at Bradwell in 1690, where they endeavoured to imitate one at least of the foreign kinds of ware; with a mixture of the red clay and a little ochreous clay, they made *red porcelain* unglazed teapots; and by adding manganese, they produced *black porcelain*, or *Egyptian ware*.

Now comes a bit of the romance of the potteries—for the local writers love to dwell upon it, as a something beyond the usual order of things. The brothers Elers, we are told, were very jealous of their manu-

facturing secrets; and they looked to strategy rather than to patent-laws for protection. A careful guard was kept against strangers; ignorant and stupid persons were employed, where hands rather than heads were wanted; and an idiot was employed to turn the thrower's wheel; each person was locked in the place where he was employed; and every workman was subjected to an examination before he left the premises at night. Yet all this precaution was of no avail. Two persons, named Twyford and Astbury, stole the cherished secret. Twyford applied for employment at the works, and proceeded to manifest entire carelessness and indifference to all the operations going on. Astbury was more of a hero; he suffered bodily in the cause. He assumed the garb and appearance of an idiot, got into employ, and submitted to the cuffs, kicks, and unkind treatment of masters and men with meekness. He ate his food, and went through the easy drudgery of his employment, and comported himself in all outward matters, with the same apparent imbecility. But his eyes and his mind were wide awake all the time. He watched every process by stealth; and on returning home in the evenings, he constructed models of all the different apparatus he had seen during the day, and made memoranda of the processes. This course he continued for two years; at the expiration of which period his employers began to think that he was not quite the fool they had imagined; and he was discharged.

Such is the tale. The brothers Elers soon found that their secret had got abroad; and they gave up their establishment near Burslem in disgust, and settled in London. Twyford and Astbury commenced the manufacture of similar kinds of ware at Shelton; and from them it gradually spread to the surrounding districts. Astbury was destined to be the medium of another extension in the art, by an accident or incident which occurred in 1720, and which is thus narrated:—"Mr. Astbury, being on a journey to London, had arrived at Dunstable, when he was compelled to seek a remedy for the eyes of his horse, which seemed to be rapidly going blind. The hostler of the tavern at which he stayed burned a flint-stone till quite red; then he pulverized it very fine, and by blowing a little of the dust into each eye, occasioned both to discharge much matter, and be greatly benefited. Mr. Astbury having noticed the white colour of the calcined flint, the ease with which it was then reduced to powder, and its clayey nature when discharged in the moisture from the horse's eyes, immediately conjectured that it might be usefully employed to render of a different colour the pottery he made. On his return home, he availed himself of his observation, and soon obtained a preference for his wares, which produced considerable advantages."

THE CAREER OF WEDGWOOD.

But the most notable improvements in the art in Staffordshire are connected with the name of Wedg-

wood. Almost all the potters of any note, before the middle of the last century, lived in and near Burslem; and among them were several members of the Wedgwood family, who seem to have been moderately wealthy manufacturers. We read of John and Aaron and two Thomases; but *the* Wedgwood, par excellence, was Josiah.

Josiah Wedgwood was born in 1730, at Burslem, where his father, Thomas Wedgwood, carried on the Churchyard Pottery, as it was called. Josiah received very little schooling. At the early age of eleven he worked with his father as a thrower; he and his brother Richard worked in the two corners of a small room at this employment. Richard subsequently enlisted as a soldier; but Josiah never left the associations with which he was early surrounded. Though he did not leave them, however, his career was to be marked by a wonderful extension of them. His first commercial proceedings were in partnership with a Mr. Harrison; but the partnership was soon dissolved, and he established a pottery at Burslem, near those of his relations. He made knife-hafts, green tiles, tortoiseshell and marble pottery, and other articles somewhat out of the common course. His works gradually increased in extent, and he introduced successive improvements in white-stone pottery, cream-coloured pottery, and other kinds.

The circumstances which brought Wedgwood into note arose out of a partnership which he formed with Mr. Bentley, and with whom he opened a warehouse in London. This Mr. Bentley was a man much above the common order: he had a cultivated mind, a refined taste, and a wide circle of acquaintance among artists and virtuosi. From these persons, or through their means, he obtained the loan of vases, busts, cameos, intaglios, medallions, seals, and other works of art; and these were sent down to Burslem, where the ingenuity of Wedgwood was exercised in producing imitations of them in pottery. Sir William Hamilton supplied specimens from Herculaneum; other specimens of ancient vases were furnished from other quarters; and prints and drawings were lent or purchased in furtherance of the object. Josiah Wedgwood surmounted, one by one, the numerous difficulties incident to such a novel and delicate kind of work; and the colour, elegance, firmness, and durability of his imitations of the antique became more and more widely known. The courts of Europe were desirous to obtain specimens of them; and agents were sent over from France, Russia, Germany, and Holland. Whenever there were distinguished visitors at Trent-ham, the seat of the Marquis of Stafford (in the neighbourhood), it was customary for them to ride over to see Mr. Wedgwood's works, at Burslem. In this it is now known that Mr. Wedgwood gained credit for even more than his due; for the ingenuity of many of his contemporaries was quite thrown into the shade by the lustre of his name.

Wedgwood made a few articles of cream-colour for Queen Charlotte, who afterwards ordered a complete

dinner-service of the same kind, with a few alterations in the mode of finishing. The service was highly approved: the pattern became the *Queen's pattern*, and the ware the *Queen's ware*; and under these titles the ware brought to Wedgwood such an amount of business as speedily made him a wealthy man: his works of art brought him fame, but his works of everyday utility placed him in the position of an opulent manufacturer.

The next novelty was *jasper-ware*, which had great celebrity for many years. This is a beautiful and fine kind of pottery, which can be so coloured with metallic oxides as to impart a tint to any part of the surface, and leave the rest a pure and delicate white: it was much employed for cameos, and for profile likenesses of eminent persons. He also made busts of *black Egyptian ware*.

Mr. Wedgwood, in 1768, established another Pottery (having already three or four), a little to the west of Shelton, and near it he built a mansion for himself and a street of houses for his work-people. To this group (as we mentioned in a former page) he gave the name of Etruria, from the name of the ancient country which produced so many beautiful vases and urns in pottery. Etruria became the chief point of attraction in the Pottery district; for Wedgwood's name was by this name known throughout Europe. There was a largeness of view about Wedgwood, in most of his arrangements, which marked him as much as his inventive talent. In working out his plans, there was a liberality, a magnitude, which astonished many of his contemporaries.

The incident of the Barberini, or Portland Vase, was a striking example in point. This exquisite production of ancient art, shortly after being brought to England, was put up to auction. The Duchess of Portland was exceedingly anxious to become the possessor of it; and she outbid the competitors one after another. There was one bidder, however, who refused to yield: as often as she raised the proffered price he did so likewise. The biddings thus ran up to an unusually high sum; and the Duke of Portland, who was present, wished to ascertain why this pertinacity was exhibited. The competitor was Wedgwood, the potter, who desired to obtain possession of the vase, that he might make copies of it in pottery. The Duke on hearing this, proposed that Wedgwood should cease his biddings, on condition that the vase should be lent to him for a sufficient time: this proposal was accepted; and the Duchess became the owner of the Barberini (thenceforward the Portland) Vase, at the unprecedented sum of eighteen hundred guineas. Wedgwood then brought all the resources of his art into work, to produce imitations, as exact as possible, of the vase. He succeeded to a degree which astonished everybody: he obtained a subscription-list, for copies, at fifty guineas each; but so elaborate was the work, that he is understood to have lost money by it as a commercial speculation. This, however, was one feature in Wedgwood's career: his beautiful works of art brought him dis-

tion rather than wealth; but this distinction was a stepping-stone to the acquisition of fortune, in those branches of the manufacture where (the number of copies being reckoned by thousands rather than by units) commercial profits are more likely to accumulate.

One of the most notable of all the improvements in Staffordshire pottery, the printing of a pattern in black, was introduced by Wedgwood, about 1767. He was not the inventor of the method, but he was the first to get it known in the district. The method was by printing on the glaze; but the subsequent and still more successful system of printing in blue colour before the glazing, appears to have been totally distinct from any of Wedgwood's productions.

There were some very judicious views propounded by Mr. Wedgwood in 1785, which, while intended for another object, illustrated the importance of the Pottery manufacture at that time. The Government in that year entered upon an inquiry, how far it would be desirable to abolish the system of commercial restrictions and disabilities then existing between Great Britain and Ireland, and to render the intercourse between the two countries free and unrestricted. In the course of some evidence given on this subject Mr. Wedgwood said: "Though the manufacturing part alone, in the Potteries, and their immediate vicinity, gives bread to fifteen or twenty thousand persons; yet this is but a small object, when compared with the many others which depend on it. 1st, The immense quantity of inland carriage it creates throughout the kingdom, both for its raw materials and finished goods. 2nd, The great number of people employed in the extensive collieries for its use. 3rd, The still greater number employed in raising and preparing its raw materials in several distant parts of England, from near the Land's End, in Cornwall, one way along different parts of the coast, to Falmouth, Teignmouth, Exeter, Poole, Gravesend, and the Norfolk coast; the other way to Bideford, Wales, and the Irish coast. 4th, The coasting-vessels, which, after having been employed at the proper season in the Newfoundland fisheries, carry these materials coastwise to Liverpool and Hull, to the amount of more than 20,000 tons yearly; and at times when, without this employment, they would be laid up idle in harbour. 5th, The further conveyance of these materials from those ports, by river and canal navigation, to the Potteries, situated in one of the most inland parts of this kingdom. And, 6th, The re-conveyance of the finished goods to the different parts of this island, where they are shipped for every foreign market that is open to the earthenwares of England."

The remainder of Wedgwood's career need not be traced. There cannot be a question that, in enriching himself, he enriched the district generally; for the taste which he had created led to an increased demand from all quarters, which Staffordshire was fitted to satisfy. It was no longer deemed necessary to look to foreign countries for anything like ornamental works in pottery. Wedgwood had shown that Staffordshire

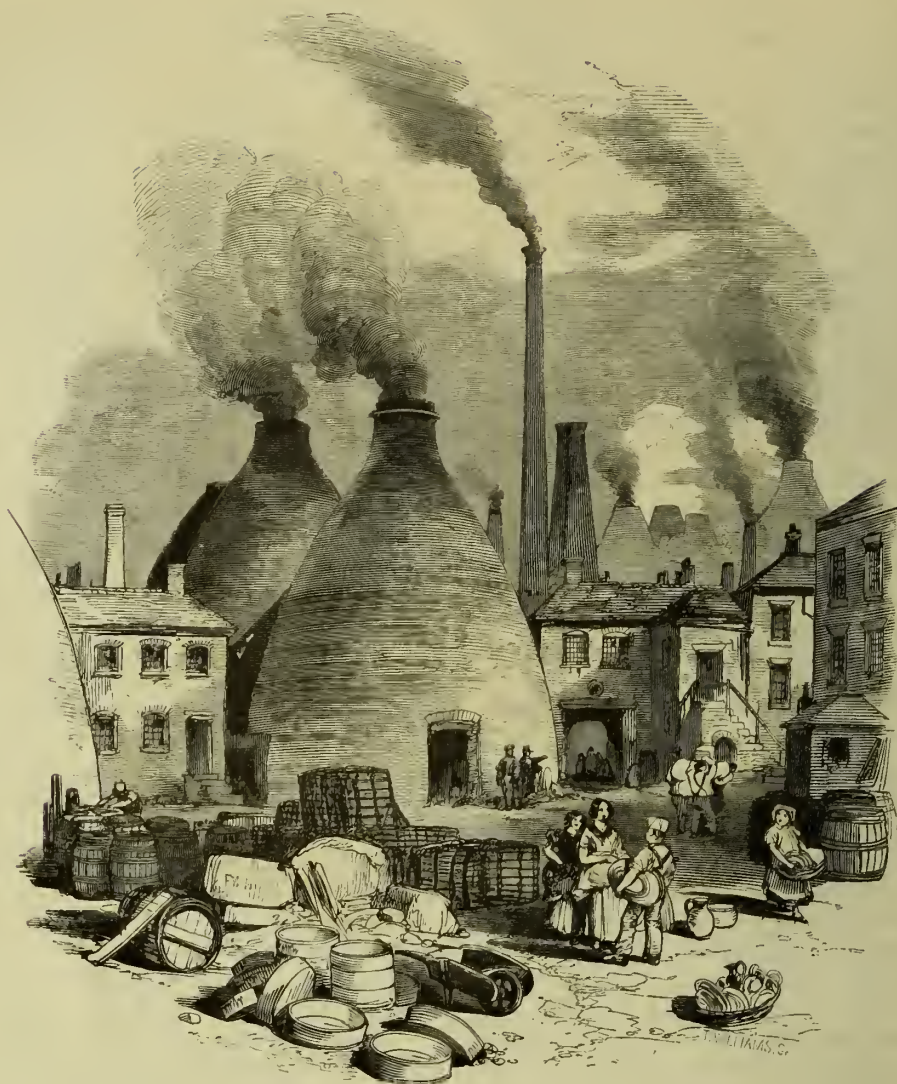
could not only produce such, but could invent wholly new and original kinds.

The whole of the wares hitherto mentioned in connection with the history of the Pottery district were distinct and different from *porcelain* or *china*. This latter is translucent and almost vitreous in its substance; but the clays and sands of Staffordshire, however they may be modified, produce only opaque varieties of ware. Why it was that China could produce such a beautiful substance, and that no one in Europe could equal it, was a standing subject of inquiry for a long period. Père d'Entrecolles, a Jesuit missionary to China in the early part of the last century, was enabled to send home to France a few specimens of the materials employed in making porcelain, together with a description of two materials called *kaolin* and *petuntse*, and an account of the great Chinese manufactory at King-te-ching. Réaumur, in France, and Böttcher in Saxony, prosecuted researches into the best mode of imitating the Chinese porcelain; both succeeded to a certain extent, and gave origin, respectively, to the manufactories at Sèvres and Dresden. The attention of various persons in England was by this time attracted to the subject. Mr. Cookworthy, a resident at Plymouth, discovered, after a good deal of research, that Cornwall contains clays almost precisely similar to the *kaolin* and *petuntse* sent to Europe by d'Entrecolles: the Cornish clay yielding the former, and Grown stone the latter. Cookworthy procured a patent for his discovery, which was first tried at Bristol; but the enterprise failed; and the Staffordshire Potteries purchased the patent in 1777; since which time porcelain as well as pottery has been one of the staple products of the district.

One of the most recent points of interest in the history of the manufacture is the revival of methods for making tessellated pavements, analogous in principle, if not in materials, to those made eighteen centuries ago by the Romans, of which many specimens have been met with in England. An opportunity will occur presently for saying a little on this matter. As to the state of matters in the present day, everything that has ever yet been made at the Staffordshire Potteries is now made, or would readily be made, if the fashion were to revive; while every year introduces something new in the manufacture. What the total amount of the manufactures may be, it is quite impossible to say—or, at any rate, the estimate would be very little better than a rude guess. We know, from the official accounts, that the declared value of the earthenware exported in the years 1846, 1847, 1848, was about £800,000 per annum; but what proportion this bears to the value of the quantity retained for home consumption cannot be officially ascertained; for earthenware is, fortunately, not an excisable article.

A PEEP INTO THE WORKSHOPS.

We must now fulfil the promise of taking a glance into the interior of one of the banks, to see the

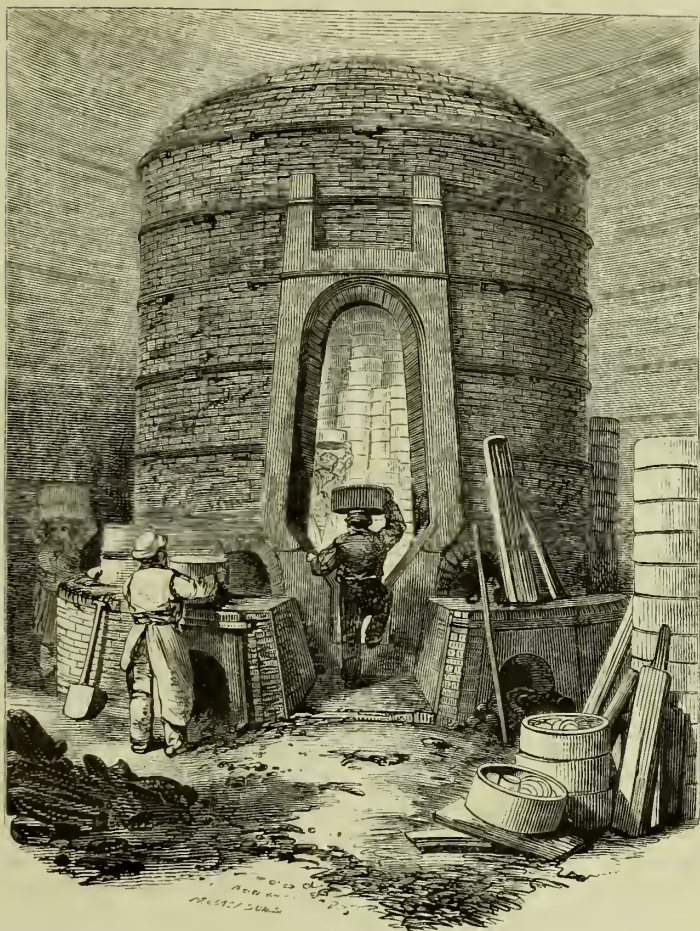


6.—THE BANK.

general character of what is there going on, if not to obtain a minute knowledge of such affairs. It matters not whither we go; for these establishments are very much alike in the essential features, although differing considerably in size. The reader may therefore suppose himself in any one of the Pottery towns he may please; but he had better carry his imagination into a large establishment, where porcelain as well as earthenware is made.

We enter the gates, then, and find ourselves surrounded by buildings of all shapes and sizes. If it be a recently built concern, the buildings may be symmetrically arranged around a rectangular court; but if (as is often the case) the establishment has been gradually adapted to the growing requirements of the firm, the chances are that the buildings are scattered with great irregularity over a large area of ground. Messrs. Copeland's great works, at Stoke, are of this latter kind. They are said to cover no less than ten

or twelve acres. They were founded by Josiah Spode (the first of three bearing that name), pretty nearly a century ago; and they were brought into note by the Spode's ware, which used to be so much in request. Advancing trade has led to additional buildings, until the whole is now a perfect scene of bustle. There have been times, we believe, when nearly a thousand persons have been employed at once within the works; but even if the average number were two-thirds of this amount, it would still be adequate to the production of enormous quantities of ware; and yet there are establishments in all the Pottery towns which reach this latter-named limit. In the works in question there is quite a labyrinth of courts and passages, bounded by buildings in every direction, so that it is difficult to obtain a clear idea of the arrangement of the place. The buildings themselves, however, are definite enough in their appropriation. In many cases the whole of the buildings surrounding one court, or



7.—OVEN FOR FIRING WARE.

quadrangle, are appropriated to one kind of work, and the group, or square, is named accordingly: thus, there are the plate-square, the saucer-square, the dish-square, the coloured-body-square, the printer's-square, and so forth. Another division, the black bank, is devoted to the making of black ware. The porcelain-square, or china bank, is larger, cleaner, and more regular than the others, as it is connected with work in which great nicety is requisite. There are said to be in these works seven biscuit-ovens, fourteen glaze-ovens, and sixteen enamelling-kilns, for the various kinds of work. In the wide open area of the works, of which a cursory glance may be obtained from the railway, are large heaps of stone, flint, chert, clay, gypsum, marl, and coal, landed from the canal which flows past the works, and ready to take their respective parts in the labours of the establishment.

If we could look through the works of the magnates of the district,—the Woods, the Davenports, the Ridgways, the Mintons, &c.—we should see but varied phases of the same scene which the Copeland works at Stoke present; and one will serve as a type for all, as regards our present object. Our Cut No. 6 will convey a pretty general idea of the interior of such establishments; while Cut No. 7 exhibits one of the

firing ovens, which act such an important part in the manufactures of the district.

In respect to the operations carried on within such works, they commence, of course, with the preparation of the materials employed; and these materials differ according to the kind of ware to be made; but, generally speaking, flint and some kind of clay are employed. For the finest kinds of porcelain the substances employed are flint, Cornish stone, Cornish clay, and calcined bone: the flint seems to impart a vitreous and strengthening quality; the clay a plastic or working quality; and the bone a semi-transparent quality. Most of the flint is brought from the neighbourhood of Gravesend; the fine clays from Cornwall and Dorset, the coarse clays from the neighbourhood of the Potteries themselves, and bone from any or all quarters.

Flint requires to be *calcined*, or burned, before it is fitted for use in making porcelain or earthenware; and this is effected by placing the rough flint stones in a kiln, interstratified with coal, and setting fire to the mass: when taken from the kiln, the flints are easily pounded by the ponderous blows of a series of iron-shod stampers. All the materials are then separately ground to a fine powder, in a wet state; and the next stage is to mix them up into a liquid mixture called

slip. This slip has a gray or drab colour, and is so perfectly smooth (for the better kinds of ware), that not the slightest grittiness can be detected in it. The slip is poured into a slip-kiln, a large flat kind of open oven, in which a fire beneath raises the slip to such a temperature, that the water gradually evaporates, and leaves the mixture in the proper state as to consistency. Every fragment of stone or clay in the mixture (for the finest porcelain) has had to pass through sieves, whose meshes do not exceed one three-hundredth of an inch in diameter; and being thoroughly kneaded by machinery after the evaporation, the substance becomes as fine, pliable, and homogeneous as can well be imagined. For coarser work the preparation, as well as the choice of materials, is less important; but the mixture is brought to pretty nearly the same condition as to stiffness.

All these processes are conducted in buildings which are among the dirtiest in a bank; but now we come to the cleaner work-shops, where the material is to undergo its very remarkable transformations. And, first, for the throwing-wheel, or potter's-wheel,—that simple piece of apparatus which we know, from Bible history, has been in use from the very earliest times. Nothing can well be more simple than a potter's-wheel: it is a stand about three feet high, with a flat board, or tablet, on the top; and the stand and tablet are made to rotate rapidly by a band connected either with a windlass or with some other moving machinery. Provided the tablet on the top of the stand be made to revolve rapidly horizontally, the immediate object is answered. A piece of the clay, large enough to make any one vessel, is placed upon the tablet; the tablet and clay are made to revolve; the workman, called the thrower, sits in horseback-fashion in front of his machine, and then the operations commence. To describe how an urn, or a jug, or a cup, is made from a mass of rude clay, is no easy matter: the thrower seems to have almost a magical power over his clay, bidding it to assume any form he may desire. The general process has been thus described: "With his hands, wetted in an adjacent vessel of water, he presses the clay while rotating, and brings it into a cylindrical form; this cylinder he forces again down into a lump; and he continues these operations—squeezing the clay into various shapes—until he has pressed out every air-bubble from the body of clay. Then, pressing his two thumbs on the top of the mass, he indents or hollows it, as a first germ of the internal hollow of the vessel. Once having the least semblance of a cavity within, he proceeds, with a rapidity almost marvellous, to give both the outward and the inward contour to the vessel. With the thumbs inside and the fingers outside, he so draws and presses and moulds the plastic material, as to give to the outside a convexity, to the inside a concavity, and to the whole substance an uniform consistency, without breaking the clay or disturbing the circular form of the vessel."

Whatever be the vessel—a cup, jug, basin, or any other with round surfaces—it is made in this way; and

there are few mechanical operations on which a spectator would look with more surprise, arising from the dexterity of the workman. If the vessel made is to have a handle, such as a tea-cup, the handle is made separately, in a mould or by some other means, and is then fixed on by a little slip, which acts as cement. If there are to be raised ornaments in the vessel, these ornaments are cast separately in moulds, and cemented on in a similar way. If there is to be a spout, such as that of a tea-pot, the operations again are of a very similar kind. In short, the process of throwing can only give a perfectly circular form; and anything in the vessel which deviates from this circular form must be produced in some other way. All which the thrower cannot effect, in giving roundness and smoothness to his work, is accomplished by the turner, who turns the ware, while in a partially dried state, at a common lathe.

Another wholly distinct kind of work is *pressed ware*, comprising such flat articles as saucers, plates, and dishes, which are too broad and flat to be conveniently produced by throwing. In this kind of work, instead of placing the wet clay on a mere flat tablet, it is placed on a plaster of Paris mould, which at once gives the principal surface to the article to be made; while the other surface is fashioned by the hands and tools of the workman.

A third description of ware is that which, from its complicated forms, can neither be thrown nor pressed: it must be *cast* in moulds. All the more costly kinds of porcelain require this process to a greater or less extent. In all such cases mould-making must precede the casting, and modelling must equally precede the mould-making. It therefore devolves upon the modeller, in the first instance, to exercise such taste as may lead to the production of articles worthy of the district; and hence the importance of Schools of Design, and all such institutions in a pottery district. The models are made in clay, but the moulds are made of plaster of Paris. If the article to be moulded be a plate, saucer, dish, lid, spout, or handle, the clay is used in its plastic or stiff state; and the process is pressing rather than casting; but if the form of the vessel or ornament be intricate, the clay is brought to a liquid state, and is poured into the moulds, where it gradually consolidates.

All these various modes of shaping pottery, earthenware, or porcelain, are adopted while the clay is yet cold and unbaked; but all the ware alike must be baked before it will be fitted for its object. The ware is left to get quite dry by exposure to the air, and is then placed in the biscuit-kiln. This kiln is a large, lofty kind of oven, surrounded on all sides by fires, so that the interior may be kept at any required heat. Before the oven is heated, the ware is placed in the saggars before noticed, which are oval vessels made of very refractory fire-clay; the ware is then shielded from the smoke and dirt of the kiln, and the saggars are heaped one upon another until the kiln is completely filled. The door is then closed, the fires

lighted, and the ware exposed to a fierce heat for forty or fifty hours, until all the moisture is driven off, and the clay converted into a kind of semi-vitreous substance. When the fires have been sufficiently cooled to allow the kiln to be emptied, it is found that the ware presents a very different appearance from before; it is less dense, more clear in its colour, and less earthy in texture: it is now called *biscuit*. Some of the most exquisite modern specimens of porcelain, intended wholly for ornament, are left in the biscuit state, without any glaze on them: if well made, they equal in fineness and delicacy the purest alabaster.

All the ware for usual purposes, from brown earthenware to the most exquisite porcelain, requires to be glazed before being applied to use: it would be too absorbent, and not sufficiently durable, without glazing. The glaze is a liquid which usually contains some preparation of lead, and generally some kind of salt. The exact nature and proportions of the ingredients are among the secrets of the manufacturers; but lead is understood to be a very general component: and the health of those employed in this work is said to suffer in consequence. Anything which will form glass, will by that property form glaze, for they are in fact two names for the same substance; since glaze is nothing but glass applied in a liquid form to the surface of another material; and as there are differences in the composition of flint, crown, plate, and bottle glass, so there may be at least as many differences in the composition of glaze. The ingredients are mixed into a liquid form, in large wooden troughs. The workman or dipper takes the articles of ware one by one, and dips each into the liquid so dexterously, that while every part shall be covered, there shall be but little surplus glaze to drain off. The way in which he manages that the parts touched by his fingers shall not be deprived of their due share of glaze, is one of those examples of manipulative skill which so many of our manufactories exhibit.

The dipped ware is placed in the glaze-ovens, which bear a good deal of resemblance to the biscuit-kilns; but the care to prevent any smoke or dirt from touching the ware is much greater, the heat is much less intense, and the firing is continued for a much shorter space of time. The fire converts the liquid into a true glass, which binds with the surface of the biscuit-ware so firmly as never afterwards to separate. A heap of crockery fragments, an utter wreck in all other respects, still possesses its brilliant glossy surfaces. Perhaps there is no other example in manufactures of a varnished or polished surface so durable and unchanging as glaze.

If the ware be common white ware, the processes are ended; but if there are to be coloured and gilt decorations, another train of operations is called for. The painting-room of a porcelain manufactory is an interesting place. The work-people, women as well as men (and women more frequently than men), hold each an article of porcelain in the left hand, usually supported by some kind of stand, and paint with

small camel-hair pencils. The colours are mineral materials mixed with oils and turpentine; and gold is used exactly in the same way, so that, when laid on, it looks anything but the brilliant material which it will afterwards appear. Every degree of artistic skill is called for in these painting-rooms, from that which is merely shown in drawing a narrow stripe round a cup, to that which exhibits itself in a highly-finished landscape on a salver or urn. There is a sort of subdivision in the labours of the painting-room, according to the variations in talent: one person takes flowers, another foliage, another animals, a fourth landscape, a fifth figures, a sixth heraldic bearings, and so on. The *enamel-kilns*, in which the ware is baked again after the painting and gilding, require much more delicate management than any of those before alluded to: a slight want of tact here may ruin a whole suite of costly porcelain. The burnishing of the gilt portions is effected after the firing, by women and girls, who employ burnishers of blood-stone or agate.—All this work of painting, gilding, and burnishing, is done before the glazing: the union with the ware would not otherwise be durable.

In that very useful production, the *blue-printed* ware, the pattern is engraved upon a copper-plate; the ink or blue paint is a viscid mixture of cobalt, flint, oil, tar, and other substances; and a print is taken from the plate with this ink on a piece of very thin but tough paper. The paper is handed to a girl called the *cutter*, who cuts away from it as much of the unprinted part as is not wanted; and a woman, called the *transferrer*, places the paper, with the inked side downwards, on the biscuit-ware which is to receive the pattern. She rubs the paper with a roll of flannel in such a way as to transfer the ink from the paper to the biscuit-ware; and by washing the ware immediately afterwards in water, all the paper is washed off in fragments, leaving the inked pattern on the ware. This is on many accounts a very singular process; for it involves the destruction of what is really a copper-plate engraving for each plate or saucer, however cheap that may afterwards be sold; and the spectator is not a little puzzled to understand how the substance of the paper can be washed away without getting rid of the ink also. The ink or paint has a dirty brown appearance when laid on, but the heat of an oven and the subsequent glazing bring out its lively blue tint.

To carry our descriptive details to a greater degree of minuteness would be beyond the province of this work: indeed we fear that some readers may already think that they have been drawn into too many workshops and banks. It may be very prosaic; and we feel tempted to show the reader, as a relief, how far poetry and pottery have been brought together in some minds. The most comical of all poetry, perhaps, (in part because it is not meant to be comical,) is a description of a manufacture, "done into rhyme." There is a poem called the 'Potter's Art,' some twenty years old, whose author was too modest to show his name upon the title-page. The first Canto

introduces us to the Israelites, the Athenians, the Spartans, the Etruscans, and the Romans, with a view to poetizing on their pottery. We then come nearer home, and the historical gives way for a time to the manipulative :—

“How bodies new their varied forms acquire,
Of clay and flint combined, and fix’d by fire,
We now in moulded numbers would rehearse ;
Our subject sues for dignity from verse.”

The digging of the clays and flints, and the transference to Staffordshire being duly noted, the labours commence :—

. “First we *blunge*
(Amalgamate and blend) the liquid flint
And moisten’d clay, each of proportion’d stint,
Into a eistern thrown, and there well maul’d
With wielded paddle-staff (a *blunger* call’d),
Until the blended matter, all afloat,
Thin *slip* becomes, and slops the labourer’s coat.”

It is a delectable idea to give definitions of the technical terms as the poet proceeds! The ‘slip’ is evaporated, the clay prepared, and the thrower begins his work :—

“The moist pliant lump, now formless, rude,
Placed o’er the axis of his wheel, is woo’d
To take a shape rotund, as suits his plan,
Rising an urn, an ew’r, a bowl, a can ;
Instinctive to his touch, recedes or swells,
Whilst deep amazement the spectator feels.”

After sending the newly-formed ware to be dried, turned, handled, and fired, we are invited to a new spectacle :—

“The pond’ring Muse here certain stanzas spares
To meditate how *flat and hollow wares*
Are press’d and fashion’d, all on plaster blocks,
And shapes uneven in a mould, or box.”

The plates, and pots, and so forth, being ready, the sagger and the kiln come into requisition :

“Let none forbid the sagger’s fame to sing,
A rude-form’d vessel, but a useful thing,
Since by its aid our fragile wares we save,
And gnomes sit hov’ring round its burning cave.

.
One on another placed, the sagger *bung*,
Or column (as suits best for stately song),
Within the spacious oven rises high,
And *bung* by *bung* an oven’s full supply ;
Then, close secured the perforated side,
The *batch* is left the baking to abide !”

While the ware is baking, the Poet relates a tale concerning a bewitched maiden in one of the Staffordshire villages ; and he then resumes his labours. The baked ware is ‘overlooked,’ and is then taken to the blue-printer, whose work is duly commemorated in pentameters. We are next told that

“The printed biscuit-ware does not admit
Of further progress till the oven’s heat

Again have brought them to a ruddy hue,
And burnt away the menstruum of the blue,
Leaving the cobalt to its tincture true.
We deem this short remark may here suffice,
Nor would too tediously partice’larize.”

—A very considerate step. Following upon this is a completion of the manufacturing processes, and an acknowledgment how unequal the ‘Muse’ is to describe all the beauties of ‘lustre-ware’ and other varieties of the art. Then comes a history of the manufacture, from Confucius to Wedgwood ; and the whole is wound up by a contemplative glance at the potter’s ware when it is fulfilling its destined purposes :—

“The large tureen, the all-accomplish’d dish,
With turtle steaming, or with flesh or fish ;
The frequent plate, with viands rare replete,
Dealing around the hearthomb of meat ;
Let these inspire the city gourmards, who
Keep fast that they may feast with greater *goût*,
When, at the yearly banquet of the Mayor,
Begins the clatt’ring of the china-ware !”

But the ‘Muse’ finds greater pleasure in the crockery of the less ostentatious breakfast-table :—

. “What sincere delight,
To find the grateful breakfast ready set,
With all its apparatus, shining, neat,
Enamell’d china, or the willow blue,
(Of olden date, in favour always new),
The steaming pot, with bohea steep’d to stint,
Or coffee clear and hot, of brownish tint.”

But here the poet leaves the ware, and sings of the breakfast itself, where we will leave him.

A WALK THROUGH THE SHOW-ROOMS.

If we would see what Staffordshire can really produce, an hour should be spent in the show-rooms of those manufacturers who make porcelain as well as commoner ware. Yet it is the common ware that employs the bulk of the work-people, and that has made most of the fortunes among those who are high up on the ladder of good luck. It is the common ware that mainly supports the seventy or eighty thousand inhabitants which the Pottery district now contains. It is the common (or rather the middle-class) ware which has given our pottery a reputation all over the world.

We may usefully read what Mr. Kohl says of our Potteries, potters, and pottery-ware ; for he institutes a comparison with the state of things on the continent, with which he was previously more or less familiar. “English earthenware,” he says, “is one of the finest and most complete articles in the world ; and if all other things were equally perfect, this would be a world of perfection indeed. We know little of English earthenware in Germany, beyond tea-pots and milk-jugs : partly because we are content to put up with things of an inferior quality, and partly because many of the articles in common use in England have not yet

become matters necessary to us. It would be difficult to enumerate all the articles here manufactured of clay. There are tea and coffee services of all imaginable sizes and kinds, ornamented in the most varied manner, and yet always with good taste. Then there are endless varieties of vessels, large and small, pitchers, jugs, dishes, bowls, basins, and every kind of apparatus for washing, and for bathing the feet and the different parts of the body: articles with which an English sleeping-room is usually so richly furnished, and of which the uninitiated stranger is often at a loss to divine the use. All these things in England are not only handsomely ornamented, but are also made large. The English complain, and not without reason, of the diminutive size of most of the apparatus of our bedrooms." Mr. Kohl might have added that the supply of fresh water in such rooms is equally diminutive.

In pursuance of his comparison, he says: "If we compare the common earthenware of England with that of the French and Germans, or of any other nation, it appears not only excellent in quality, but also highly ornamental and unsurpassingly beautiful. The common French and German earthenware is comparatively ugly, coarse, and misshapen. On the other hand, English porcelain, particularly those articles in which beauty and elegance are the main points aimed at, are far behind those of the continent. I believe there is something characteristic of the English in this. In articles of ordinary use, the English seem, better than we, to know how to combine excellence of quality with outward grace and beauty; whereas, in those articles wherein grace and beauty alone are to be kept in view, the English are never equally successful. Their tools, their furniture, their machines, their knives and scissors, their bread, and their joints of meat, are not only excellent, vigorous, and nutritious, but also beautifully formed, and not to be at all surpassed; whereas, their pictures, their sculptures, their pasties, and their cakes, and, in short, everything in which fancy takes precedence of usefulness, are far behind ours in excellence. Look, not merely at the earthenware of the French, but at their tools, at their implements of gardening and agriculture. They are all strikingly rude and little suited to the purposes they are intended for. Even the common bread in France is much inferior to that used in England."

Staffordshire is trying to wash away the stain of being behind-hand with the continent in elegant porcelain. Perhaps she may one day succeed. Indeed, it is difficult to conceive that this inferiority exists at all, when we glance around any of the show-rooms of the greater manufacturers. The articles of beauty and grace are now most wonderfully diversified. Besides the usual dinner and tea-services, the decorative productions embrace a wide range. The fittings for chimney-pieces, for doors, for the toilet-table, for the writing-desk, are most varied; and the highly-finished miniature paintings on some of the pieces show that if painters can produce the designs, the manufacturers can do what is requisite to work out those designs in

a practical way. Many of the statuettes and small busts which are now to be seen so plentifully in the London shops are exquisite specimens of biscuit-ware; and though the lace-coverings of some of the Cupids and Venuses may be prettinesses rather than artistic merits, yet their manufacture is a curious specimen of ingenuity. This lace is to real lace what coral is to coral-fishes,—the outer crust of something which has once been withinside. A piece of lace is dipped into liquid slip, of which it imbibes a certain quantity; the lace is dried; and the subsequent baking burns away the lace from within its delicate porcelain envelope.

While speaking of the show-rooms of our porcelain makers, and of the dazzling display there made, it may not be amiss to say a few words concerning the magnificent museum belonging to the Royal Porcelain Manufactory at Sèvres, in France. It was begun to be formed about the year 1804: it consisted, in the first instance, of a collection of Greek vases, which had been acquired by Louis XVI. To these were added specimens of German porcelain, from the chief establishments of Dresden, Berlin, Brunswick, Wurtemberg, and Vienna, selected and given for this purpose. Next were collected from every part of France specimens of the kinds of earth supposed to be fit for one or other of the various kinds of pottery or porcelain, together with specimens of articles manufactured from such clays. All these collections, made by about 1812, formed the nucleus of the museum. Brongniart, the scientific and talented director of the Sèvres manufactory, then devised a mode of classification and arrangement for the specimens. He adopted a three-fold system: first, that of *fabrication*, from coarse brick to fine porcelain; then that of *topography*, according to the places where the specimens were made; and, lastly, that of *chronology*, according to the age of the specimen. This system has been found to answer admirably; and for thirty years there have been constant additions made to the museum, chiefly by gifts. Officers of the navy, travellers, ambassadors in foreign countries, naturalists, artists, potters,—all have sent interesting specimens; and the result is a most beautiful collection, illustrating every imaginable branch of the art. Some of the specimens were presented by the manufacturers of Burslem, Longport, and Stoke.

Alexander Brongniart, who has been the director of the Sèvres works for nearly half a century, has not spared time or energy in bringing them to perfection. He made 'tournées ceramiques,' as he somewhat fancifully calls them, or pottery tours, in 1812, 1820, 1824, 1835, and 1836; during which he visited the potteries and porcelain works at Wurtemberg, Bavaria, Saxony, Prussia, Austria, Italy, Belgium, Holland, Denmark, Norway, Sweden, and England—bringing home specimens to adorn the Sèvres Museum, and observing the modes of manufacture at the different places. The catalogue of that Museum, prepared by Brongniart and Riocreux, is an example of the munificent mode in which the French treat all details bearing

even indirectly upon the fine arts. The catalogue is an imperial quarto volume, of about 500 pages, printed on fine paper; and in it every specimen is not only mentioned, but described. Then follows a collection of 80 quarto plates, containing drawings of nearly one thousand of the specimens, all delineated and coloured with as much care as if they were specimens in natural history.

There is one observation made by M. Brongniart, in the preface to this catalogue, which we feel tempted to quote, because it illustrates a wish which we have often felt while walking through museums in England. "I have long ago expressed an opinion, perhaps too dogmatically, that a museum in which the specimens are not *labelled*, presents to the public and even to savans nothing more than an object of vague curiosity. In former times, too, nothing was admitted into museums but specimens which were extraordinary or brilliant in themselves: all that was simple and common was rejected. It is true that these brilliant specimens, in the earlier museums, attracted the eyes of the multitude: this was indeed the object; simple specimens, which are neither rare nor striking, have neither interest and utility. It is very easy to arrange specimens in an agreeable manner in the show-cases; but to give any interest to a vessel of common ware, a pipe, a brick, a fragment of clay or of felspar, it is necessary to indicate what it is, whence it comes, and what purpose it subserves. Some research is required for this purpose, often long and difficult; but by its means, specimens which would only deserve to be rejected if not labelled or described, have a value imparted to them by such labelling: in some instances the interest and the value become really great." Speaking of the Sèvres collection, he says: "Without this care a great number of specimens in this rich collection would have been rejected; our collection of clays, sands, and marls, would present itself only as a confused mass of earth and stone. For this reason I have acted on the plan, that no specimen shall be admitted without a label attached to it conspicuously. Numerals, placed not only upon the label, but painted on the specimen itself, refer to a register, in which the history of this specimen is given in detail."

INTERCOMMUNICATION OF THE POTTERY TOWNS.

We have now given a tolerably full account—an account quite as ample, perhaps, as the nature of this work permits—of the Pottery towns, their banks, their show-rooms, their people, and the past history and gradual development of their manufacture. But we cannot leave the district without speaking of the beautiful railway-station at Stoke; and we can as little think of this station without comparing the singular changes which time has produced in the mode of intercommunication between the several towns of the Pottery district, and between the district as a whole and the other parts of England. About the year 1750, one of the chief manufacturers at Burslem was

in the habit of sending five or six times every day to the nearest collieries for coals to burn in his kilns; each horse made two or three journeys a day, bringing about two and a half hundred-weights of coal on his back each time. The coal was neither weighed nor measured; but a price of sevenpence was paid for this quantity or horse-load, roughly guessed. Ground flint, for the pottery, was at the same time carried in square tubs, on horses' backs; each horse carrying two tubs, and each tub containing four pecks. The same kind of horse-carriage was employed in other ways. For instance, five horses were engaged by the same potter to carry crates of finished ware to a neighbouring town, and to bring back clay from thence; each horse carried a crate of ware on a pack-saddle, and brought back two or three hundred pounds of clay, in panniers slung on either side of him. The roads were narrow and bad, and each horse was muzzled, to prevent him from biting the hedges as he went along. It was a grand thing when a cart with four horses was employed instead of the pack-saddles: the cart used to convey crates of goods to the larger towns of Staffordshire and Shropshire, and bring back goods for the shopkeepers of the Potteries, as well as clay and other materials for the potters.

Sometimes travellers were employed to traverse different parts of England, to find a sale for the goods: their accounts seem to have been kept in a rough sort of way; for they simply emptied their pockets of all the money received on the journey, after deducting travelling expenses, and then received a certain weekly sum as salary. As late as 1780, the southern end of the Pottery district, near Lane Delph, was not traversed by a single vehicle; horses with panniers brought the materials and carried away the goods, and a horse-post brought the letters.

But when Josiah Wedgwood commenced his career, or rather, when he was advancing in prosperity, such a state of things was not likely to continue. He cut with his own hands the first sod of the Grand Trunk or Trent and Mersey Canal, and witnessed the completion of that great undertaking in 1777. This canal forms so many junctions with others, that it is not easy to determine where it begins or where it ends. It is sufficient to say, however, that it places the pottery district in communication with every part of England. One line of canal, beginning near Stoke, extends through Etruria, Burslem, and Tunstall, to Congleton, Macclesfield, and Manchester. Another winds round Shelton and Hanley, to Leek and Uttoxeter. Another goes by way of Stone to near Stafford; from whence one branch extends to Wolverhampton and Birmingham; and another past Rugeley to the navigable part of the Trent, near Alrewas. Except when the winter's frost puts an end to all navigation, these canals carry an immense tonnage of goods to and from the Pottery district. The Pottery railways have only just been opened: it remains to be seen how far they will occasion a diversion in the goods' traffic. The Harecastle tunnel, in the Macclesfield canal, a

little to the north of Tunstall, is a very remarkable work. It is 2,880 yards long, about a mile and two-thirds. When first constructed, it had only width enough for one barge at a time; and as the boats used to consume two hours in the passage, all barges coming in the opposite direction had to wait their turn. When Baron Dupin was in England, he seems to have been struck with the great traffic on this canal; for he said, "This place is so frequented, that at the moment when the passage of the boats begins, a file of boats a mile long is often seen." The increasing traffic between the Potteries and Manchester rendered it necessary either to enlarge the Harecastle tunnel or to build a new one. The latter plan was adopted; and Telford built a new tunnel in 1825, parallel to that which Brindley had built half a century before. The new tunnel is a little longer, a little wider, and a good deal higher than the old one; it has a towing-path made of iron, so supported as to allow the water to flow beneath it; and thus the primitive mode of 'legging' is dispensed with.

The North Staffordshire Railway, noticed in an earlier page in relation to its connection with other railways, establishes a medium of communication between the several Pottery towns. There are stations at Lane End, Stoke, Etruria, and Burslem. That at Etruria is small and insignificant; that at Burslem is a little better; the one at Lane End is better still; but the Stoke station is really magnificent. It is the centre of the Company's operations—their offices, engine-houses, depôts, workshops, and warehouses; and it certainly indicates that the Directors have sanguine anticipations of a large future traffic. We hope, for the sake both of the Company and the district, that such will prove the case. The works of the station show a plan of great beauty and magnitude. The railway is four lines in width at this spot; and the booking-offices and arrival and departure platforms lie on both sides, to accommodate the up and down traffic. The whole of the appointments have a completeness and a high finish which we are accustomed to look for only at the great terminal stations of the railways. The two fronts of the station, towards the east and west, as well as the inner fronts towards the rails, are in the Tudor style; and the red brick with stone dressings, the eaves, the roofs, and all the details, are most carefully worked out. A railway-hotel lies eastward of the station, which must take rank among the most elegant things of the kind in the kingdom. It is built precisely in harmony with the station itself; and with its stables and out-houses, has the appearance of an old English mansion of the larger kind—so far at least as that can appear old which is newly from the workmen's hands. There may be, and there are, larger stations than this in England; but as seen from the gravelled quadrangle between the station and the hotel, there is an architectural unity in the expression of the whole, which will yield to very few things of the kind in the kingdom. It is pleasant to see Art brought in as a handmaid to Commerce, in our railway

stations; but is not £150,000 rather a startling expenditure for a single station in this district?

There is one thing observable at the Stoke station which is peculiarly fitting for the metropolis of the Potteries. Wherever earthen or pottery wares can reasonably be used, they are used. In many of the fittings of the station, the neat, cleanly, glazed ware appears to great advantage. But the striking feature is the splendid tessellated pavements, laid under the corridors of the two fronts of the station. These are specimens of the skill of Messrs. Minton in this department of their manufacture. Like the pavement of the Temple Church, they are formed of coloured tiles, laid in definite arrangement; and the design which they follow is a very elaborate and rich one, containing not mere ornaments, but armorial bearings and inscriptions connected with the Company and with the Potteries.

These pavements remind us that a short notice of this new branch of Staffordshire industry and taste may not be amiss. It stands out broad and distinct from the productions which lately engaged a little of our attention.

The very beautiful designs contained in Mr. Owen Jones's work on 'Mosaic Pavements,' show that taste will not be wanting, if our manufacturers can produce the proper materials for such pavements; and Mr. Ward's Introductory Essay to that volume shows us how varied have been the modes of executing these works of art. Mr. Ward says: "The materials of the best and costliest pavements at Rome (such, for example, as those still remaining in the Baths of Caracalla) are coloured marbles of various kinds, differing considerably from each other in hardness and durability. The inferior pavements, found scattered through Britain, France, and other parts of Europe, and along the northern coast of Africa, are usually made of such coloured stones as the neighbourhood happened to supply; with the exception only of the red tesserae, which are almost invariably of burnt clay. Thus, in the celebrated Roman pavement which was discovered in 1793, at Woodchester, in Gloucestershire, the grey tesserae are of blue lias, found in the Vale of Gloucester; the ash-coloured tesserae of a similar kind of stone, often found in the same masses with the former; the dark brown of a gritty stone, met with near Bristol and in the Forest of Dean; the light brown of a hard calcareous stone, occurring at Lypiatt (two miles from the site of the pavement); and the red tesserae (as usual) of fine brick."

It is observable, that the tesserae, or small cubic pieces of the Roman pavements, are by no means uniform in shape and size: the fissures between them are wide and irregular; and as these fissures are filled up with cement, a muddy hue is given to the general tints of the pavements. We may see proofs of this in the specimens deposited in the British Museum.

Mr. Ward notices the various plans suggested within the last few years for making tessellated pavements in this country. In the beginning of the present century

Mr. Wyatt adopted the plan of inlaying tesserae of stone with coloured cements; and later trials have been made of terra-cotta inlaid with similar cements; but in all such contrivances the unequal hardness of the materials has led to unevenness in the wear. Mr. Blashfield introduced the method of forming the tesserae of cements coloured with metallic oxides; but the brown colour of the Roman cement requisite for out-of-door use is found to give a dusky hue to all the tints. Bitumen, coloured with metallic oxides, has been tried; but the bitumen soon wears to an irregular surface. A more successful plan than any of these was the one adopted by Mr. Singer, in which tesserae are formed by cutting pieces of the required form out of thin layers of clay; which pieces are afterwards dried and baked, and united together by a peculiar cement. In another method liquid clay is poured into moulds.

But the method which seems likely to have the most lasting results is that which sprang from Mr. Prosser's remarkable discovery about ten years ago. It is found that when flint and fine clay are reduced to a fine powder, and in that state subjected to strong pressure between steel dies, the powder becomes compressed into about a quarter of its former bulk, and is converted into a compact solid substance of extraordinary hardness and density. This curious discovery was first applied to the manufacture of buttons, to supersede those of mother-of-pearl, bone, &c.; but it has since been brought into requisition for making the cubical or other formed pieces for tessellated pavements. In Messrs. Minton's large establishment at Stoke the new process is carried on; and it is certainly one which seems susceptible of great extension. The tesserae may be of any colour—white, black, red, blue, yellow, brown; and of any definite form—quadrilateral, triangular, rhomboidal, hexagonal. In the formation of a pavement with such tesserae, the pieces are first put together in their proper order, face downward, on a smooth surface, so that they find their level without any trouble to the workman; and as soon as a sufficient portion of the design is finished, it is backed with fine Roman cement, which is worked in to fill the crevices between the tesserae. The pavement is thus formed into smooth flat slabs of convenient size, which are laid down on any properly-prepared foundation.

It is in one or other of the above modes that all the modern tessellated pavements are made; and the beautiful specimens at the Stoke station show that much elegance of design is attainable in such works. Whether the colours will retain their brilliancy throughout the bustle and traffic of a railway-station, remains to be seen. There is a piece of tessellated pavement laid down in the vestibule or corridor of the new grand hall of the Euston-square Station, belonging to the London and North-Western Company, which already presents rather a muddy tint: if this is a necessary result of the employment of colours in such a spot, it will detract a good deal from the beauty of such productions.

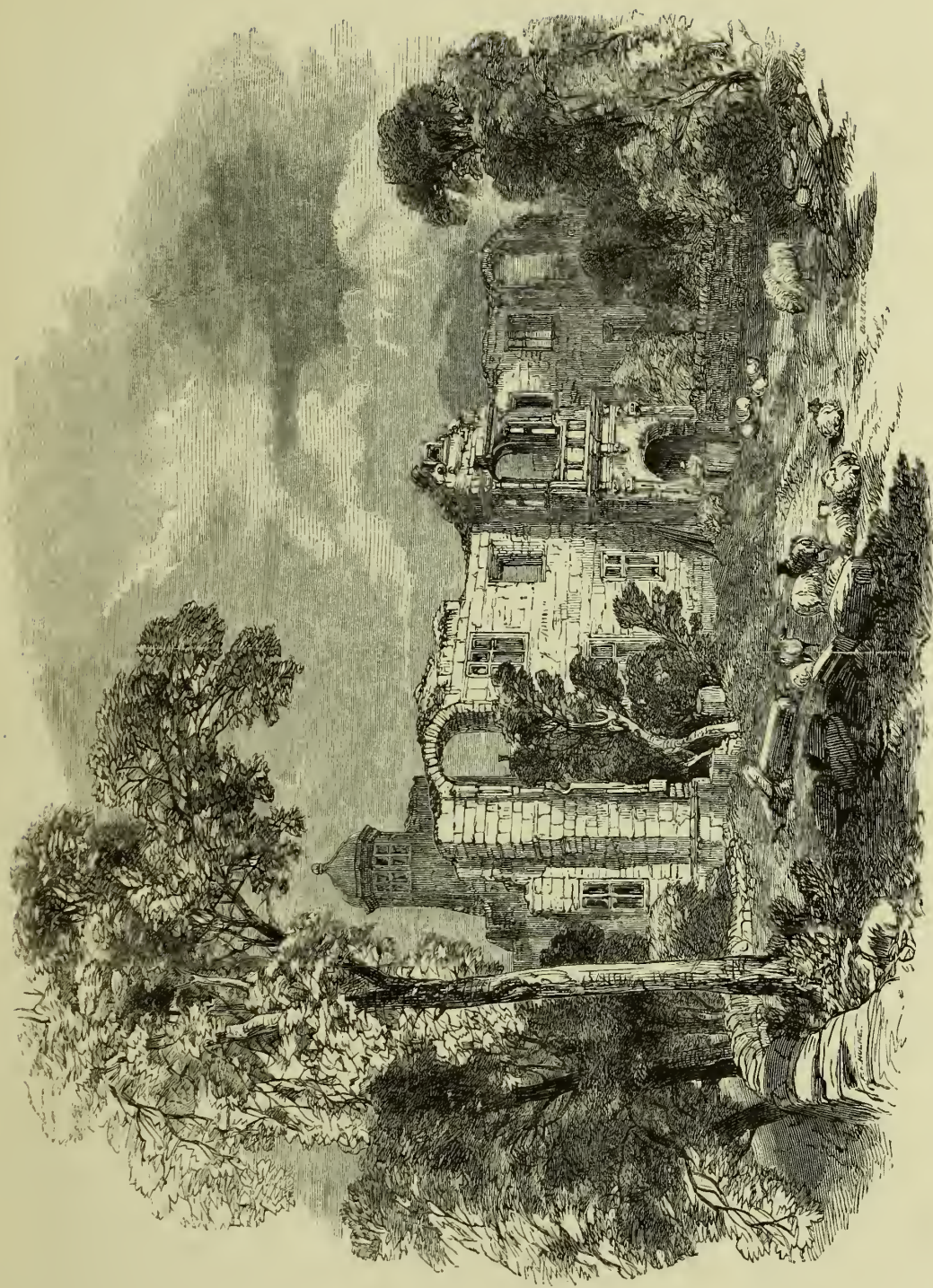
ENVIRONS OF THE POTTERIES.

Let us now look around a little, and glance at the vicinity of the Potteries, to see what are the general characteristics of the neighbourhood. There are not wanting a few of those spots which a working population eagerly welcome as the scene of a day's holiday; while there are others which appeal to a higher or at least a different taste.

A map of Staffordshire shows to us, within a circle of ten or twelve miles' radius around the centre of the Potteries, the towns of Leek, Congleton, Crewe, Newcastle, Stone, and Cheadle; or rather, although Congleton and Crewe are not in this county, they are in that portion of Cheshire which abuts upon it, and are within the linear limits above-named. Leek, lying north-east of the Potteries, connected with them by the Caldon Canal, and on the road from thence to Buxton and Bakewell, is neither a pottery town nor an iron and coal town; neither, on the other hand, is it simply an agricultural town. It is one of the silk towns; one of the small knot of towns in which this manufacture is carried on. It is singular to see that, Derby and Manchester being the two chief silk towns, three of the others lie along the road leading from one to the other; as if this portion of national wealth, travelling on its way from Derby to Manchester, dropped a little of the treasure as it went along. Leek, Congleton, and Macclesfield, the three towns here alluded to, all lie between Manchester and Derby. Leek takes up chiefly the ribbon or narrow silk department; and many hundreds of men, with a much larger number of women and children, are thus employed. There are near the town a few fragments of a Cistercian Abbey, called 'Dieulacres;' but it is rather as an entrance-gate to the hilly district of Derbyshire, than as a town picturesque in itself, that Leek is likely to attract notice. The country becomes wild immediately to the east of Leek, and maintains that feature till we reach Longnor, where the beautiful river Dove introduces us at once to a new scene—a scene which has already occupied a place in our Work (vol. iii., p. 222).

Passing round to a point due north of the Potteries, we come to Congleton, having encountered in the way nothing very beautiful or remarkable, except it be the Mole Cop, or Mow Cop, which lies directly between Congleton and the Potteries, thereby necessitating a westward curve for the road and the railway which lead from the one to the other. This Mole Cop is a sort of Richmond Hill or Windmill Hill for the potters. Already has the Railway Company planned cheap excursions thither; but the rather formidable height of the hill (nearly 1,100 feet), and the somewhat bleak character of the surrounding district, render it but ill-qualified to bear a comparison with the holiday hills within reach of the Londoners.

Congleton is a place of much more antiquity and interest than Leek. There is evidence that it was once a military station of the Romans; and there are many features about it which speak of past times.



8.—BIDDULPH HALL.

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Almost the whole of the inhabitants are more or less dependent on the silk-manufacture, which is carried on more largely than at Leek. The silk-mills lie along the margin of the river Dove, which passes through the town. The manufacture is said to be almost wholly confined to black silks. There was a time when tagged leather laces, called 'Congleton points,' were a very considerable article of manufacture. At the margin of the town are some cotton-mills. Considered simply as a town, Congleton is about a mile in length, and is beautifully situated in a deep and picturesque valley on the banks of the Dane. At the western extremity of the town are the mansions of the opulent manufacturers, surrounded by shrubberies and ornamental gardens; but the interior of the town contains more of those little bits which an artist would love to sketch. There are many of the old houses which are so common in Cheshire, constructed entirely of timber frame-work and plaster.

Within an easy walk of Leek and Congleton are the ruins of Biddulph Hall (Cut, No. 8). This interesting fragment is all that remains of a structure which was built in 1558: it was ravaged by the Roundheads about a century later, consequent upon the support which its then owner, John Biddulph, gave to Charles I. The ruins of the old mansion are picturesquely placed on the side of a hill, and are worth more attention than their secluded situation allows them to receive.

The circle which passes through Congleton and Crewe just skirts upon Sandbach. This latter-named town stands upon a very pretty eminence on the banks of the river Wheelock, and commands within its range of view an extensive sweep of mountain scenery, from the Derbyshire hills in the east to the Welsh mountains in the west. Sandbach occupies a sort of neutral ground as to productive industry: it touches slightly upon many departments, but does not belong entirely to any. It stands on the verge of the brine-spring district, and is so far connected with the salt-region of Cheshire; it lies on the same mail-coach route (or what used to be a mail-coach route before the days of railways) as Newcastle-under-Lyme, at ten or a dozen miles distant from it, and has shared with it a portion of its shoe trade: it lies south-west of the Macclesfield and Congleton district, and has, within the last few years, shared with those towns in the silk manufacture.

Of Crewe, what ought we to say—what *can* we say, in the brief limits left to us? That wonderful place, the growth of railways—by railways formed, and fed, and maintained,—is almost worthy of a sheet for itself; and when we see what Sir Francis Head has made of it, in his recent graphic article in the 'Quarterly Review,' we feel that it would be better to pass the subject untouched, than to spoil it by wedging it in where there is not adequate room for it. Fortunately, it so nearly escapes the limits of our ten miles radius, that we have an excuse for leaping over it, or rather, for keeping on the hither side of it. Suffice it to say, that Crewe was hardly even a village when the Grand Junction Railway was planned, and that now it is the

largest depôt of the largest Railway Company: it is a considerable town, every house in which, and every person in which, are more or less dependent on railways for support. Six great lines of railway start from this spot,—five in work and one yet *in nubibus*. The first leads to Chester and Holyhead, the second to Warrington and the north, the third to Manchester and the West Riding, the fourth to the Potteries and Derby, the fifth to Stafford and London, and the sixth (one member of the Shropshire Union Railway, yet only partially developed,) through Shropshire into central Wales.

Keeping within closer limits, but on the same side of the Potteries, we find Newcastle-under-Lyme, which we have before named as becoming every year more and more closely connected with Stoke by the increase of buildings between the two towns. The antiquaries have had some little difficulty to determine what this *lyme* means: there is no River Lyme or Mount Lyme in Staffordshire; and an explanation has to be sought for in some other direction. It appears that there was an ancient forest or woodland, which, in very early times, separated Cheshire from the rest of England: this forest was called *Lime*, probably from its standing on the *limes*, or border. There are many places situated on or near this margin of the two counties, whose names have a terminal syllable of *lyme*, *lyne*, *lime*, or *line*; such as Ashton-under-Line, Burslem (anciently Burr-wardes-lime), Newcastle-under-Lyme, Madely-under-Lyme, Whitmore-under-Lyme, Belton-under-Lyme, and Audlem (Old Lyme); and it seems a rational conjecture that these terminal syllables may have arisen from the proximity to the *lime* or forest. Be all this as it may, however, Newcastle-under-Lyme is an ancient town, which has returned members to Parliament since the reign of Edward III., and has been a corporate town since the reign of Henry II. The town is very irregular; it is somewhat difficult to say which is the High-street; although that which forms part of the old coach-road from London to Liverpool has perhaps the best claim to that title. The churches, the houses, the Guildhall, the almshouses,—all have an old-fashioned, last-century appearance, but are not old enough to be picturesque. A castle once stood in this town; but it was destroyed many centuries ago; and no vestiges of it now remain, except a portion of the mound on which it was built; the rest having been levelled into the moat for purposes of cultivation. The manufacture of hats is the largest carried on within the town; but this has lessened within the last few years; and other circumstances have tended to give to Newcastle the aspect of a declining town. Time was, when it was regarded as the metropolis of the Potteries; but Stoke has usurped this position. Railway proceedings have tended to deteriorate the town. Before the formation of the Grand Junction Railway, Newcastle was on the great route to Liverpool; but it was then placed in the position of a mere omnibus town in connection with one of the roadside stations; and since the opening of

the North Staffordshire Railway, even this humble communication has been stopped,—the only regular connection being now with Stoke. Such are the ‘ups and downs’ occasioned by railway enterprize. If a line runs through a purely agricultural district, like that from Stafford to Crewe, avoiding such towns as those in the Potteries, a new line is almost inevitable, sooner or later. A branch of the North Staffordshire Railway is, however, to be made from Stoke to Newcastle.

Having thus rapidly glanced round the northern half of the circle which surrounds the Potteries, we come to the southern half; and here, at a distance of about four miles from Stoke, stands the palatial mansion of Trentham, the seat of the Duke of Sutherland (Cut, No. 9). Trentham House is one of those mansions which the genius of Mr. Barry has transformed within the last few years. The estate belonged to the Leveson family in the seventeenth century, from whom it passed to the Gowers, of whom the chief representative was the Marquis of Stafford, afterwards Duke of Sutherland. The mansion itself is large, and has been erected upwards of a century; it was afterwards extended, under the designs of the architect Holland; but its exterior has put on a totally new aspect within the last ten years. Mr. Barry has converted a comparatively plain building into one of a very sumptuous character, the façade presenting a highly-enriched Italian composition. The grounds were laid out by ‘Capability Brown,’ and have at a later period been brought to a high degree of beauty. There is one very conspicuous object visible for miles on every side of Trentham. This is an obelisk, or mausoleum, to the memory of the late duke, built on the summit of a hill in the midst of the grounds. The house is beautifully situated. The most ornamental side is turned towards a magnificent terrace of flowers, beyond which is a handsome piece of water, and beyond that the picturesque wilderness of the upper valley of the Trent. The garden terrace is adorned by some beautiful bronze statues of stags, tastefully grouped, with other sculptures, among the flower-beds. The interior of the house is splendidly fitted up; but all these are things so frequently to be seen in England, “that,” says Mr. Kohl, “I found nothing sufficiently eminent to deserve a detailed mention in a country which has its Warwick Castle to boast of. I saw nothing at all unique in its kind, in all the ‘fuschia bed-rooms,’ ‘butterfly dressing-rooms,’ ‘bird drawing-rooms,’ ‘bird sitting-rooms,’ ‘honeysuckle rooms,’ ‘rose-bud rooms,’ or his Grace’s private rooms.” Any one who has seen a considerable number of our patrician country mansions—such as Warwick, Burleigh, Stowe (as it *has* been), Chatsworth, Belvoir, Wilton, Hatfield, &c.,—does indeed find it difficult to see anything *unique* in them: there are such splendours in all.

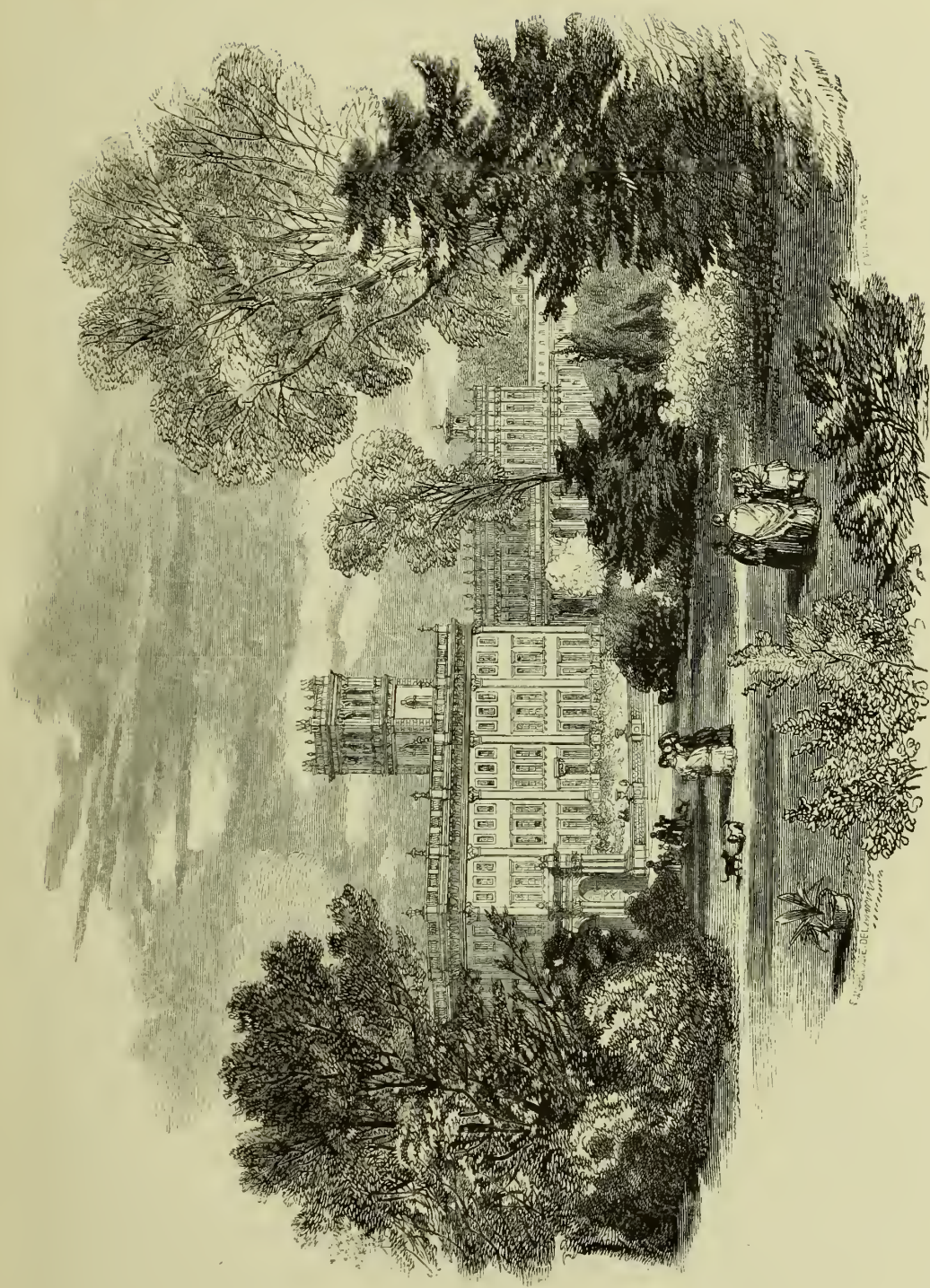
The town of Stone lies southward of the Potteries, on the line of the Grand Trunk Canal, and at a point of junction of two portions of the North Staffordshire Railway. It is not a place which presents many

attractions for the tourist; while its manufactures are confined to a little shoe-making, brewing, and corn-grinding. In early times, however, it was of more note. There was a very ancient monastery at this place, founded, it is said, by Wulfhere, king of Mercia, or his queen, Ermenilda, in honour of his two sons, whom, before his own conversion, he had murdered for embracing Christianity. Secular canons were placed here by the founder; but these being dispersed, some nuns occupied the place; these, in their turn, were removed in the time of Henry I., to make room for some regular canons of St. Austin, from Kenilworth Priory, to which this house was for some time a cell, but afterwards became independent. We are not aware that there are any existing remains of this monastic building.

CHEADLE CHURCH AND ALTON TOWERS.

Passing round towards the south-east we arrive at Uttoxeter; but as this town lies too far distant from the Potteries to come within the limits which we have marked out for ourselves, we will leave it, and pass on to Cheadle. This town lies on the road from the Potteries to Ashborne, at eight or ten miles distance from the former. It has sufficient in it and near it to make it an interesting spot; for in addition to its features as a town, and its gorgeous new Catholic church, it is within three or four miles of Alton Towers, the very remarkable seat of the Earl of Shrewsbury, on the banks of the Churnet. Cheadle is situated just within the moorland district of North Staffordshire, in the midst of hills, whose former bareness has been covered by recent plantations of timber-trees. The hills on the west and south-west command tolerably extensive prospects; and one of them, Monkhouse, is a favourite walk for the townspeople. The church is a fine old structure; but it has been much disfigured by decay, and almost as much by injudicious restorations.

The new Roman Catholic church is by far the most striking building in Cheadle. It was built almost wholly at the expense of the Earl of Shrewsbury, and has cost an enormous sum of money. It is dedicated to St. Giles, and was opened in 1846. The whole character of the building evinces a determination to revert to the middle ages for every particle of the design; as if the age we live in were unworthy even of an humble share in the work. The western front has a tower which becomes octagonal in its upper part, and is surmounted by a spire,—making the entire altitude from the ground about two hundred feet. Here is the principal entrance, a deeply-recessed, richly-moulded and adorned doorway; of which the doors themselves are of oak. There are indications of what will, to many, appear a strange taste; for the doors are painted red, and have gilt hinges, fashioned into the shape of rampant lions, and spreading over their entire surface. The nave, which is 60 feet in length, consists of five compartments, or has five



9.—TENTHREDIN HALL.

nave-arches on each side; the chancel, 27 feet long, is divided from the nave by an oak-screen and rood-loft, surmounted by the great rood or crucifix, with the images of the Virgin Mary and St. John. The east end of the north aisle is enclosed by a low screen, and forms the Lady Chapel; the corresponding end of the south aisle is also enclosed, and set apart as the Chapel of the Blessed Sacrament; and the west extremity of the same aisle is similarly screened off as a Baptistry. One of the most remarkable examples of mediæval taste is exhibited in the exterior, above the principal entrance, where there are several canopied niches, containing figures; one of which represents the present Earl of Shrewsbury, kneeling, with a model of the church in his hands, as the founder, with his patron, John the Baptist, standing behind him. An architectural critic, in the 'Companion to the Almanac,' speaking of the structure as a whole, says; "Though by no means a particularly large, it is an exceedingly costly and highly elaborated structure, for which nothing has been spared that can contribute to the pomp of devotion. Heraldic emblazonments and religious emblems, painting and gilding, stained glass, and curiously-wrought metal work, imageries and inscriptions, rood-loft and reredos, stone altar and sedilia, metal screen-work, encaustic paving, go to make up the gorgeous spectacle, and render the building most literally and emphatically a specimen of the Decorated style."

We have encountered a Frenchman's description of the grand ceremony at the opening of this splendid church, in a work where it would perhaps scarcely be looked for. An architectural and antiquarian publication of rather a superior kind, was commenced at Paris, in 1844, under the name of '*Annales Archæologiques*;' and in the volume for 1846 is a paper by M. Didron, designated '*Promenade en Angleterre*.' In this 'promenade,' M. Didron visited and noticed the new Missionary College at Canterbury, the new Catholic Cathedral at Birmingham, and other architectural objects; and he was afforded an opportunity for being present at the opening of the new church at Cheadle. He went from Birmingham by rail to Stafford, at which town the station was one of the most "charmante" he had ever seen, in the Elizabethan style. From Stafford he went to Longton by coach. "These coaches," he says, "are fiacres with two or four horses, which run with the rapidity of the mail. The passengers are mostly outside; the inside is reserved for children and women, who are afraid to venture on the roof. We were upon the imperial, eight before and eight behind, and one upon the coach-box; four other persons filled the interior; the whole drawn by two horses alone, who, however, went along very easily." We imagine that M. Didron must have made some mistake in his picture of an English stage-coach: the "eight before and eight behind" are not quite intelligible. After resting one night at Longton, M. Didron proceeded to Cheadle, where he arrived on the morning of the 1st of September, the day of the ceremony. All who were

to take part in the proceedings assembled in the church-yard: "Two policemen sufficed to restrain the crowd on the outside, and protect those who had to enter: in France a whole company of municipals would have been required."

The minute description given by M. Didron of the building itself we need not follow; but the procession may detain us for a while. The officers of the church—deacons, priests, bishops, and archbishops,—were all arrayed in the greatest magnificence which their respective dignities would permit. First in order, though lowest in importance, came some of the inferior attendants of the church; then boy and men choristers. After these followed fourteen minor-clerks, eight sub-deacons, and eight deacons, all in their respective costumes. Then, rising higher and higher in rank, came forty priests; thirteen other priests, who were either curés of cathedrals or grand vicars; and, closing the whole, thirteen Catholic bishops and archbishops, each attended by his chaplain. Among the bishops was Jacob Heliani, bishop of Lebanon, who had lately returned from the east, with the scars and injuries which had resulted from a persecution by the Druses: "All eyes," we are told, "were directed towards the old man with the white beard and the oriental costume." The heir presumptive of the proud Talbots walked among the acolytes; the brother of the Earl was one of the priests; and Messrs. Newman and Oakley, whose names were at that period connected with a very exciting theological controversy, were two of the clerks-minor. It is said that these two were not the only clerks-minor furnished by Oxford University. A Benedictine monk, in his plain and sombre vestment, walked among the priests. The Austrian and Sardinian ambassadors, and numerous Roman Catholic gentry from different parts of England, were among the assembled company.

The details of the services of the day are then noticed; but, strange to say, M. Didron found the music so intolerably bad, that he abuses it in right earnest terms. He found the organ doing that which he would rather have had the singers do; and the organ itself, as well as its mode of being played, failed to reconcile him to the matter.

This new church, erected, as we have said, at the expense of the Earl of Shrewsbury, and the new church at Wilton, near Salisbury, constructed at the expense of Mr. Sydney Herbert, are certainly remarkable examples of a new spirit which pervades the age: each has cost sixty or seventy thousand pounds, and each is an elaborate specimen of art, in which the resources of architecture, sculpture, painting, gilding, glass-staining, inlaying, and carving, are brought to bear upon one object. Each, too, is situated in a comparatively small town; and each is within a small distance of the palatial residence of the founder.

Alton Towers, three or four miles east of Cheadle, is in every way a remarkable place. Its proprietor, the Earl of Shrewsbury,—one of the most influential and distinguished Roman Catholics in this country,—has made many munificent gifts to his church, in respect

to the buildings for sacred and educational purposes connected with it: of these, the structure just described is a notable example. But for our present purpose we shall only speak of this nobleman in respect to the extraordinary park with which he has surrounded his residence. The manor came to the first Earl of Shrewsbury early in the fifteenth century. There was anciently a castle at Alton; but it was destroyed in the civil wars of the Commonwealth, and only a few ruins of it now remain on the banks of the river Churnet. The mansion itself is modern: it is a very irregular building, in the details of which the Decorated style has been brought to bear upon domestic construction. The interior contains many splendid apartments and galleries; but the exterior bears a greater resemblance to the abbatial structures of the middle ages than to a private mansion of the nineteenth century.

But the gardens are the main object of attraction. The late Mr. Loudon had opportunities of minutely inspecting the whole arrangement; and from the woodcuts which are given in his 'Encyclopædia of Gardening,' it is evident that the whole place is as singular as a cursory glance indicates it to be. The mansion stands on a piece of table land, fifty or sixty acres in extent, and bounded on three sides by two valleys, which commence in a gentle hollow near the mansion, and lose themselves in a third deep valley, in the opposite direction. The surrounding country is similarly diversified, and both hills and valleys are usually pasture-land, with very few inhabitants. Down to the year 1814, the site of the present mansion was occupied by a farm-house; but in that year the late Earl commenced a series of buildings and improvements, which have been continued with little interruption ever since. The Earl was an amateur architect, and an amateur gardener: he wished to produce something which should differ from everything else; and he seems to have realised that wish. He solicited advice from all quarters, but generally decided on some plan of his own. Mr. Loudon visited the place about the time of the Earl's death, in 1827; and he speaks of it as being "one of the most singular anomalies to be met with among the country residences of Britain, or perhaps of any other part of the world. An immense pile of building, by way of house, with a magnificent conservatory and chapel, but with scarcely a habitable room; a lofty prospect tower, not built on the highest part of the ground; bridges without water underneath; ponds and lakes on the tops of the hills; a quadrangular pile of stabling in the midst of the pleasure-ground; and what may be said to have eclipsed, and still to eclipse, everything else—a valley, naturally in a high degree romantic with wood, water, and rocks, filled with works of the highest degree of art in architecture and gardening."

The private approach-roads to Alton Towers, either from Cheadle or from Uttoxeter, are several miles in length, conducted along the bottoms and sides of winding rocky valleys. The description of the approach from the Uttoxeter road may as well be given in the

language of Mr. Loudon, who paid a second visit to the gardens in 1831. "The first objects that met our view were the dry Gothic bridge, and the embankment leading to it, with a huge imitation of Stonehenge beyond, and a pool above the level of the bridge alongside of it, backed by a mass of castellated stabling. Farther along the side of the valley, to the right of the bridge, is a range of architectural conservatories, with seven elegant glass domes, designed by Mr. Abraham, and richly gilt. Farther on still, to the right, and placed on a high and bold naked rock, is a lofty Gothic tower or temple, on what is called 'Thomson's Rock,' consisting of several tiers of balconies, round a central staircase and rooms: the exterior ornaments numerous and resplendent with gilding. Near the base of the rock is a corkscrew fountain, of a peculiar description, which is amply supplied from an adjoining pond. Behind, above, and beyond the range of conservatories, are two lakes; and beyond them is another conservatory, curiously ornamented. Below the main range of conservatories is a paved terrace walk, with a Grecian temple at one end, and a second terrace, containing a second range of conservatories. The remainder of the valley, to the bottom, and on the opposite side, displays such a labyrinth of terraces, curious architectural walls, trellis-work arbours, vases, statues, stone stairs, wooden stairs, turf-stairs, pavements, gravel and grass walks, ornamental buildings, bridges, porticos, temples, pagodas, gates, iron railings, parterres, jets, ponds, streams, seats, fountains, caves, flower-baskets, waterfalls, rocks, cottages, trees, shrubs, beds of flowers, ivied walls, rock-work, shell-work, root-work, moss-houses, old trunks of trees, entire dead trees, &c., that it is utterly impossible for words to give any idea of the effect. There is one stair of a hundred steps; a cottage for a blind harper, as large as a farm-house; and an imitation cottage roof, formed by sticking dormer windows and two chimneys, accompanied by patches of heath to imitate thatch, on the sloping surface of a large gray mass of solid rock."

The sandstone rock, too, which protrudes in many places, has been formed into caves, grottoes, caverns, and covered seats. "It has even been carved into figures: in one place we have Indian temples excavated in it, covered with hieroglyphics; and in another a projecting rock is formed into a huge serpent, with a spear-shaped iron tongue, and glass eyes! There is a rustic prospect-tower over an Indian temple, cut out of the solid rock, on the highest point of the north bank; and in the lowest part of the valley there are the foundation and two stories of an octagon pagoda. The pagoda was intended to be 88 feet high: it is placed on an island, in the centre of a small pond, and was to have been approached by a Chinese bridge, richly ornamented."

Here we conclude. We began with homely pottery, and terminate with fantastic landscape-gardening; but it is only one among many instances of extremes being at a mere visiting distance from each other.

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THE PARKS AND GARDENS OF LONDON.

TRUTHS may become so evidently true to us that we cease to question them, cease to think of them, and so at last cease to act upon them; until some unexpected incident restores them to us once more in all their original power. We remember an instance of this kind, which may not unfitly precede our general remarks on the Public Gardens of London. It was an evening in July; one of those wondrously rich glowing sunsets which bathe the world in glory, when we found ourselves wandering through Kensington Gardens. Suddenly we came out in front of those grand old cedars of Lebanon, which so richly darken the green sward in the western part of the gardens, near the Palace, in one of its most lovely and least frequented spots. The gorgeous light was fully upon them at their tops, while beneath you saw through long and low vistas, far away in the distance, stretching along and touching the ground, a line of rosy light, of the loveliest conceivable hue, and barred perpendicularly by the black slender-looking tree trunks. As we turned away, after a long silent reverential study of the scene in that direction, another of a different kind arrested the eye. An artist was at work upon those cedars, aiming doubtless to catch and fix for ever that wondrous combination of form and colour which they then presented. He was seated on a low portable garden-stool, and leaned his back against one of the garden seats, on which sat a lady, with a book in her hands, and with her head bending down towards him,

reading in a low and musical voice—what, we knew not, nor eared to know; it could not be more beautiful or suggestive to the heart and mind of man than the scene in which they were, and to which their appreciation of it, so luxuriously complete, lent a new charm. And then it was that once more dawned upon us a fresh sense of the particular beauty of these gardens, and of the privilege which all may enjoy of walking in them, as well as of the apparent unconsciousness of so many men and women who might benefit by them,—of what they lose by their neglect to do so.

We strolled on through the flower-walk, with its choice collection of trees and shrubs, and felt that we never saw so plainly before the peculiar beauties and characteristics of each; we ranged in vision over the sylvan glades on the left, climbed in the same way the magnificent trees, and were again arrested by the scene—unequalled surely anywhere—that presented itself at the eastern extremity of the gardens, where you look over the low wall, with its sunken fosse, or Ha-ha! beyond to the well-known Rotten-row that divides the gardens from the park. In that road, ranged in almost military precision and silence, was drawn up a long line of horsemen and horsewomen, who had quitted for the moment the army of mounted irregulars to which they belonged, and who kept sweeping to and fro in the rear: our modern domestic chivalry—in a word, the flower of the male and female aristocracy of



1.—SERPENTINE BRIDGE.

England. Inside and lining the garden wall, and thus protected from any sudden inroad from the "Row," or promenading up and down the broad walk, or thickly covering the green lawn on the left, or grouped picturesquely a little farther off, or scattered more and more sparingly as the eye compassed a greater distance, we looked upon hundreds of fair women, arrayed in colours sportive and brilliant and varied as the rainbow, and which would have been almost as harmonious, but for the ugly black forms called gentlemen, that, in painter's language, spotted the picture all over. And what was the charm that arrested alike promenaders and equestrians? what but the lovely strains of Mozart's 'Magic Flute,' exquisitely performed by one of the household regiments? And this too, we thought, is the people's! Twice a week may they here enjoy one of the highest of all human pleasures, and benefit by one of the highest of all those influences that tend to spiritual culture—they may hear divine music, worthily rendered, and in a spot so congenial that we need only contrast it with the theatre, or with the expensive and fashionable concert-room, to see that the poorest of amateurs is not also in this matter one of the most unfortunate.

Pursuing our walk, we reached the bridge, where a new aspect of beauty wooed us. (Cut, No. 1.) The waters of the Serpentine were dancing, every here and there, in long trails of light; the wide stretches of green sward that encompass the river were lustrous with the new life that had been given by recent rains; the lofty forest trees seemed to dilate to an unusual magnitude their glorious bulk; white sails were gliding to and fro; while from boats with low picturesque awnings, the pleasant sound of uproarious laughter ascended at intervals. As evening drew on, bands of youths and men gathered upon the water's edge, and gradually became the sole occupants of the place, for bathing commenced. Again the thought occurred with renewed force—and these health-giving, these truly manly enjoyments can be enjoyed by all, under circumstances of beauty and fitness that the richest nobleman in the land cannot in essentials surpass.

And Kensington Gardens forms but one of those priceless possessions of the people of London, which we venture to think they do not yet sufficiently use or enjoy. And we convey no class reflection in those words. We would rather ask, whose soul is large enough to take in even the entire wealth of the smallest of landscapes on a purple summer's eve? Grow as we will, its beauty will grow faster. Never shall we be able to say—"Now I have it all." So is it with each of the elements that serves for our spiritual nurture. Let then the poor artisan forget awhile the weary struggles with adverse fortune, and respond to the invitation which these public gardens make: he will find himself, not more but less weary afterwards. Let the tradesman take advantage of his "slack" days, to fill his heart with a renewed sense of those things which business is not at all calculated to feed. Let the professional man, if unsuccessful, seek one

practice that shall never disappoint him—the practice of the continual study of external nature, for it shall give himself the health, bodily and mental, that he often loses while pining for the opportunity to secure health to others;—let the professional man, if successful, forget not that the heart is apt to harden and the tastes to grow false amid material splendours; and that it is not to the uncultivated that the poet's lines apply with their greatest force—

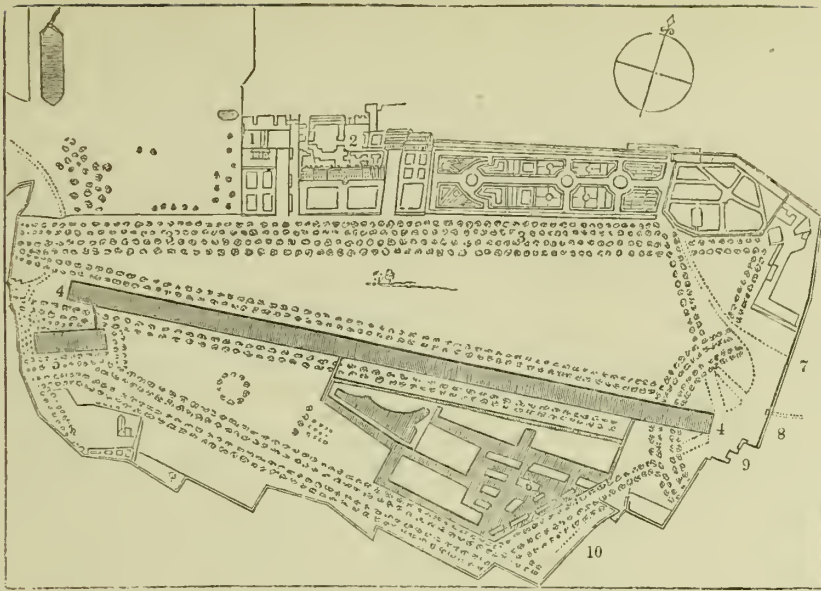
"A primrose on the river's brim
A yellow primrose was to him,—
And it was *nothing more*."

Lastly; let those who have no occupation but to spend the leisure and money fortune has placed at their disposal, try how well the first may be relieved by occasionally sharing with the People the varied advantages afforded by our public places of resort; and how well the other may be used by helping to establish, wherever their social or pecuniary influence may extend, similar places of resort for their less favoured brethren.

It is cheering now to count up our places of popular resort. Battersea Park, it is true, is yet in the land of good intentions; not a very solid ground we fear—nor a place easy to find; although a map of the district is doubtless deposited in the recesses of the "Woods and Forests;" but Victoria Park (peculiarly an artisan's and tradesman's park), is a realized fact; and, as we shall presently show, a peculiarly interesting fact. The south and east thus provided for, we have on the north, the open country about Copenhagen fields, where a new park is proposed to be founded at the very time we are writing; and, in case they should be quite built over, the charming Hampstead-heath, and its neighbourhood extending nearly up to Regent's Park; while on the west we have the cluster of Parks—happily called the "Lungs of London"—under the several names of St. James's Park, the Green Park, Hyde Park, and Kensington Gardens. With a gradual thinning out of London, therefore, a process that is now constantly going on in the worst portion—the city—and with the embankment of the river in a style worthy of its position, size, uses, and associations, there will be a fair chance for the pure breeze of heaven, to penetrate to our streets and houses, and to convey us a message and an invitation, now and then, from the open country beyond.

Before we proceed with what may be called the several biographies of the parks, it may be useful to indicate in a few words their common relations, story, and character.

Hyde Park, the Green and St. James's Parks, may be regarded as forming part of an uninterrupted space of open pleasure-ground. This is not so apparent now that they only touch with their angles, but it was otherwise before the ground on which Apsley House and Hamilton-place stand was filched from Hyde Park. Even yet the isthmus which connects them, where Hyde Park-gate and the gate at the top of Consti-



2.—ST. JAMES'S PARK, IN THE TIME OF CHARLES II.

- | | | |
|------------------------|---------------------|----------------|
| 1. Cleveland House. | 4. Canal. | 8. Tilt-yard. |
| 2. St. James's Palace. | 5. Rosamond's Pond. | 9. Cock-pit. |
| 3, 3. The Mall. | 6. Decoy. | 10. Admiralty. |
| | 7. Horse-Guards. | |

tution-hill front each other, is only attenuated, not intersected. They have moreover since the Revolution been invariably intrusted to the care of the same ranger. To remind the reader of their continuity, a plan of old St. James's Park, is subjoined. (Cut, No. 2.)

Each of the Parks has its own peculiar character. St. James's, lying among palaces, and hedged round on all sides from a comparatively early period by the fashionable residences of the "West End," is the courtier. Hyde Park, not yet quite surrounded by the town, and decidedly extending into a rural neighbourhood, is the "fine old country gentleman," essentially stately and noble, and a courtier too on occasions, yet with a dash of rusticity. The Regent's Park is a more equivocal character, more difficult to describe; not a *parvenu* exactly, for its connection with royalty is as ancient as either of the others; not so unequivocally *bon ton*, for it has at times associated with curious society, and been kept in the background—a sort of Falconbridge, perhaps, whose connection with royalty is rather irregular, but when once admitted within the circle, can ruffle it with the best. Victoria Park is both in the letter and in the spirit an artisan's and tradesman's park. To the passionate fondness of the early English sovereigns for the chase, we owe, in all probability, the preservation of the sites of our older parks; while to their love of popularity we owe the gradual dedication of the parks themselves to the service of the people. From the days of Julius Cæsar downwards this has been a recognized mode of courting the *vox populi*. That eminent antiquary, Mr. William Shakspeare, records Mark Antony's successful use of this device, when,

to win over the Roman citizens from the party of Brutus and Cassius to that of the friends of Cæsar, he told them that the Dictator had bequeathed to them

"All his walks,
His private arbours, and new-planted orchards,
On that side Tiber; he hath left them you,
And to your heirs for ever; common pleasures,
To walk abroad, and recreate yourselves."

The popularity attending such a measure accounts for the fact that in almost all the capitals of Europe the very names of the open spaces of ornamented ground most frequented by their inhabitants demonstrate them to have been, at an earlier period, places reserved for the private pleasures of the monarch. The *jardins* of the Luxemburg, the *Thier-Garten* of Berlin, and the *Grosser-Garten* of Dresden, and our own royal parks, are examples.

HYDE PARK AND KENSINGTON GARDENS.

The fields which now constitute St. James's Park were acquired by Henry VIII. for some lands in Suffolk. The Hospital of St. James, which had previously stood there, was pulled down, the sisterhood pensioned off, a "goodly palace" erected on its site, and a park enclosed by a brick wall. Hyde Park came into the possession of the same bluff monarch by a less formal process, at the dissolution of the monasteries. It formed part of the Manor of Hyde, the property of the Abbot and Monastery of St. Peter at Westminster. As mention is made of the keeper of the park very soon after its acquisition by

the crown, and no notice taken of its enclosure by Henry, it has been generally assumed that it was enclosed while yet the patrimony of the convent.

Kensington Gardens are properly part of Hyde Park. William III., not long after his accession to the throne, purchased from Daniel, second Earl of Nottingham, his house and gardens at Kensington. The extent of the gardens was about twenty-six acres, and with this William seems to have been perfectly satisfied. Even in this small space a part of the original Hyde Park was already included. Queen Anne enclosed nearly thirty acres of the park (lying north of her conservatory) about 1705, and added them to the gardens. Caroline, Queen of George II., appropriated no less than three hundred acres of it, about 1730; and it is only since her time that the great enclosure of Kensington Gardens, and the curtailed Hyde Park, have a separate history.

The resolutions adopted by the House of Commons in 1652, relative to the sale of the crown lands, contain some curious details regarding Hyde Park. The House resolved on the 21st of December, 1652, that Hyde Park should be sold for ready money; and in consequence of this resolution it was exposed for sale in parts, called the Gravel-pit division, containing 112 acres; the Kensington division, consisting of 147 acres; and three other divisions—the Middle, Banqueting-house, and Old Lodge divisions. About £17,000 were obtained for the whole. "The deer of several sorts within the said park" were valued in addition at £765 6s. 2d. The yearly rental of the park was assumed to be £894 13s. 8d. On the site of the Old Lodge which gave name to one of the above divisions now stands Apsley House. In another part, now occupied by Hamilton-place, was the fort, with four bastions, thrown up by the citizens of London in 1642.

From the specifications in the indenture of sale, it is clear that the boundaries on the north, east, and south, were the same as at present; on the west it seems to have extended almost to the front of Kensington Palace. We may also infer from them that Hyde Park was then intersected by a chain of "pools," (which old muniments of the manor of Paddington and the manor of Knightsbridge show must have been expansions in the bed of a stream,) tracing the same line as the Serpentine of the present day, and a shallow water-course running down to it from an enclosed meadow where Cumberland-gate now stands. The park was enclosed—it is described in the indentures as "that impaled ground called Hide Park"—but with the exception of Tyburn meadow, the enclosure for the deer, the Old Lodge, and the Banqueting-house, it seems to have been left entirely in a state of nature. Grammont alludes to the park as presenting the ungainly appearance of a bare field in the time of Charles II. In this state Hyde Park seems to have continued with little alteration till the year 1730, and even then the improvements were almost exclusively confined to the part enclosed under

the name of Kensington Gardens; to the history of which we must now turn our attention.

It has already been stated that the gardens attached to Kensington Palace, when purchased by King William, did not exceed twenty-six acres. Evelyn alludes to them on the 25th of February, 1690-1, in these words:—"I went to Kensington, which King William had bought of Lord Nottingham, and altered, but was yet a patched building; but with the gardens, however, it is a very neat villa, having to it the park and a strait new way through this park." Bowack, who wrote in 1705, has given an account of the improvements then carrying on by order of Queen Anne:—"But whatever is deficient in the house, is and will be made up in the gardens, which want not any advantages of nature to render them entertaining, and are beautified with all the elegancies of art (statues and fountains excepted). There is a noble collection of foreign plants, and fine neat greens, which makes it pleasant all the year, and the contrivance, variety, and disposition of the whole is extremely pleasing; and so frugal have they been of the room they had, that there is not an inch but what is well improved, the whole with the house not being above twenty-six acres. Her Majesty has been pleased lately to plant near thirty acres more towards the north, separated from the rest only by a stately green-house, not yet finished; upon this spot is near one hundred men daily at work, and so great is the progress they have made, that in less than nine months the whole is levelled, laid out and planted, and when finished will be very fine. Her Majesty's gardener has the management of this work." It appears from this passage that previous to 1705, Kensington Gardens did not extend farther to the north than the Conservatory, originally designed for a banqueting-house, and frequently used as such by Queen Anne. The eastern boundary of the gardens would seem to have been at this time nearly in the line of the broad walk which crosses them before the east front of the palace. Palace-green seems at that time to have been considered a part of the private pleasure-grounds attached to the palace, for the low circular stone building now used as an engine-house for supplying the palace with water was erected by order of Queen Anne, facing an avenue of elms, for a summer recess. The town of Kensington for some years later did not extend so far to the east as it now does. The kitchen gardens which extend north of the palace towards the Gravel-pits, and the thirty acres north of the Conservatory, added by Anne to the pleasure gardens, may have been the fifty-five acres "detached and severed from the park, lying in the north-west corner thereof," granted in the 16th of Charles II. to Hamilton, ranger of the park, and Birch, auditor of excise, to be walled and planted with "pippins and red-streaks," on condition of their furnishing apples or cider for the king's use. The alcove at the end of the avenue leading from the south front of the palace to the wall on the Kensington-road was also built by Ann's orders. So

that Kensington Palace in her reign seems to have stood in the midst of fruit and pleasure gardens, with pleasant alcoves on the west and south, and a stately banqueting-house on the east—the whole confined between the Kensington and Uxbridge roads, the west side of Palace-green, and the line of the broad walk before the east front of the palace. Tickell has perpetrated a dreary mythological poem on Kensington Gardens, which we have ransacked in vain for some descriptive touches of their appearance in Queen Anne's time, and have therefore been obliged to have recourse to Addison's prose in the 477th Number of the 'Spectator':—"I think there are as many kinds of gardening as poetry: your makers of parterres and flower gardens are epigrammatists and sonnetteers in this art; contrivers of bowers and grottos, treillages and cascades, are romance writers. Wise and Loudon are our heroic poets; and if as a critic I may single out any passage of their works to commend, I shall take notice of that part in the upper garden at Kensington, which was at first nothing but a gravel-pit. It must have been a fine genius for gardening that could have thought of forming such an unsightly hollow into so beautiful an area, and to have hit the eye with so uncommon and agreeable a scene as that which it is now wrought into. To give this particular spot of ground the greater effect, they have made a very pleasant contrast; for as on one side of the walk you see this hollow basin, with its several little plantations lying so conveniently under the eye of the beholder, on the other side of it there appears a seeming mount, made up of trees one higher than another as they approach the centre. A spectator who has not heard of this account of it, would think this circular mount was not only a real one, but that it had been actually scooped out of that hollow space, which I have before mentioned. I never yet met with any one who had walked in this garden who was not struck with that part of it which I have mentioned."

In reference to the operations of Queen Caroline, Daines Barrington remarks, in his 'Essay on the Progress of Gardening':—"It is believed that George I. rather improved the gardens at Herrnhäusen than those of any of his English palaces. In the succeeding reign, Queen Caroline threw a string of ponds in Hyde Park into one, so as to form what is called the Serpentine River, from its being not exactly straight, as all ponds and canals were before. She is likewise well known to have planted and laid out the gardens of Richmond and Kensington upon a larger scale, and in better taste, than we have any instances before that period. She seems also to have been the first introducer of expensive buildings in gardens, if one at Lord Barrington's is excepted." And yet Queen Anne's Green-house or Conservatory in the very gardens he was writing about must have cost something. Nearly 300 acres were added by Queen Caroline to Kensington Gardens. Opposite the Ring in Hyde Park a mound was thrown across the valley to dam up the streams connecting the chain of "pools"

already mentioned. All the waters and conduits in the park, granted in 1663 to Thomas Haines on a lease of ninety-nine years, were re-purchased by the Crown. Along the line of the ponds a canal was begun to be dug. The excavation was four hundred yards in length and forty feet deep, and cost £6000. At the south-east end of the gardens a mount was raised of the soil dug out of the canal. On the north and south the grounds, of which these works formed the characteristic features, were bounded by high parallel walls. On the north-east a fosse and low wall, reaching from the Uxbridge-road to the Serpentine, at once shut in the gardens, and conducted the eye along their central vista, over the Serpentine to its extremity, and across the park. To the east of Queen Anne's gardens, immediately below the principal windows of the east front of the palace, a reservoir was formed into a circular pond, and thence long vistas were carried through the woods that circled it round, to the head of the Serpentine; to the fosse and low wall, affording a view of the park (this sort of fence was an invention of Bridgeman, "an attempt then deemed so astonishing, that the common people called them Ha-has, to express their surprise at finding a sudden and unperceived check to their walk"), and to the mount constructed out of the soil dug from the canal. This mount was planted with evergreens, and on the summit was erected a small temple, made to turn at pleasure, to afford shelter from the wind. The three principal vistas were crossed at right angles, by others at regular intervals—an arrangement which has been complained of as disagreeably formal, with great injustice, for the formality is only in the ground plot, not in any view of the garden that can meet the eye of the spectator at one time. Queen Anne's gardens underwent no further alteration than was necessary to make them harmonise with the extended grounds, of which they had now become a part.

Since the death of George II. Hyde Park and Kensington Gardens have undergone some further changes. The Ring, in the former, has been deserted for the



3.—THE BOAT-HOUSE.

Drive, and presents now an appearance which any Jonathan Oldbuck might pardonably mistake for the vestiges of a Roman encampment. New plantations have been laid out to compensate for the gradual decay of the old wood. That part of the south wall of Kensington Gardens which served to intercept between it and the Kensington-road a narrow strip of the park where the cavalry barracks have been erected, has been thrown down. Queen Caroline's artificial mound had previously been levelled. A new bridge has been thrown across the Serpentine, and more ornamental buildings been erected on its bank, to serve for a powder-magazine and the house of the Humane Society, (beautiful antithesis!) (Cut, No. 3.) and infantry barracks have been erected within the precincts of the park near Knightsbridge. The flower-walk has been of recent formation. The boats for hire are also a very picturesque addition.

Kensington Gardens now occupy the Gravel-pit division and the larger portions of the Kensington and Middle divisions of the time of Oliver Cromwell. Farther along the Serpentine, and below the waterless waterfall, at its termination, the appearance of the park has been wonderfully changed since the time of the Protectorate. The remainder is characterised, perhaps, by a more careful surface-dressing, but in other respects it has, if anything, retrograded in internal ornament. Of the Ring, once the seat of gaiety and splendour, we may say with Wordsworth, that—

"Dying insensibly away
From human thoughts and purposes,"

it seems

"To yield to some transforming power,
And blend with the surrounding trees."

We sometimes feel tempted to regret its decay, and also the throwing down of part of the south wall of the gardens, which seems to have let in too much sunlight upon them (to say nothing of east winds), and spoiled their umbrageous character. On the whole, however, the recent changes in Hyde Park are more striking in regard to its immediate vicinity, to the setting of the jewel as it were, than to the ground itself. Any one who enters the park from Grosvenor Gate (opened in 1724) and advances to the site of the Ring, will at once feel this change in its full force. Hemmed in though the park now is on all sides by long rows of buildings, one feels there, on a breezy upland with a wide space of empty atmosphere on every side, what must have been the charm of this place when the eye, looking from it, fell in every direction on rural scenes. For Hyde Park until very recently was entirely in the country. And this remark naturally conducts us to those adventures and incidents associated with Hyde Park which contribute even more than its rural position to render it less exclusively of the court, courtly, than St. James's.

Hyde Park was a favourite place of resort for those who brought in the 1st of May with the reverence once paid to it. Pepys breathes a sigh in his 'Diary'

on the evening of the 30th April, 1661, (he was then on a pleasure jaunt,) to this effect:—"I am sorry I am not in London to be at Hyde Park to-morrow morning, among the great gallants and ladies, which will be very fine." It was very fine, for Evelyn has entered in his 'Diary,' under the date of the identical 1st of May referred to by Pepys:—"I went to Hyde Park to take the air, where was his Majesty and an innumerable appearance of gallants and rich coaches, being now at time of universal festivity and joy." But even during the sway of the Puritans, the Londoners assembled here "to do observance to May," as we learn from 'Several Proceedings of State Affairs, 27th April to 4th May, 1654.'—"Monday, 1st May. This day was more observed by people going a maying than for divers years past, and indeed much sin committed by wicked meetings with fiddlers, drunkenness, ribaldry, and the like; great resort came to Hyde Park, many hundreds of coaches and gallants in attire, but most shameful powdered hair men, and painted and spotted women. Some men played with a silver ball, and some took other recreation. But his Highness the Lord Protector went not thither nor any of the Lords of the Commonwealth, but were busy about the great affairs of the Commonwealth." We would give a trifle to know whether one John Milton, a Secretary of the Lord Protector, was equally self-denying. In 1654 the morning view from the Ring in Hyde Park must have been not unlike this description of what had met a poet's eye in his early rambles—

"Some time walking not unseen
By hedge-row elms on hillock green,
Right against the eastern gate
Where the great sun begins his state,
Robed in flames and amber light,
The clouds in thousand liveries dight,
While the ploughman near at hand
Whistles o'er the furrow'd land;
And the milkmaid singeth blithe,
And the mower whets his scythe,
And every shepherd tells his tale
Under the hawthorn in the dale."

It may be added, that the said John Milton (perhaps with a view to be near the scene of his official duties) resided for some time in a house on the south-side of St. James's Park, at no immeasurable distance from the place where the enormities of May worship were perpetrated in 1654, under the very noses of a puritanical government.

Be this as it may, the sports affected by the habitual frequenters of Hyde Park at all times of the year had a manly character about them, harmonising with its country situation. For example, although the Lord Protector felt it inconsistent with his dignity to sanction by his presence the profane mummery of the 1st of May, he made himself amends for his self-denial a few days afterwards, as we learn from the 'Moderate Intelligencer':—"In Hyde Park, this day, there was a hurling of a great ball by fifty Cornish gentlemen of one side, and fifty on the other; one

party played in red caps, and the other in white. There was present his Highness the Lord Protector, many of his Privy Council, and divers eminent gentlemen, to whose view was presented great agility of body, and most neat and exquisite wrestling, at every meeting of one with the other, which was ordered with such dexterity, that it was to show more the strength, vigour, and nimbleness of their bodies than to endanger their persons. The ball they played withal was silver, and designed for that party which did win the goal." Evelyn, in May, 1658, "went to see a coach-race in Hide Park;" and Pepys mentions in August, 1660, "To Hide Parke by coach, and saw a fine foot-race three times round the park." Evelyn's coach-race recalls an accident which happened to Cromwell in Hyde Park, in 1654. Ludlow's version of this story is:—"The Duke of Holstein made him (Cromwell) a present of a set of grey Friesland coach-horses; with which taking the air in the park, attended only with his secretary Thurloe, and a guard of Janizaries, he would needs take the place of the coachman, not doubting but the three pair of horses he was about to drive would prove as tame as the three nations which were ridden by him; and therefore, not content with their ordinary pace, he lashed them very furiously. But they unaccustomed to such a rough driver, ran away in a rage, and stopped not till they had thrown him out of the box, with which fall his pistol fired in his pocket, though without any hurt to himself: by which he might have been instructed how dangerous it was to meddle with those things wherein he had no experience." Cromwell seems to have been partial to Hyde Park and its environs. The 'Weekly Post,' enumerating the occasions on which Syndercombe and Cecill had lain in wait to assassinate him in Hyde Park ("the hinges of Hide Park gate were filed off in order to their escape"), enumerates some of his airings all in this neighbourhood:—"when he rode to Kensington and thence the back way to London;" "when he went to Hide Park in his coach;" "when he went to Turnham Green and so by Acton home;" and "when he rode in Hide Park." One could fancy him influenced by some attractive sympathy between his affections and the spot of earth in which he was destined to repose from his stirring and harassing career. The unmanly indignities offered to his dead body harmed not him, and they who degraded themselves by insulting the dead were but a sort of sextons more hardened and brutal than are ordinarily to be met with. Cromwell sleeps as sound at Tyburn, in the vicinity of his favourite haunts, as the rest of our English monarchs sleep at Westminster or Windsor.

The fashionable part of Hyde Park was long confined within very narrow limits; the Ring being, from all time previous to the Restoration till far in the reigns of the Georges, the exclusive haunt of the *beau monde*. Subsequently Kensington Gardens, at the opposite extremity of the park, was appropriated by the race that lives for enjoyment; but even after that event a considerable space within the park remained allotted to

the rougher business of life. During the time of the Commonwealth, as we have seen, it became private property. Evelyn (11th April, 1653) complains feelingly of the change:—"I went to take the air in Hide Park, where every coach was made to pay a shilling, and horse sixpence, by *the sordid fellow* (poor Anthony Deane, of St. Martin's in the Fields, Esq.) who had purchased it of the state, as they are called." The courtly Evelyn had no words of reprobation for Mr. Hamilton, the ranger appointed at the Restoration, who continued for ten good years to let the park in farms; it not having been enclosed with a wall and restocked with deer till 1670.

Hyde Park has from an early period down to our own times been a favourite locality for reviews. A splendid one took place at the Restoration, and in the very height of the show the Lord Mayor received notice that "Colonel John Lambert was carried by the park a prisoner unto Whitehall." Pepys, "did stand" at another in 1664, when Charles II. was present, while "the horse and foot march by and discharge their guns, to show a Frenche Marquise (for whom this muster was caused) the goodness of our firemen; which indeed was very good, though not without a slip now and then; and one broadside close to our coach as we had going out of the parke, even to the nearnesse to be ready to burn our hairs. *Yet methought all these gay men are not the soldiers that must do the king's business, it being such as these that lost the old king all he had, and were beat by the most ordinary fellows that could be.*" Horace Walpole's account of a somewhat similar scene, 1759, may serve as a pendant to these remarks:—"I should weary you with what everybody wearies me—the militia. The crowds in Hyde Park when the King reviewed them were unimaginable. My Lord Orford, their colonel, I hear looked ferociously martial and genteel, and I believe it; his person and air have a noble wildness in them; the regimentals, too, are very becoming, scarlet, faced with black, buff waistcoat and gold buttons. How knights of the shire, who have never shot anything but woodcocks, like this warfare I don't know; but the towns through which they pass adore them, everywhere they are treated and regaled." The Brobdingnagian scale of the reviews of the volunteers in the days of George III. are beyond the compass of our narrow page. The encampment of the troops in Hyde Park in 1780, after Lord George Gordon's riots, and of the volunteers in 1799, must be passed over in silence; as also the warlike doings of the fleet in the Serpentine in 1814, when a Lilliputian British frigate blew a Lilliputian American frigate out of the water, in commemoration of—the founders of the feast confessed themselves at a loss to say what.

But Hyde Park, unlike St. James's, has witnessed the mustering of real as well as of holiday warriors. It was the frequent rendezvous of the Commonwealth troops during the civil war. Essex and Lambert encamped their forces here, and Cromwell reviewed his terrible Ironsides. And though Butler's muse, which,

as the bee finds honey in every flower, elaborates the ludicrous from all events, has sneered at the labours of the citizens of London who threw up the fort in Hyde Park, the jest at which royalists could laugh under Charles II. was no joke to the cavaliers of Charles I. The very women shared the enthusiasm, and, as the irreverend bard alluded to sings—

“March’d rank and file with drum and ensign,
T’ entrench the city for defence in;
Rais’d rampions with their own soft hands,
And put the enemy to stands.
From ladies down to oyster wenches,
Labour’d like pioneers in trenches,
Fall’n to their pick-axes and tools,
And help’d the men to dig like moles.”

One circumstance that tends to impress us with the idea of the solitary character of Hyde Park and its environs, when compared with St. James’s Park during the reigns of the last Stuarts and the first sovereigns of the present dynasty, is its being frequently selected, in common with the then lonely fields behind Montague House, now the British Museum, as the scene of the more inveterate class of duels. In the days when men wore swords there were many off-hand duels—*impromptu* exertions of that species of lively humour. Horace Walpole, sen., quarrelled with a gentleman in the House of Commons, and they fought at the stair-foot. Lord Byron and Mr. Chaworth stepped out of a dining-parlour in the ‘Star and Garter’ Tavern, Pall-mall, and fought, by the light of a bed-room candle, in an adjoining apartment. More than one duel occurred in Pall-mall itself. But there were also more ceremonious duels, to which men were formally invited some time beforehand, and in which more guests than two participated. The pistol-duel in which Wilkes was severely wounded occurred in Hyde Park. Here too the fatal duel in which the Duke of Hamilton and Lord Mahon (November, 1712) fell, and their seconds were wounded, took place. Swift enables us to fix with precision the locality of this last event: he says in his ‘Journal to Stella,’ “The Duke was helped towards the Cake-house by the Ring in Hyde Park, where they fought, and died on the grass before he could reach the house.” Its loneliness is also vouched for by the frequency of highway robberies in its immediate vicinity: pocket-picking is the branch of industry characteristic of town places like St. James’s Park; highway robbery and fox-hunting are rural occupations. The narrative of the principal witness in the trial of William Belchier, sentenced to death for highway robbery in 1752, shows the state in which the roads which bound Hyde Park were at that time, and also presents us with a picture of the substitutes then used instead of a good police—“*William Norton*: The chaise to the Devizes having been robbed two or three times, as I was informed, I was desired to go in it, to see if I could take the thief, which I did on the 3rd of June, about half an hour after one in the morning. I got into the post-chaise; the postboy told me the place

where he had been stopped was near the Halfway House, between Knightsbridge and Kensington. As we came near the house the prisoner came to us on foot and said, ‘Driver, stop!’ He held a pistol tinder-box to the chaise and said, ‘Your money directly: you must not stay, this minute your money.’ I said ‘Don’t frighten us; I have but a trifle; you shall have it.’ Then I said to the gentlemen (there were three in the chaise), ‘Give your money.’ I took out a pistol from my coat pocket, and from my breeches-pocket a five-shilling piece and a dollar. I held the pistol concealed in one hand and the money in the other. I held the money pretty hard: he said, ‘Put it in my hat.’ I let him take the five-shilling piece out of my hand: as soon as he had taken it I snapped my pistol at him; it did not go off: he staggered back, and held up his hands and said, ‘Oh Lord! oh Lord!’ I jumped out of the chaise: he ran away, and I after him about six or seven hundred yards, and there took him. I hit him a blow on his back; he begged for mercy on his knees; I took his neckcloth off and tied his hands with it, and brought him back to the chaise: then I told the gentlemen in the chaise that was the errand I came upon, and wished them a good journey, and brought the prisoner to London. *Question by the prisoner*: ‘Ask him how he lives.’ *Norton*: ‘I keep a shop in Wych-street, and sometimes I take a thief.’” The postboy stated on the trial that he had told Norton if they did not meet the highwayman between Knightsbridge and Kensington, they should not meet him at all—a proof of the frequency of these occurrences in that neighbourhood. Truly while such tricks were played in the park by noblemen and gentlemen in the daytime, and by foot-pads at night, the propinquity of the place of execution at Tyburn to the place of gaiety in the Ring was quite as desirable as it seems upon first thought anomalous.

The Ring, we have already observed, was the first part of the park taken possession of by the gay world. Evelyn’s complaint of the exaction of the “sordid fellow who had purchased it of the state, as they are called,” seems to imply that it had been a resort for horsemen and people in carriages previous to 1653. He more than once notes a visit to Hyde Park, “where was his Majesty and abundance of gallantry.” The sight-seeing Pepys, too, appears from his journal, as might have been anticipated, to have been a frequent visitant. His Paul Pry disposition has led him to leave on record, that on the 4th of April, 1663, he went “after dinner to Hide Parke; at the parke was the King, and in another coach my Lady Castle-maine, they greeting one another at every turn.”

After King William took up his abode in Kensington Palace, a court-end of the town gathered around it. The praises of Kensington Gardens, as they appeared in the days of Queen Anne, by Tickell and Addison, have already been alluded to. The large gardens laid out by Queen Caroline were opened to the public on Saturdays, when the

king and court went to Richmond. All visitors, however, were required to appear in full dress, which must have lent a stately and *recherché* character to the scene. These occasional glimpses into the seclusion of sovereigns who were foreigners in the land they reigned over, contrast characteristically with the publicity-courting manners of the time of Charles II. The formal solitudes of Kensington, remote from the brilliant gaiety of the Ring and Mall, mark a new and widely different era. St. James's Park was the appropriate locality of a court in which Etherege, Suckling, Sedley, and Buckingham dangled. The umbrageous shades of Kensington, into which the clatter of the gaudy equipages at the further end of the park penetrated "like notes by distance made more sweet," was the equally appropriate retirement of a court, the type of whose literary characters was Sir Richard Blackmore, and from which the light graces of Pope kept at a distance.

When the court ceased to reside at Kensington, the gardens were thrown entirely open. They still, however, retain so much of their original secluded character that they are impervious to horses and equipages. Between their influence and that of the Drive in Hyde Park, the whole of the latter has been drawn into the vortex of gaiety. Its eastern extremity, except along the Serpentine, still retains a homely character, contrasting with that which St. James's Park has long worn, and the Green Park is now assuming. It is questionable whether any attempt to make it finer would improve it. The effect produced by the swift crossing and re-crossing of equipages, and the passage of horsemen—the opportunity of mingling with the crowd of Sunday loungers and country cousins, congregated to catch a glimpse of the leading characters of the day, or determine the fashionable shade for *demisaison* trousers, constitute the attraction of the park. The living contents throw the scenery, amid which they move, into the shade. The plainness of the park, too, makes it perhaps a more fitting vestibule to the more ornamented gardens at its west end.

It may be useful to some among our readers, if we point out the most eligible method of entering Hyde Park and Kensington Gardens. Enter from Grosvenor-gate, in Park-lane. After crossing the drive, if your object is to see the company, walk first along the foot-path, in the direction of Hyde Park-corner, where Apsley House now stands, and the Parliamentary fort once stood; then returning, extend your lounge on the other side, till you reach Cumberland-gate, near where the elms of Tyburn witnessed the execution of the "Gentle Mortimer;" and where, in after days, terminated the walk prescribed by way of penance to the Queen, of Charles I., by her Confessor, and the less voluntary excursions of many offenders against the law; and where an iron plate, bearing the inscription "Here stood Tyburn-turnpike," marks the last earthly resting-place of Oliver Cromwell. Do not forget to admire the little carriages for children, drawn



4.—OLD ELM.

by goats, which have a stand near Cumberland-gate. Next cross the park from Grosvenor-gate to the vestiges of the Ring, which scene of the gallantry of Charles II. you will in all probability find occupied by half a dozen little chimney-sweeps playing at pitch-and-toss. Advance in the same direction till midway between the Ring and the farm-house, and you stand on the spot which witnessed the tragedy described by Swift, in the passage quoted above from his 'Journal to Stella.' Here turn down towards the Serpentine, and in passing admire the old elm—old amid an aged brotherhood, of which a representation is here inserted (Cut, No. 4); it served for many years as the stall of a humorous cobbler. Then passing along the edge of the Serpentine, hasten to reach the centre of the bridge which crosses it, and there allow your eyes to wander across



5.—KENSINGTON LODGE.

the water to the gateways admitting to Hyde Park and Constitution Hill, and behind them to the towers of Westminster Abbey. This is also a favourable spot for a morning or mid-day peep into Kensington Gardens. It is a curious feeling with which one amid the freshness of a spring or summer's morning watches the boatman of the Humane Society slowly oaring his way across the "river," sparkling in the early sun, as if in quest of those who may have availed themselves of the silence of night to terminate their earthly sufferings in the water. It reminds one of the horrible grotesque of the inscription below a plate of Rosamond's-pond, which we quote when talking of that scene. Once in Kensington Gardens, you cannot go wrong. Ramble deviously on, past the Lodge, (Cut, No. 5), which is in summer perfectly brilliant with flowers, along the vistas and through the thickets, now surrounded by nibbling sheep, now eyeing the gambols of the squirrel, till you come into the airy space surrounded by the palace, the banqueting-house of Queen Anne, and stately trees, where a still pond lies mirroring the soft blue sky.

ST. JAMES'S PARK.

In this we include the Green Park, a good quiet soul with a separate name, but without separate adventures or history. There are also some neighbouring patches of ground now detached which must be included in an account of St. James's Park, ancient and modern.

It is impossible to saunter about St. James's Park without being struck by its beauties. If, however, any person wishes to enjoy them like a true epicure—to take as much of the beautiful and exclude as much of the common-place as possible—to heighten the pleasure of each succeeding morsel by a judicious regard to harmony in the order in which they succeed each other,—it will be advisable to enter through the Green Park by the gate opposite Hamilton Place, at the west end of Piccadilly. Lounging (quick business-like walking is only for those unamiable localities one wishes to get out of) onwards by the walk that descends close by the spot formerly occupied by the Ranger's lodge, the eye passes along a vista between trees, at this moment covered with the first delicate verdure of spring, to rest upon a beautiful line of wood in the middle distance, out of which rise the towers of Westminster Abbey. Looking to the right as we advance, the royal standard of England, the most chastely gorgeous banner in the world, is floating at the foot of Constitution-hill. Immediately afterwards a massive corner of the Palace is seen between the trees nearer at hand. The walk here parts into two—that on the left hand descending into what has all the appearance from this point of a woody dell; the other carrying us into an open space, where we have a view of the white marble arch in front of the Palace, surmounted by the standard on one side, the unobtrusively wealthy mansions of Piccadilly on the other, and the

more decorated line of buildings which form the eastern boundary of the Green Park in front. The pictures on every hand are at this point perfect in regard to composition: the arrangement of trees, lawn, and architecture is simply elegant. Turning to the right hand, at the mansion of the Duke of Sutherland, we come into St. James's Park, and, crossing the mall, enter the ornamented enclosure in front of the palace. Once here, it is a matter of perfect indifference what way the loiterer turns—only, if it be possible, he ought to get upon the grass as soon as he can. From the side at which we have supposed him to enter, he catches through the trees as he moves along such partial glances of the palace, or of the Government offices at the opposite end of the park, as make pretty pictures out of very questionable architecture. Opposite him he has the majestic receptacle of the dead royalty of old England. If he prefer the opposite side of the central sheet of water, the most eligible point of view is on the rising near the angle at Buckingham Gate, affording a fine view, closed by the dome of St. Paul's. To turn to our *gourmand* metaphor: after he has discussed these *pièces de résistance* he may fill up the interstices of his appetite by discussing, *hors d'œuvres*, the pretty vignettes of wood and water which present themselves to a saunterer round the canal. (Cut, No. 6.)

This is the still life, but in the "enjoyment of prospects" the shifting of the human and other figures is the most material source of pleasure to the spectator. Along the track which we have been pursuing in imagination, there is rich variety: from the glance and dash of equipages along Piccadilly to the pedestrians of the Green Park; thence to the stately noiseless sweep of the privileged vehicles of the nobility along the mall, enlivened by the occasional passage of a horseman, who rides as if the fate of empires depended on his keeping the appointment to which he is bound; and thence again into the ornamented enclosure, where, in the absence of other company, we are sure of the birds. There are worse companions than birds. We remember once hearing the most sparkling writer in the 'Northern Review' complain that he had not been able to sleep the whole of the preceding night. "What did you do, then?" asked a gentleman at his elbow, in a tone of intense sympathy. "I got up," said the invalid, with an air of languid pleasure, "went into the dressing-room, and talked with the parrot." And many an hour of pleasant intercourse may be spent with the water-fowl in St. James's Park, whether they be showing the ease with which habit has taught them to mingle in crowded society; or with their heads under their wings sleeping on the smooth water at eight o'clock in the morning—for like other inhabitants of the pleasure seeking world of London, they have acquired bad habits of late rising: or in the intoxication of returning spring, wheeling in pursuit of each other in long circles overhead, then rushing down into their native elements, and ploughing long furrows in it on St. Valentine's Day. We want some new White of Selborne to come

here, and, heedless of the din of revolutions, busy himself deep in the philosophy of water-fowl. We can conceive such a man not only spending a long life in this way, but publishing such a book at the close, as would make us regret he had not lived still longer to be able to do justice to the subject. Gentle reader, did you ever see a swan yawn? We have. Not with its mouth certainly. No, with an irresistible air of languor he draws up one leg close to his body, and then slowly stretches it out—very slowly, but further and further still, with such evident gusto and relief, that your own jaws expand in sympathy. Here, too, “one touch of Nature make the whole world kin.”

St. James's Park, with its exquisite finish, surrounded on all sides by buildings, scarcely disturbed by vehicles or horsemen, always wears in our eyes a drawing-room character: it is a sort of in-doors rurality, and such it has been ever since we have records of it as a public haunt.

Its history falls naturally into three epochs:—from the first enclosure of the park by Henry VIII. to its reformation under the auspices of Le Notre, under Charles II.; from the time of the merry monarch till the abolition of the old formal canal by George IV. and Nash; and the era in which we have the pleasure to exist.

The history of the first of these periods ought to be written by an author like Niebuhr, who feels himself put out by facts and contemporary narratives, and builds up a story more true than truth out of hints in old fragments of laws, treaties, and charters. At least the materials are too scanty to admit of treating it in any other fashion.

During the reigns of Elizabeth and the first two Stuarts, St. James's Park can only be considered as a nursery for deer and an appendage to the tilt-yard. The frequent allusions to it as a place of rendezvous by the dramatists of the age of Charles II. are sought in vain in Shakspeare and his contemporaries, with whom St. Paul's occupies its place. It could not well be otherwise. A visit to the palace at Westminster was then going out of London, and to have gone out of the palace into the park would have been in the way of pleasure-hunting a work of supererogation—gilding refined gold. A passage occurs in Pepys's ‘Diary,’ which enables us to form an idea of the comparative seclusion of the park in these days. The date of the entry is not much earlier than that of the notice of the alterations made by Charles II., which ushered in the second period of the park's history: “1660, July 22nd. Went to walk in the *inward park*, but could not get in; one man was basted by the keeper for carrying some people over on his back through the water.” If the reader will consult one of the earlier maps of London, he will find a long, narrow, four-cornered piece of water introduced behind the tilt-yard, extending nearly from side to side of the park, at right angles to the direction of the canal constructed in the time of Charles II. This apparently is the piece of water across which the crowd attempted to get themselves smuggled on

the occasion referred to by Pepys into “the inward park.”

So long as the tilt-yard maintained its interest, the space beyond it would have few attractions for the gazing public. On either side of the park there was a place of resort preferred by the loungers of the times anterior to the Restoration—Spring Garden and the Mulberry Garden.

The period at which Spring Garden was enclosed and laid out is uncertain. The clump of houses which still bears the name, indicates its limits with tolerable exactness. A servant of the court was allowed in the time of Charles I. to keep an ordinary and bowling-green in it. An idea of the aspect of the garden at that time may be gathered from a letter of Mr. Garrard to the Earl of Stafford in 1634:—“The bowling-green in the Spring Gardens was put down one day by the king's command; but by the intercession of the queen it was reprieved for this year; but hereafter it shall be no common bowling-place. There was kept an ordinary of six shillings a meal (where the king's proclamation allows but two elsewhere), continual bibbing and drinking wine under all trees; two or three quarrels every week. It was grown scandalous and insufferable; besides, my Lord Digby being reprehended for striking in the king's garden, he said he took it for a common bowling-place.” The king carried his point; for in a subsequent letter Mr. Garrard says:—“Since the Spring Garden was put down, we have, by a servant of the lord-chamberlain's, a new Spring Garden erected in the fields behind the Meuse, where is built a fair house and two bowling-greens, made to entertain gamesters and bowlers to an excessive rate; for I believe it has cost him 400*l.*; a dear undertaking for a gentleman barber.” The gardens must, however, have been re-opened at a later period, for Evelyn has this entry in his diary, 13th June, 1649:—“Dined with Sir John Owen; and afterwards I treated divers ladies of my relations in Spring Gardens.” They were again shut up under Oliver Cromwell, as we learn from the same source:—“13th June, 1649. Lady Gerrard treated us at Mulberry Garden, now the only place of refreshment about the town for persons of the best quality to be exceedingly cheated at; Cromwell and his partisans having shut up and seized on Spring Gardens, which till now had been the usual rendezvous for ladies and gallants at this season.” The Restoration again gave them to the public; in evidence of which a passage from a writer of the seventeenth century* may be cited, which bears more properly upon a later period of park history, but being introduced here will prevent the necessity of recurring to this branch of the subject:—“The inclosure (Spring Gardens) is not disagreeable, for the solemnness of the grove, the warbling of the birds, and as it opens into the spacious walk at St. James's; but the company walk in at such a rate you would think all the ladies were so many Atalantas contending with their wooers; but

* Quoted, but not named, in Brayley's ‘Middlesex.’



6.—ST. JAMES'S PARK, ORNAMENTAL WATER.

as they run, they stay so long as if they wanted time to finish the race: for it is usual to find some of the young company here till midnight."

The Mulberry Garden was planted by order of James I., who attempted in 1608 to produce silk in England, and to that end imported many hundred thousand mulberry-trees from France, some of which were planted under his own inspection, and the rest dispersed through all the counties, with circular letters directing the planting of the trees, and giving instructions for the breeding and feeding of silk worms. In 1629 a grant was made to Walter, Lord Aston, &c., of "the custody of the garden, mulberry-trees, and silk-worms, near St. James's, in the county of Middlesex." How soon after this the silk-worms disappeared and the gardens were opened to the gay world in the manner indicated by the above quotation from Evelyn, does not appear. He does not speak of the opening of the Mulberry Gardens as anything new. A passage in Pepys's 'Diary,' not long after the Restoration, mentions a visit to these gardens, but speaks rather disparagingly of their attractions. Buckingham House, which stood where the central part of the palace now stands, was erected by John, Duke of Buckingham, in 1703, and the Mulberry Garden attached to the house as private property. Previously Arlington House, and a building to which the name of Tart-hall is given in some old plans, occupied the same site. These buildings seem to indicate the period at which the Mulberry Gardens ceased to be a place of public resort.

Some indications exist of St. James's having become to a certain extent a favourite lounge during, or immediately previous to the civil war. Dr. King observes,—

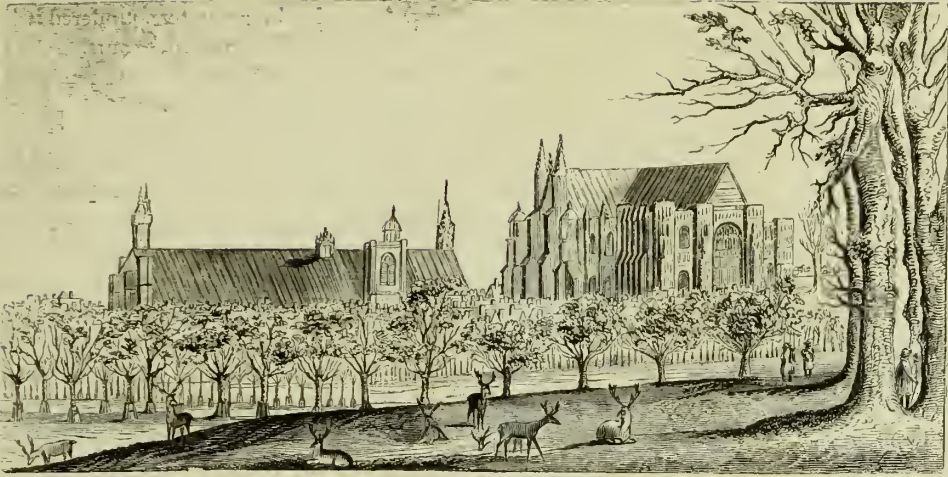
"The fate of things lies always in the dark:
What cavalier would know St. James's Park?"

For Locket's stands where gardens once did spring,
And wild ducks quack where grasshoppers did sing;
A princely palace on that space does rise
Where Sudley's noble muse found mulberries."

After Charing-cross had become more and more connected by lines of buildings with the City, and private dwelling-houses had multiplied along three sides of the Park by Pall-mall and King-street, and the streets behind Queen-square, and when tournaments fell into disuse, the temptation to penetrate into the recesses of the park would increase; and the lines just quoted seem to point at a tradition that it was a favourite haunt of the cavaliers. In the time of Charles I. a sort of royal menagerie had begun to take the place of the deer with which the "inward park" was stocked in the days of Henry and Elizabeth. So far our history has been based upon a very slender foundation. With the restoration of Charles II. begins the era of the park's existence as a public haunt, and materials for its history become accessible.

The design according to which the park was laid out has been generally attributed to Le Notre. Charles seems to have set to work with its adornment immediately on his return. We can trace the progress of the operations in Pepys's 'Diary':

"1660. Sept. 16. * * * To the park, where I saw how far they had proceeded in the Pall-mall, and in making a river through the park which I had never seen before since it was begun. * * * October 11. To walk in St. James's Park, where we observed the several engines at work to draw up water, with which sight I was very much pleased. Above all the rest I liked that which Mr. Greatorex brought, which do carry up the water with a great deal of ease. * * * 1661. August 4. * * * Walked into St. James's Park (where I had not been a great while), and there found



7.—TEMPEST'S VIEW OF ST. JAMES'S PARK.

great and very noble alterations. * * * 1662. July 27. I went to walk in the park, which is now every day more and more pleasant by the new works upon it."

All the future representations of the park during the reign of Charles II., exhibit to us his long rows of young elm and lime-trees, fenced round with palings to protect them from injury. We have such a row in front of the old Horse Guards, and another such following the line of the canals. These are occasionally relieved by some fine old trees, as in Tempest's view above. (Cut, No. 7.)

We are able from various sources, plans, engravings, and incidental notices in books, to form a tolerably accurate notion of the aspect which the park assumed in the course of these operations. At the end nearest Whitehall, was a line of buildings occupying nearly the site of the present range of Government offices,

Wallingford House stood on the site of the Admiralty; the old Horse Guards, the Tennis-yard, Cock-pit, and other appendages of Whitehall, on the sites of the present Horse Guards, Treasury, and offices of the Secretaries of State. The buildings then occupied by the Admiralty stood where the gate entering from Great George-street now is. From Wallingford House towards Pall-mall were the Spring Gardens, opening as we have seen into the park.

The Mall itself (a vista half a mile in length) received its name from a game at ball, for which was formed a hollow smooth walk, enclosed on each side by a border of wood, and having an iron hoop at one extremity. The curiously inquiring Mr. Pepys records:—"1663. May 15, I walked in the park, discoursing with the keeper of the Pall-mall, who was sweeping of it; who told me that the earth is mixed that do floor



8.—GAME OF PALL-MALL.

the Mall, and that over all there is cockle-shells powdered and spread to keep it fast; which, however, in dry weather turns to dust and deadens the ball."

The game was, however, played somewhat differently, even in the park. In a drawing, of the time of Charles II., engraved in Smith's 'Antiquities of Westminster,' we observe a high pole, with a hoop suspended from an arm at its top, and through this the ball was driven. A similar representation occurs in a picture engraved in Carter's 'Westminster.' (Cut, No. 8.)

Immediately to the south of the east end of the Mall, and in front of the Horse Guards, was the Great Parade. The rest of the park was an enclosure of grass-plots, intersected by walks, planted, and having a broad canal running from the parade to the end next Buckingham House. On the south of this canal, near its east end, was the Decoy,—a triangular nexus of smaller canals, where water-fowl were kept. The ground contained within the channels of the Decoy was called Duck Island; of which Sir John Flock and St. Evremond were in succession appointed governors (with a salary) by Charles II. Westward from the decoy, on the same side of the canal and connected with it by a sluice, was Rosamond's Pond. What fancy first suggested this name it might be difficult to conjecture; but this serio-comic description, at the bottom of an engraving of it in Pennant's Collection, tempts to the remark, that it was prophetic of the use which was afterwards to be made of it:—"The south-west corner of St. James's Park was enriched with this romantic scene. The irregularity of the trees, the rise of the ground, and the venerable Abbey, afforded great entertainment to the contemplative eye. This spot was often the receptacle of many unhappy persons, who in the stillness of an evening plunged themselves into eternity!"

The Bird-cage Walk, leading along the south side of the Decoy and Rosamond's Pond, nearly in the same line as the road which still retains the name, was so named from the cages of an aviary disposed among the trees which bordered it.

A road entered the park at the west end, near where Buckingham Gate now stands, crossing it between the Mulberry Garden and the termination of Bird-cage Walk, the Canal, and the Mall. On reaching the Mall it turned off to the west, and wound up Constitution-hill towards Hyde Park-corner. Out of some fields which Charles is said to have added to the park arose in all probability the Green Park, enclosed between this road, the Mall, the houses west of St. James's-street, and Piccadilly, or, as it was then called to the west of Devonshire House, Portugal-street. The Green Park consisted, and consists, of the declivity of two eminences between which the Tyburn once flowed into the Mulberry Gardens, and thence to Tothill-fields and the Thames. The Ranger's House was erected on the slope of the western eminence, immediately south of Piccadilly.

The elegance of the park transformed into a garden,

with the attractions of the rare animals for the curious and the Mall for the gamblers, rendered it immediately the favourite haunt of the court. Charles, whose walking propensities seem to have rendered him a sort of perpetual motion, spent much of his leisure—that is of his whole time—there. Cibber tells us, that "his indolent amusement of playing with his dogs and feeding his ducks in St. James's Park (which I have seen him do) made the common people adore him." It deserves to be mentioned, that this taste for feeding the ducks once stood the speculators of the Mews in good stead. An inquiry having been instituted into the causes of the enormous waste of corn in the royal stables, the whole pilfering was laid on the shoulders of the king—he took it for his water-fowl. He was an early riser; which was sorely complained of by his attendants, who did not sleep off their debauches so lightly. Burnet complained that the king walked so fast, it was a trouble to keep up with him. When Prince George of Denmark complained on one occasion that he was growing fat, "Walk with me," said Charles, "and hunt with my brother, and you will not long be distressed with growing fat." Dr. King, on the authority of Lord Cromarty, has enabled us to accompany the merry monarch in one of his walks. The king, accompanied by the Duke of Leeds and Lord Cromarty, had taken two or three turns in St. James's Park, and after proceeding up Constitution-hill, which was then quite in the country, he encountered the Duke of York returning from hunting as he was about to cross into Hyde Park. The Duke alighted to pay his respects, and expressed his uneasiness at seeing his brother with so small an attendance: "No kind of danger, James," said Charles, "for I am sure no man in England would kill me to make you king." Another of the merry monarch's strolls in the park is characteristic, and rendered more piquant by the decorous character of the narrator, Evelyn, in whose company he was at the time:—"1671. March 1. *** I thence walked with him (King Charles) through St. James's Park to the garden, where I both saw and heard a very familiar discourse between Mrs. Nellie, as they called an impudent comedian, she looking out of her garden on a terrace at the top of the wall, and *** (sic in orig.) standing on the green walk under it. I was heartily sorry at this scene. Thence the king walked to the Duchess of Cleveland, another lady of pleasure and curse of our nation." During this interview with "Mrs. Nellie" the king was standing in the royal garden which constituted the northern boundary of the park—the same garden in which we find Master Pepys in his 'Diary' stealing apples like a school-boy. "Mrs. Nellie" looked down upon him from the wall of a small garden behind her house (near 79, Pall-mall): the scene presents a curious pendant to the garden-scene in *Romeo and Juliet*. Nearly on the same spot was subsequently erected the stately mansion in which old Sarah of Marlborough indulged her spleen. All the associations which gather round this

simple adventure are most grotesquely contrasted. Perhaps, however, a little incident related by Coke is even more characteristic of Charles, from its contrasting his loitering gossiping habits with public and private suffering. Coke was one day in attendance on the king, who, having finished feeding his favourites, was proceeding towards St. James's, and was overtaken at the further end of the Mall by Prince Rupert. "The king told the prince how he had shot a duck, and such a dog fetched it; and so they walked on till the king came to St. James's House: and there the king said to the prince, 'Let's go and see Cambridge and Kendal,'—the Duke of York's two sons, who then lay adying. But upon his return to Whitehall he found all in an uproar, the Countess Castlemaine, as it was said, bewailing above all others that she should be the first torn in pieces." The news of the arrival of the Dutch fleet in the river had just been received. Pepys gives in his 'Diary' a fine picture of a court cavalcade in the park, all flaunting with feathers, in which the same Castlemaine takes a prominent part, while the king appears between her and his lawful wife and Mrs. Stuart (with reverence be it spoken) not unlike Macheath "with his doxies around." Pepys often encounters, also, Charles's brother, the Duke of York, in the park, but always actively engaged:—"1661. April 2. To St. James's Park, where I saw the Duke of York playing at pall-mall, the first time that I ever saw the sport." And—"1662. Dec. 15. To the duke, and followed him into the park, where, though the ice was broken, he would go slide upon his skais, which I did not like, but he slides very well." Skating was then a novelty among us. It is probable that some of the exiled cavaliers had acquired the art while seeking to while away the tedium of a Dutch winter, and that but for the temporary overthrow of the monarchy we never should have had skating in England.

After the death of Charles II. St James's Park ceased to be the favourite haunt of the sovereign. The burning of Whitehall, by occasioning the removal of the court, may in part account for this—in part, the less gossiping turn of succeeding sovereigns. But the love of their subjects for this pleasing lounge has been more lasting.

THE REGENT'S PARK.

The Regent's Park lies at the south foot of the conical eminence called Primrose-hill, which is connected by a ridge, somewhat lower than its summit, with the higher eminence of Hampstead to the north. On the west side of Primrose-hill, a small stream is formed from the drainings of several springs which originally flowed in a southern direction across what is now the Regent's Park, to the Green Park, and the Mulberry Garden, now the garden of Buckingham Palace, and thence through Tothill-fields to the Thames. This is the celebrated rivulet Ay-bourne, or Tybourne, from which, what has been called in later

days, the parish and manor of Mary-le-bone, or St. Mary-on-the Bourne, took their original name. The ancient Manor-house of Marybone stood opposite the old church, where Beaumont-street now stands. (Cut, No. 9.) In the time of Queen Elizabeth it was in the possession of the crown; and mention is made of a stag having on one occasion been hunted within the pale of the park attached to it, for the amusement of the Russian ambassadors. A part of the manor has ever since remained in the crown. Out of this, and some neighbouring fields purchased for the purpose, was constructed the park, which, by its name, reminds us of its having been projected and laid out during the Regency.

The south side of the Regent's Park is about half a mile in length, and parallel to the New-road, which is to the south of it. The east side, nearly at right angles to the south side, extends northward to Gloucester-gate, a distance of almost three-quarters of a mile. The west side, forming an oblique angle with the south side, extends in a direction west of north to Hanover-gate, a distance of half a mile. The northern terminations of the east and west sides are connected by an irregular curve nearly coinciding with the sweep of the Regent's Canal, which passes along and within the northern boundary of the park. A sheet of water extends from Hanover-gate in a south-east direction, parallel to the west side of the park, and, curving round at a south-west angle, continues in a direction parallel to the south side to about the middle of it. Opposite the middle of the west side, an arm of this sheet of water extends at right angles to the very centre of the park. The bottom of the valley, through which Tyburn rivulet flowed in days of old, stretches from its termination up to Primrose-hill, which is nearly due north of it. Nearly two-thirds of the park, forming an oblong parallelogram, slope down on the eastern side of the valley to the former channel of the stream, and the north-east and south arms of the artificial lake which is formed by its collected waters, and which resemble, to use a simile more accurate than dignified, the arrangement of the three legs on an Isle-of-Man halfpenny. Within the houses of the crescent formed by its north-east and south arms is the Ring, the interior of which is occupied by the Garden of the Botanical Society. On the eastern slope, at the north end of the park, is the Garden of the Zoological Society. On the east side of the park, a little south of Gloucester-gate, are the enclosed villa and grounds of the late Sir Herbert Taylor; on the west side, a little north of Hanover-gate, those of the Marquis of Hertford. Along the east, south, and west sides of the park are continuous ranges of buildings, the architecture of which is in some cases sufficiently florid, in others more than sufficiently grotesque. The open north side allows the eye to range over the beautiful uplands, Primrose-hill, Hampstead, Highgate, and the range extending westward in the direction of Harrow.

The history of the park, as a park, is a brief one. An anonymous writer speaks of it, in 1812, as "already one of the greatest, if not absolutely one of the most



9.—MARYLEBONE HOUSE.

fashionable, Sunday promenades about town ;" adding, however, that it "does not appear to be in a progress likely to promise a speedy completion." It is now perhaps as far advanced towards completion as human aid can bring it ; time and the vegetative power of nature alone can give those dimensions to its trees that will reveal, to its full extent, the taste with which the grounds are laid out. Even in their immature state, however, the grounds have much of beauty in them, and the view to the north is an advantage possessed by none of the other parks.

As a promenade, the Regent's Park seems quite as much in vogue as either of the other two ; as a drive, Hyde Park retains its uncontested supremacy. The Zoological Gardens are a source of interest not possessed by the other parks, and the Colosseum is a rare attraction to sight-seers.

The ante-park period of the Regent's Park history cannot be passed over in utter silence. The ancient Manor-house, already alluded to more than once, had a bowling-green, which at the beginning of Queen Anne's reign was frequented by persons of rank, but afterwards fell into disrepute. The amusements of the place are alluded to by Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, who in the line—

"Some dukes at Marybone bowl time away"—

points at John Sheffield, Duke of Buckingham, who was constant in his visits, and gave here the annual feast to his *pendables*, at which his standing parting toast was—"May as many of us as remain unchanged next spring meet here again." Previous to 1737 Marybone Gardens were open to the public ; after that year,

according to Malcolm, "the company resorting to them becoming more respectable, Mr. Gough, the keeper, determined to demand a shilling as entrance-money"—the only instance in which we have heard of a fine imposed upon people for becoming respectable. In 1777 the gardens were finally closed. Their memory will be preserved by Peaehum's regret that Captain Macheath should lose his money playing with Lords at Marybone, and his wife's advice to Fileh to resort thither in order to acquire sufficient value to encounter the dangers of his profession with credit to himself and his patrons.

THE VICTORIA PARK.

If the dingy, unwholesome character of the neighbourhood through which lie the approaches to Victoria Park, are very unsuggestive of the existence of such a place, they at least suggest very forcibly its necessity. And as we do get near, one fancies one can already see traces of its purifying influence. The houses begin to look a little neater and fresher, and new ones are starting up, which are at all events better than the old ones that blacken the once fair face of Bethnal-green. The chief entrance is at the corner of an open grassy space, known as Bonner's Field, and where till recently stood an old house, which was once the residence of the notorious heretic-burning bishop. Thank God ! we seek to purify men's souls and bodies in other fashions than Bishop Bonner's. Close by where the bishop doubtless laboured in thought how to devise constantly fresh schemes to harass and torture those who happened to differ from him in opinion, we find the house of the



10.—VICTORIA PARK.

perintendent of the park, a courteous and intelligent man, whose sole occupation, on the contrary, is to see how he can add to the comforts and enjoyments of all about him by perpetually improving the grounds under his care; and it is no very hazardous assertion to say, that in doing so he troubles himself very little with the opinions of those who benefit by his labours. His house is attached to the entrance-gateway, and forms, altogether, a pretty, picturesque, but not very solid looking structure, where Tudor and modern architecture mix together in a manner pleasing enough, if not very artistical. Crowning the bridge over the canal, just within the gates, we see the pagoda, at present the only other ornamental building of any size erected in the park. (Cut, No. 10.) This stands on an island in a piece of ornamental water, which is as yet unfinished, and therefore scarcely amenable to criticism. A second piece of ornamental water really deserves its name, and will be very charming when the trees and shrubs within and around it have grown up. Here the artisans of Spitalfields and adjoining parts take their morning bath. And how truly they enjoy it may be judged from the numbers who come hither in a summer morning, amounting to four thousand at a time. Another pleasant reminiscence connected with this water is the fact that it is supplied gratuitously and in a very liberal manner by the East London Water Works Company. During bathing-hours there is a constant change of the water going on. Close by is the gymnasium, which is also largely frequented; and where, the superintendent, Mr. Gibson, informs us, the artisans acquit themselves in a really superior manner. Two extensive cricket-clubs are also in operation. Then there are archery games, foot-ball games, &c., &c. Is it not a most cheering fact, and one that appears to be more than ordinarily belonging to our time, that the people do now respond cordially to all enlightened efforts made for the amelioration of their condition? Here, at Victoria Park, behold that fact illustrated by

the presence of 30,000 visitors in a single summer's-day. The division of classes and periods is curiously marked. Sunday morning, up to about one o'clock, is the favourite time of the artisans, while Sunday afternoon is tacitly left in possession of the middle classes. Another interesting period is the children's day, that is Wednesday afternoon, when they have their half-holiday from school.

The Park comprises above three hundred acres, and is therefore large enough. At present it exhibits a bare and in cold days a bleak aspect, from the paucity of trees and foliage. The shrubs that have been planted do not in some parts seem to be at all settled in their new habitation, and the late winter has made serious havoc upon them. The smoke of London threatens to be very injurious to the pine, many of which have been planted. However, all sorts of ornamental trees are planted or to be planted, and if some will not thrive others will, and so in time Victoria Park will become woody, and luxuriant, and beautiful. Beauty will not be thrown away here. Perhaps there is nowhere a population more calculated to enjoy plants and flowers than the weavers of Bethnal-green. All sorts of gentle recreations find favour in their eyes. At dahlia and carnation shows they are great; pigeon and canary fanciers congregate thickly among them. Could not the worthy superintendent give them a lecture now and then? One who has lived in the gardens at Chatsworth for many years, and who has travelled over India collecting new plants—one of the most interesting of occupations, and who now has the care of such a place as this park, and for such a population as that of which we have spoken, must have much to say that will be earnestly listened to, and to a great extent practically remembered.

The entire cost of the Victoria Park has amounted to a little more than £50,000; the annual expense is about £2,000.

PUBLIC GARDENS OF LONDON.

Kew.

Of all the places of metropolitan public resort, one stands out in marked prominence. It cannot be looked upon as a place of enjoyment for its landscape beauty, though it is very beautiful, for its higher claims shut out all such consideration of the lesser ones; it can never be very convenient to the people at large to get at, for it is some six or seven miles from Charing-cross; but it is not the less the most interesting and most important of all our public gardens, and one that we should take especial pleasure in making better known—notwithstanding the fact, that some forty or fifty thousand persons visited it last year.—We refer to Kew, which is as peculiarly our national garden as

the British Museum is our national museum. In the ensuing pages we shall therefore commence our notices of the public gardens of London, with an account of Kew; but before we speak of it generally, let us add, in the spirit of our preliminary remarks, that the people, and we refer especially to the poorer, and to the middle classes, have here, and strictly as their own property, one of the most expensive of modern refinements, and one of the most delightful—a winter garden. It is not called so; it was not in any way formed with such an object; but it is not the less true; and happens thus:—An immense proportion of the collection of plants requires to be either grown altogether or occasionally sheltered in glass-houses; consequently, there are some twenty of these structures at Kew, most of

them handsome—some very large, and one of them so large and splendid (the Palm-stove) that it forms in itself a magnificent winter garden. Or, we might almost rather say, Kew itself is a beautiful garden, without a winter; for you may—nay, you must—step from house to house, and from climate to climate, of varying degrees of warmth, for hours together, even to catch a bare glimpse of the entire mass of its treasures.

And now, before we pass through these handsome iron gates that mark the entrance to the Botanic Gardens of Kew, in a corner of the sedate and quiet-looking Kew-green, let us ask ourselves a question,—What is the object of our visit? Recreation, enjoyment, amusement, may be the answers in most cases. True; but Nature makes laws of her own to regulate these, as well as most other sublunary matters, and she has certainly made it a law, that in order to get amusement itself from a visit to Kew, the visitors must have, or make, some higher object and claim. He who does not study in any way the Elgin marbles, cannot possibly receive any amusement or pleasure from looking at them. He who takes no interest in plants or flowers, if there be such an one, had better stay away from Kew. And we do not call it interest to feel a momentary pleasure in the presence of a flower of an exquisite form, or unusually rich colour, or deliciously-sweet perfume. To feel an interest in flowers implies something much more than this. It is to feel as irresistibly attracted towards them when in their presence, as they feel attracted by and look upward to their fountain of light and warmth—the sun; and, we might almost add, to feel as uncomfortable in their entire absence, as they feel when left unvisited by the life-quickenings beams. And to those who are so attracted (and the garden-literature of our day shows what multitudes are included in that category) all else is comparatively easy. The habits of plants, their native home and parentage, their likeness to and their differences from each other, their uses and their misuses, their grandeur, beauty, or grace, and their oddity, grotesqueness, and occasional deformity, their sweetness of perfume, and their insufferable odour, their histories, poesies, and mythologies; all these, and a thousand other topics, arise to make botany, even to the least instructed of the lovers of plants, one of the most charming of sciences. But when we attempt to descend from these surfaces and externals to the depths of the great argument, and ask of the nature of the life of plants, their organism, their wondrous metamorphoses of organs, their nightly sleep, and their annual seasons of rest; then, indeed, one feels on the threshold of a new world of mental experience and speculation, and, we may say, the first page of the glorious book of botanical science is opened to us.

It is not our vocation to attempt to perform that task for the reader. We can only say we think he will, in all probability, wish such a page to be opened to him after a visit to Kew. And if Kew does that for him in one visit, it will help him to do all the rest

in the many subsequent visits that he will be tempted to make. The gardens offer every facility for study. Since Kew first came into the possession of the Royal family about 1730, when the Prince of Wales, (the father of George III.) took a lease of the property from the Capel family, there has been flowing into these gardens an almost uninterrupted stream of floral and botanical wealth from all parts of the world. The Prince commenced by laying out the pleasure grounds (which adjoin the Botanic Gardens), but died before their completion. His princess then continued the works on a still more extensive scale; Sir W. Chambers was called in as architect, and the exotic collection, which was to become the glory of Kew, was commenced. During the reign of George III., Kew became the favourite royal residence, and statesmen were called into the royal councils to think how Kew should be made more and more rich. The Earl of Bute, for instance, paid particular attention to the gardens. Some of the more eminent subjects of the crown aided in the same interesting work: the Duke of Argyle, the “tree-monger” as Horace Walpole calls him, contributed many of the finest foreign trees. But on the whole, none took more active and successful parts in the prosecution of these labours than Sir Joseph Banks, the President of the Royal Society, and his friend Mr. Aiton, the keeper, (a pupil of Philip Miller,) and who for fifty years kept Kew before the world as one of the first of European gardens. Of course during a century filled with so much of political changes as this last one has been, and resulting in such an immense increase of new territories to England, opportunities have continually occurred of enriching Kew; and they have for the most part, we believe, been taken full advantage of. The chief expeditions of discovery have been similarly laid under contribution. The voyages round the world of Captain Cook (accompanied by Sir Joseph Banks,) Captain Flinders, and Mr. R. Brown; of Mr. Allan Cunningham to Australia; of other men to Brazil and the Cape of Good Hope, rendered Kew unrivalled in its examples of the botany of the southern hemisphere. During the last two reigns a pause, or even a retrogression, occurred; but of late great improvements have been made, and it is not too much to say that at present the gardens are in a state worthy of the country they belong to, and of the extraordinary aids and appliances that they have possessed and possess for their own increase and conservation. Much of this change is owing to Dr. Lindley, who, in 1840, reported to the House of Commons on the state of the gardens. The investigation that then took place resulted in Kew being placed under the management of the Commissioners of Woods and Forests, and becoming—instead of a private royal garden—a public national one. And the spirit of improvement thus commenced, has been fully maintained under the present director, Sir W. Hooker. How much we, the public, owe to this gentleman may be illustrated by a passage from an interesting paper written by Dr. Lind-

ley, in 1847, in reference to Kew as it was, and as it is. "Look" he said "at the state of things in former days. You rang at a bell by the side of a wooden gate, which of itself was perfectly emblematic of the secrecy, the unnatural privacy, of the working principle within. You were let in as if by stealth, as if the gate-keepers were ashamed to see you come, or you yourself were ashamed to be seen there. And when you were there, you were dodged by an official as if you were likely to carry off the St. Helena willow-tree in your button-hole, or one of the smaller hot-houses in your waistcoat-pockets. You entered unwelcome, you rambled about suspected, and you were let out with manifest gladness at your departure.

"How gratifying is the contrast now! You go in by one of the most beautiful entrances that have been erected in modern times, whether we regard the effect of the whole design, or the taste shown in the design of each particular gate. There is no unlocking of a dark door—you walk in freely. Turn to the left, you wander amid the more secluded scenery of the old

gardens, until you reach the hot-houses and the adjacent beds. Or walk straight forward along the bold, broad promenade immediately after you enter, visit the conservatory on your right, and at the end of this promenade turn to the left, and ramble along the far finer promenade, adorned on either side by flower-beds, lawns, and shrubberies, and terminated by the new conservatory, (or palm-house) . . . its terrace and sheet of water, all bounded by the views in the pleasure grounds beyond. It is scarcely conceivable that in so short a time the change from the old close, cribbed, cramped, suspicious, dark system could have been so complete. And yet *there* is the work done, and on the whole, so far, admirably done. The student is free to enjoy access to all these daily increasing stores, and every person is free to enjoy the pleasurable objects presented to his view." Can any thing be more hospitable? Let us enter and accept the invitation in the spirit in which it is offered.

It will be evidently useless for us to attempt to interest the reader in any lengthened description of each particular house in the Kew Gardens, or to present



11.—PALM-HOUSE, KEW.

him with anything approaching to a catalogue of the chief families of plants contained in them. All that can be done in this way has been done in the best manner by the little pamphlet issued by Sir W. Hooker, and which is sold at the gardens for sixpence. This is beyond comparison the most perfect little thing of the kind we ever met with, and should be purchased by every visitor to the gardens. We shall confine ourselves to what may be termed the characteristic features of each of the houses that possesses any character. Thus, to commence with the Conservatory (which was removed hither from Buckingham Palace :) you pass its threshold, and England is left behind you for Australia, whose chief plants and trees surround you on all sides. And eminently remarkable they are. No country has so distinctively a botany of its own as Australia. Its plants, like its animals, exhibit so peculiar an organization, that some entire orders, and a large proportion of the genera are absolutely unknown elsewhere. The Banksias and Dryandras at Kew, with their rigid fern-like foliage and flowers, resembling bottle brushes of a rich brown colour, attract every one's attention. Here too are the plants whose name is Protea—and a most felicitous one it is, considering how changeable is the character of their stems, leaves, and inflorescence, while still preserving a family likeness and union. On leaving the conservatory we see, straight before us, and looking as though forming a part of the gardens, the picturesque old brick building now known as Kew Palace. This was the favourite residence of George III. and his Queen, and was purchased by the former about the time he pulled down the old Kew House. The glory of the Orangery, the next house to be visited, is the collection of pines, the most magnificent of all evergreen forest trees, and which by their distribution over England, will in a century or two alter very materially the character of our scenery. Only the tender ones are indulged in the Orangery. Among these we find the *Araucaria excelsa*, perhaps the handsomest without exception of all trees. There are two magnificent specimens here, reaching nearly to the tops of the house. But there is one very small specimen, only about three or four feet in height, to which we would call the attention of every Kew visitor, if it be but to ask him if he can conceive anything in existence more absolutely perfect in form. For those who have never seen the *Araucaria excelsa*, we may describe the tree, as rising with a perfectly straight stem to an enormous height (in its native country, Norfolk Island) and sending forth regularly from its base on all sides, branch after branch, each shaped like a gigantic ostrich feather, stretched horizontally upon the air, with a droop toward the extremity. True to the character of its native country for singularity, the *Araucaria excelsa*, at different stages of its growth, differs so much in appearance, that an ordinary observer at Kew may often think he looks upon different plants, until he looks at the labels.

The erection of the Palm-stove of Kew may be expected to mark an era in the history of horticultural

architecture : it is so large—so magnificent in all its appointments—and so interesting for the many improvements and experiments there made. The stove consists of a centre and two wings ; the former 100 feet wide and 66 high, the latter 50 feet wide and 30 high. The length is in proportion, no less than 362 feet. It is heated from beneath by stoves, which are connected with an ornamental chimney, standing so far from the stove, that no stranger would suspect any connection between the two. A gallery runs round the lofty centre portion, which is reached by a very elegant circular staircase of iron, looking almost as light as the climbing plants which run all over it, and which give in season some of the most superb of all known flowers. The colour of the glass is an interesting novelty ; of which Mr. Hunt, of the Geological Museum is the author. The object sought was to admit all possible light, but to shut out the fiercest of the heat rays. It was found in the course of a series of experiments made upon palm juices, that it was these heat rays alone that caused the injury palms had been proved to experience, when they were not shaded from the sun. Mr. Hunt has, we believe, succeeded in his object, and the mode is apparent in the pale yellowish green tint of the glass used. Palms—those princes of the vegetable kingdom, as Linnæus called them—are the more conspicuous tenants of the stove, and a glorious company they make. What an interesting subject for reflection—that these magnificent plants were the first inhabitants of the soil of our world, at least of its land portions, as is evidenced by the vast extent of their remains in the coal formation. The palms are also as useful as they are magnificent. Scarcely one of its species but renders man some service. The cocoa palm gives him its nuts, the date palm its fruit, the palmyra palm its sweet juice, which fermented becomes wine, the sago palm its pith, so largely used by invalids, the cabbage palm its crown, as a succulent vegetable, &c. So much for its contributions to the table. Then as for other matters, the fan palm provides in its foliage an admirable material for thatching ; another called the *Iriarte*a furnishes a vegetable wax ; the oil palm gives oil ; another, vegetable ivory ; many afford fibres fitted to be formed into needles, or if you like into cordage instead, (the palm is not at all particular,) whilst many of the more robust growing palms are valued for their timber, and many of the more delicate ones for their elasticity. We may sum up all by saying that the cocoa-nut palm itself, is said to be turned to as many uses as there are days in the year. Is not this the very perfection of organization—the highest imaginable beauty with the utmost imaginable utility? (Cut, No. 11.)

The plantains rival the palms in size and usefulness. Three dozen of the fruit of the one known botanically as the *Musa sapientum* will maintain a person for a week. The plantain is, in fact, frequently the sole support of an Indian family. Some of the sorts are said to be finer than the finest pear. The clusters of fruit weigh from thirty to eighty pounds. In walking round the

stove there are among the smaller plants some few that invariably attract the attention of all visitors. One is the *Maranta zebra*, which possesses probably the richest foliage ever beheld by mortal eye. Amid a thousand beautiful things this ever stands out above all comparison with its compeers. The leaves seem formed of the most superb green velvet, are beautifully striped, and lined with purple. Another is the Caffre bread-tree, with a solid gloomy-looking cylindrical trunk. A third is the exquisitely graceful tree fern; and a fourth the water tank, with a reedy-looking plant, the papyrus, the letter-paper (in a raw state) of the ancients—the fair sheet on which the poets and sages of Egypt, Greece, and Rome, wrote their immortal works. The part of the plant used was the white pith, cut into very thin slices, and joined together with gum. Among the other noticeable stove plants of Kew, are those which give us chocolate, cocoa, coffee, pepper, cassava, bread, cinnamon, tamarind, ginger, Paraguay tea, nutmegs, cloves, the cow-milk tree, arrowroot, rich fruits, whose very name is strange to English ears, as the mangostan, and we know not how many more of the edibles and drinkables for which our merchants ransack the globe. The last plant here that we shall notice is that which first meets the eye in entering at the door on the north-west side, the famous banyan tree, one of the tribe of figs. The drooping tendency of the plant is even here apparent; and would doubtless soon become still more so if the authorities would but accommodate it with a little mould for its shoots to droop into, and a good deal of room to make the most of the opportunity. Under such circumstances we should soon understand what a banyan tree is, by seeing it push everything else out of doors or windows, or smother what remained within. In fact, the expansive power of the tree, through this habit of striking its branches into the ground, which there form roots, and become in effect new trunks that go on repeating the same process, is almost incredible. A regiment of cavalry can easily find shelter under the branches of a respectable banyan. To this tribe belongs the very beautiful and very serviceable India-rubber tree.

Leaving the palm stove, and feeling wonderfully refreshed by the pure natural air of the gardens, after so long breathing an atmosphere, which, however pure, was not certainly intended for our comfort and well-being, we pass on to the little greenhouse where the African crassulas and mesembryanthemums, etc., find their resting-place. Many of the latter resemble the jaws of various animals. This family presents a very interesting phenomenon: the capsules or seed-vessels open only in wet weather to scatter the seed, and close in dry to keep their contents safe from the burning sands of the deserts during such an unpropitious time.

On entering another house, the first object that presents itself is a plant, called the stag's horn, growing out of the centre of a board which is suspended by its edge—a strangely uncomfortable place and position one would suppose, but the plant evidently knows

better than we do what is good for it, and thrives amazingly. One wonder has not yet ceased to impress us ere another and yet another succeeds. In this part it is a pitcher-plant suspending its lidded goblet; in that a fly-trap, which seems to have one sole mission, that of catching between two lobes any poor luckless fly who may venture to pass by, pressing it to death, and then quietly and demurely opening again in due preparation for another victim. He is evidently a vegetable Nero. A very epicure of insect bloodshed! for it makes no use of the fly when caught, does not even eat him—so at least botanists say. The caricature plant in this house is a worthy complement to those we have just named. Look carefully at its leaves,—probably you may be flattered with your own portrait; it is certain many of the spots upon the leaves bear a very striking resemblance to human faces.

The New Zealand House brings us back again to the more elegant simplicities of Nature. Trees of charming foliage, and which, in their native forests, assume an immense development, are to be found here. The New Zealand pine is one of the most valuable trees yet known for ships' spars. The Phormium tenax, or New Zealand flax, is used for an infinity of purposes. Here, too, we find the two extraordinary beeches from Terra del Fuego; one of them is ever-green, with a foliage scarcely larger than the broad-leaved myrtle; and in certain localities, high and exposed, grows so dwarf, thick, and stunted, that the traveller may walk on the tops: imagine our English giant of the forest dwindled down to such a state and size. This beech extends to a further point southward than any other known tree in the world. On all sides we see other plants equally worthy of attention; but we must pass on. Among the remaining houses more eminently demanding notice are, the house containing the pine-apple tribe, which possesses also some magnificent aloes from Africa and America; the Australian House, which (in addition to the conservatory before-mentioned) is rich in plants from our antipodes, the house containing the Arums, Gesnerias, Gloxinias, and Achimenes, and where the splendid *Achimenes picta* were in full blaze during the period of our visit (February); the Camellia House, also then in gorgeous bloom; the Orchid House, the Cacti House, and the Heath House. How we can fancy a gardener of a century ago—say good old Philip Miller—would have gazed in astonishment and almost in adoration on such collections as one or two of these we have named. The heaths and the orchids, for instance. In looking at the last, the orchids (or epiphytes, that is, plants growing upon others)—which would most have struck him we wonder, the inconceivably strange, and varying, and imitative character of the plants,—the enterprise and liberality that had brought them here together from so many distant and almost unknown parts of the world,—or the surpassing skill in his own dearly-loved art, that could alone have brought them to, and which alone keeps them, in so high a state of health? Up and down, in and out, with mould and without mould, on old

rotten trunks; no matter what freak any particular orchid takes with regard to his mode of living and of making himself comfortable in his native land, he is indulged with just the same here; and how contented he is you may see by his gratitude. What exquisitely beautiful flowers! What deliciously-overpowering fragrance he gives us in return for our good offices!

The orchids are odd, but beautiful; the cacti are equally odd, but very far from beautiful, except in their flowers; these are splendid enough in all conscience. It is enough to blind one's eyes to look down a bank of them on exhibition-days. What a contrast to both these are the heaths, not at all singular except it be that they are so singularly beautiful; yet who is there that does not love and cherish them better than either of the others? Unfortunately they are very delicate beauties, and listen only to wooers who will take pains to perfectly understand them. An enthusiastic writer, but who is not at all too enthusiastic, (how could he be, on such a subject?) says "the richness of colour, the elegance and variety of form, the delicacy of texture, or the minute microscopic perfection of their corolla, are such as no words can describe. Lovely as even our wild moorland heaths are, they rank among the lowest in point of beauty in this extraordinary genus, in which all the hues of red, pink, and purple, vie with each other in the most brilliant manner, assuming every tint but blue, and fading into the purest and most transparent white. Some of the species have the corolla as much as two inches long, in others it is not bigger than a peppercorn; in some it is long and slender, in others inflated like a flask, or dilated like a vase of the purest form, or as round as an air-bubble; and there are many in which it is split almost to its base, and immersed in a calyx whose texture and colours are even more brilliant than its own. Here we have a species, the surface of whose corolla rivals in evenness and polish the finest porcelain; there another appears covered all over with hairs, exuding a glutinous secretion which glitters on its side like solid crystals; and some again, have their colours so dimmed by a loose shaggy coat, that their real tint can hardly be ascertained."*

With a few words on the museum we shall conclude these brief notices of the objects to be found in the gardens, and which notices have no higher or wider aim than to suggest some idea of the nature and value of the collection.

The Museum is but young and immature. It is intended to exhibit all such vegetable substances as the living plants cannot show equally well, or at all. Thus we have gutta serena and caoutchouc in various stages of preparation; the products of the various palms before mentioned, as wax, oil, ivory, &c.; lace-bark, from Jamaica; rice-paper, vessels made from the bark of the pottery-tree, rare Chinese teas, African butter, vegetable caterpillars, from New Zealand, &c., &c. There is here a model of the new

* 'Penny Cyclopædia,'—Article Erica: a paper to which we would particularly refer all who are inclined to grow them.

aquatic plant, the *Victoria regia*, the most magnificent herbaceous plant yet known in horticulture.

We have said little of the grounds, although they cannot be passed over without some additional comment. In every part are interspersed hardy trees, and shrubs, and herbaceous plants, of the rarest kinds. The botany of our own country is of course paid especial attention to, and has a compartment to itself under the name of the British Garden. A pinetum is also in course of formation, where all the hardy pines will be cultivated.

We conclude our notices of Kew with the repetition of a wish expressed two or three years since by one to whom, as we have shown, Kew owes much: "We hope to see at Kew," said Dr. Lindley, "a large reading-room, and ample means for study, a public herbarium, a public menagerie, public lectures, and all that can render such a garden most attractive and instructive. We should even be disposed to separate from the British Museum the whole of the botanical department, and a good selection of the modern books on natural history. Where they now are they contribute little to the public advantage; but in connection with a garden, and public lectures, they would have a high value. The officers attached to this part of the Museum might be transferred to the garden, and directed to deliver such lectures; and the whole system might be thus rendered worthy of the nation which supports it." These are the views of an eminently practical as well as of an eminently scientific man, and one whose official position in connection with the Horticultural Society, adds fresh force to his words. On the subject of lectures at Kew, to which, individually, we attach the very highest importance, (for where now can the *poor* student of botany go?) there is one case peculiarly in point, and which should not be forgotten:—Dr. Lindley has himself given, not long since, a series of lectures to the young men employed as gardeners at Chiswick by the Society. But Chiswick is not a public garden, Kew is; hence the greater the utility of lectures there, the higher the honour to those who shall commence this good work.

The Pleasure-grounds adjoining, and partly surrounding the Botanic Gardens, comprise no less than 170 acres of wood and lawn, beautifully laid out in half garden half park style. They are much frequented, and would be much more so but for the absurd restrictions that exist. The grounds are only open two days in the week, Sundays and Thursdays, and that but for a portion of the year, namely, from Midsummer to Michaelmas.

HORTICULTURAL GARDENS, CHISWICK.

What Kew Gardens are to botany, the Chiswick Gardens are to horticulture. The whole vegetable kingdom forms the subject-matter of Kew; whilst at Chiswick only those trees, shrubs, and plants which are ornamental, only those fruits which are edible, are paid particular attention to. Let us run through the gar-

dens on one of the *fête* days,—such a day as that when we were last present,—a day consummately clear, beautiful, and temperate, and with just so much brilliancy as to make quivering leaves sparkle, transform every little pond by the roadside into a sheet of silver, bring forth flower-girls and flower-baskets as a kind of natural spontaneous production,—make omnibus and stage drivers not merely amiable but poetical. Who is it says the fashionable and the aristocratic cannot condescend to be punctual, or to be seen doing anything in haste, or to be ever caught interested? he or they had certainly never been at a Chiswick flower-show. Here is this long seat, beneath the awning that covers the entrance-lane leading to the gates, filled with ladies and gentlemen half an hour before the time of opening the latter, whilst thicker and faster every moment arrive the carriages, till at last there is scarcely standing-room out of the broad sunshine; then, as soon as the gates open, how rapidly the whole disperse through the beautiful grounds, in so many separate streams, each having one of the numerous marquees scattered about for its centre of attraction; and lastly, in following the principal of these streams toward the tent which parties most familiar with such exhibitions make the primary object of attention,—the one in which new seedling plants and flowers are exhibited,—it is pleasant to see the utter hopelessness of our getting any near view within a reasonable time of the delicate and varied things of beauty that make the central stage one continuous glow, fading not even by contrast with the sparkling eyes and rosy lips that are so busy examining and discoursing upon their respective merits. Many a note-book may be seen in use, to preserve the name of that new and magnificent variety of pelargonium, or that pretty pink, or this beautifully formed hearts-ease. A close examination of the faces around will satisfy us, however, that the mere curiosity of the lovers of flowers to learn what new acquisitions they are to expect to their parterres and green-houses is not the only feeling that makes this tent so attractive; something like parental pride may be traced in the countenance of that rosy-featured and white-haired old gentleman, who is expatiating on the novelty of a calceolaria he has sent to the exhibition; whilst in the more serious and business-like persons collected in a little knot here by our side in earnest debate, it is not difficult to perceive so many professional florists; one perhaps chewing the cud of his disappointment at finding the plant he had nursed with such care, and on which he had expended so much valuable time, has been passed unnoticed instead of receiving the solid approbation of a prize; whilst another may be weighing the pecuniary advantage—by no means insignificant—we have heard of new plants making fortunes for their possessors within the last few years—that will result from the confirmed success of *his* favourite.

But it were useless to attempt a description in all its details of a sight so utterly indescribable as the exhibition in question: where we wander from one scene of

floral splendour to another, looking down long ranges or artificial banks of calceolarias, pelargoniums, fuchsias, roses; in which flowers—of every individual hue, finely contrasted with each other, and forming, on the whole, magnificent masses of harmonious colour—alone are visible, preventing almost the sight of a leaf by their luxuriance; where one instant our eyes are both attracted and repelled by the intensely vivid colours of the cacti, and the next soothed and charmed by the delicate and soft tints of the corollas of the exotic heaths; and where, above all, we are almost as much delighted with the beauty and perfume of the orchidaceous plants, as we are surprised at their extraordinary character and modes of growth; here you shall find a plant hung up in a basket, from which the long flower descends through the bottom, there, another growing upon a stump of an old tree, to which its roots are fastened by wires, and yet a third sending up its tall stems and elegant bloom from a square framework of short logs.

Leaving the tents and wandering about the grounds, we presently ascend the only elevation the gardens furnish—the raised base or terrace on which stands the Conservatory, like some gigantic glass bubble which a strong wind might apparently burst, or sweep away altogether, so light does it seem. (Cut, No. 12.) Hence we gaze upon a scene unique, perhaps, in England. Whilst the air is ringing with music, bursting forth now in front, now behind, and now again far away on one side, band answering band, several thousand persons are pouring in and out of the marquees, or moving in slow and dense but steadily-progressive array through the conservatory, or filling the long covered shed where the confectioners' numerous assistants are supplying refreshments without an instant's cessation, or promenading over the lawns, or sitting on the scattered benches in a hundred picturesque little groups which by their repose relieve the continuous sense of motion which the whole so forcibly impresses. And from what classes is this immense and most brilliant-looking crowd composed?—Evidently, the very highest. The indefinable but clearly marked air of elegance and dignity without the smallest appearance of assumption of either of those qualities visible generally, in demeanour, language, and dress, would be sufficient to tell any intelligent observer the character of the assemblage, if he had no knowledge whatever of the purpose for which it was assembled—no means of drawing any inference as to the quality of its members. If, when informed upon these points, he inquired further, he might find this day, in the gardens, an amount of social, political, and intellectual rank, that would surprise him to find collected anywhere, under any conceivable circumstances; but least of all, perhaps, at a flower-show, unless he were aware how universally tastes of this kind had been diffused among the higher classes of society, of late years. This is one feature of the exhibition. We must mention another. The beauty of our countrywomen is proverbial all the world over, yet it may be



12.—HORTICULTURAL GARDENS—CONSERVATORY.

safely asserted that we Englishmen ourselves hardly know what it is in its perfection till we see it here. The poets have delighted to ransack the floral world for the tints, the delicacy, the grace, the sweetness that may best illustrate the personal characteristics of their favourites, whether of reality or fiction, and many a smile, at their expense, have matter-of-fact readers enjoyed in consequence; we suspect, however, that could even the least imaginative of such persons see the loveliness meeting us at every turn in these gardens, pressing us onwards in the tents as we delay an extra second or two of time to contemplate, apparently, this profusely blooming kalmia, or retarding us—not unwilling to be so retarded—whilst it is itself in reality so engaged with a tea-scented rose-tree, they will confess that even such flowers as are here would have the worst of it in a competition for beauty.

There is also an orchard, which is acknowledged to be the most perfect ever formed. We may realise some notion of its extent and value, from the lately published catalogue of the different varieties of trees in it; this catalogue forms an octavo volume: a curious contrast to the original poverty of our country, when, according to Mr. Loudon, the whole collection of native plants might be comprised in a list of two or three lines, as thus: “small purple plums, sloes, wild currants, brambles, raspberries, wood strawberries, cranberries, blackberries, red berries, heather berries, elder

berries, sour berries, haws, holly berries, hips, hazel nuts, acorns, and beech nuts.” There are likewise forcing-houses for grapes, hot-houses for rare exotic plants, and an extensive kitchen garden, for the trial of new vegetables, or of new modes of cultivating the old ones, and for the instruction of young gardeners, who are not admitted into the gardens till they have passed through an examination, attesting something like knowledge of the theory as well as of the practice of their calling, and to whom the gardens are in effect a normal school.

ROYAL BOTANIC GARDENS.

‘The Royal Botanic Society of London’ was incorporated by a Royal Charter in 1839, for the “promotion of Botany in all its branches, and its application to Medicine, Arts, and Manufactures; and also for the formation of extensive Botanical and Ornamental Gardens within the immediate vicinity of the Metropolis.” Exhibitions of flowers are sanctioned by the Society, and the prizes given are not much less in amount than those at Chiswick. The grounds in the Regent’s Park, which are bounded by what is known as the Inner Circle, consist of eighteen acres, which were previously in the possession of a nurseryman, and then formed an almost level sur-

face, the only noticeable deviation being the slight slope of the ground westward. In stepping into the grounds, now, the change is truly surprising, and we do not know where our readers could more readily obtain a practical example of what may be done in picturesque landscape gardening, on the most unpromising site. As we enter, on one of the Wednesday evenings devoted to the promenade, as it is called, a pretty rustic screen of ivy intercepts, for a moment, the view of the interior, which passed, we find ourselves on a very broad gravel walk, adorned with large vases on pedestals, and terminated by the glass Winter Garden. As we pace along this walk we have, on the right, a picturesque-looking mound rising to some considerable elevation from the midst of the irregular grounds about its base, and on the left lawns and shrubberies, behind which the winding walks disappear into the lower grounds beyond, where occasional glimpses may be obtained of a brilliant parterre of flowers. "The mount, at least, is not artificial," we have heard visitors say; but it so happens that not only that, but another of the chief features of the gardens—the fine piece of water close by the mount, show, somewhat amusingly, how these things may be managed. The soil dug out of the bed of the water would have been an expensive article to remove, so it was thrown up close by, and lo!—the materials of the mount; then there was a difficulty as to filling the vacant hollow, and it was in serious contemplation to obtain a supply from some of the water companies, when a few heavy falls of rain settled that matter, and lo! the Lake.

Turning now to the right, and passing on one side the chief body of the promenaders congregated about the stage, on which the band of one of Her Majesty's household regiments are playing, their cocked hats and scarlet coats forming a brilliant picture from different parts of the gardens,—and on the other, the elegantly fitted-up refreshment-room, the walk leads us beneath the shade of a magnificent tree, brushing the ground on all sides with its drooping branches; and thence onward to certain portions of the grounds laid out in gracefully-shaped patterns which, though yet but very incompletely furnished, are, rightly considered, the most important if not the most interesting departments of the place. That large piece of ground, forming a spiral, is for the reception of plants used, or useful, in medicine; and the student who begins at one end of the spiral will find the different orders are all arranged systematically, according to the improved natural system of De Candolle. Another piece of ground here is devoted to the collection of the chief agricultural plants. But the most generally attractive of the whole will be the garden of hardy plants from all parts of the world, lately formed, and which already contains 3000, and will receive at least 7000 more. These are also arranged according to De Candolle's system, and convey still more directly to the eye, owing to the general form of the parterre, than the other divisions mentioned, the affinities of plants with each other. In this part of the

gardens a large and handsome building is also to be erected for the formation of a museum, and to contain the library, reading-room, lecture-room, &c. The facilities offered to students in Botany, at this place, will be apparent from what we have stated. The professor will not need to content himself with illustrating his lecture with a few half-withered specimens collected just as circumstances permitted, but may walk out, like an old philosopher of Greece, into his garden or academy, and teach the most delightful of sciences in the pleasantest of schools.

Returning to the terrace, noticing by the way the taste with which a variety of objects are scattered about, as rustic vases at the intersections of walks, rustic bridges over the water, and the judgment displayed in the more important additions to the original monotonous surface,—such as the sloping mounds thrown up in different parts, which now give such variety and expression to it,—we pass to the lower grounds on the opposite side of the terrace, where the irregularities become still more agreeable and decided. Every few yards the scene changes. Now we descend into a rocky dell, spanned by an arch of rocks, and with a cave, in character with the whole, at one side; then a little rude bridge takes us across a stream winding sluggishly along between its reedy banks; then, a few yards further, and we are in a kind of amphitheatre, formerly devoted to the growth of the beautiful American plants, or those requiring peat soil, the rhododendrons, kalmias, azaleas, andromedas, &c.

Many other interesting floral compartments adorn this part of the grounds, among them a rosary. Here, too, is the Secretary's office, and residence, in a picturesque little building, with a richly-furnished lawn in front, and a fine shady grove, with a cast of Diana and the Hart at one side. We pass on now to the mount, with its winding walks of ascent, at the foot of which are numerous masses of interesting geological specimens. From the summit we obtain by far the finest view of the whole gardens, which from hence have really a charming effect; whilst beyond them, if we look in one direction, we have the handsome terraces of the Park, backed by impenetrable masses of houses, and in another, the ever-beautiful "sister-hills" of Hampstead and Highgate.

Lastly, we proceed towards the great feature of the place—the Winter Garden. Eminently it deserves its name. As we enter the gardens by the chief gate, and pass up the central promenade, the airy structure stands before us—charmingly light and elegant. Not an inch is there of unnecessary rafter to interrupt the light; there is no wall visible above ground, the very pilasters that (we presume) form the chief supports, are faced with ground glass so as to enhance, instead of to detract from, the general effect; the doors are but glass panels, undistinguished, when shut, from the rest of the structure. The shape presented to us from this point is of a projecting semicircle, with an elegantly domed top surmounted by a crown; on each side of the semicircle projects a straight wing at right angles. Looking at the

structure from another part, the back, it presents a series of five gables, forming a prolonged ridge and furrow roof, of which the centre is the largest. The whole covers 15,000 square feet of ground, will hold 2,000 visitors, and cost nearly £7,000. The height of the central part is 37 feet, its span 50 feet. (Cut, No. 13.)

We enter—and feel no words can do justice to the scene presented. It is a veritable fairy land, transplanted into the heart of London,—an actual garden of delight, realising all our ideal. From the keen frosty air outside, and the flowerless aspect of universal nature, one steps into an atmosphere balmy and delicious, and not in the slightest degree oppressive. The most exquisite odours are wafted to and fro with every movement of the glass doors. Birds are singing in the branches. In every direction one sees all that is most stately, or graceful, or drooping in foliage, all that is finest or most richly coloured, or most glowingly superb in flowers. An aloe of magnificent growth demands your admiration at the threshold; long twiners hanging from point to point of the roof in festoons, descend in mid-air and almost touch your face in salutation; a pair of araucarias (*excelsa*), those aristocrats of the pine tribe, compel your allegiance on either side; while yellow acacias, camellias, rhododendrons, &c., &c., in full flower (we mean tall trees) growing in all their native luxuriance, make you again and again pause to ask, *Is this winter? Is this England?* In the very centre, growing in the ground (which is covered by a fine white gravel, having a charming effect of colour, cleanliness and freshness) is one of the most lovely and picturesque of palms—the dwarf palm. Beside such foliage even flowers fail. The eye must return and return to it, whithersoever it wanders. But how is it possible it can grow in such an atmosphere? Nothing can be less like a stove heat than the temperature here. The only answer that we can give is that it *does* grow here, and in most perfect health and beauty, although the thermometer has occasionally given the alarming indication—*three degrees below frost!*

This is emphatically a garden—not a beautiful house for plants merely. All the formality of the walk round the great bed of earth in which the plants grow at the Horticultural Gardens, or round the iron floor on which the plants rest in pots at Kew, is here done away with. The plants really form a garden, in and among which you walk. The chief ones are growing in the actual soil, though the white gravel comes close to every stem and covers up all beneath. A scarlet geranium treated in this way has reached some seven or eight feet up a pillar, and is nearly all the year round in flower.

Elegant little iron tables are scattered every here and there, filled with little floral gems in the way of hyacinths, narcissi, &c., &c.; and beside each table a chair invites you to sit down and enjoy them. Nay there is even something more substantial still, offered; orange trees in full fruit in one part—shaddock with their truly magnificent fruit in another: we do not however undertake to say the visitor is quite at liberty

to help himself. We fear no winter garden could stand that. A part of the garden at one end is formed into a small stove, very pleasing and picturesque, but suggesting inevitable recollections of Kew, and of course to its own disadvantage.

The society has lately taken stock of its treasures, and the result is very satisfactory, considering how few years it yet numbers—nearly 3000 species of hardy herbaceous plants, nearly 1300 hardy trees and shrubs, and 1800 species and varieties in the glass houses; and all these numbers are daily increasing.

THE ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS.

If one were desired to name the most delightful lounge in the metropolis, difficult as the task of selection might seem to be amidst so many attractive spots, the Zoological Gardens in the Regent's Park must, we think, be the chosen place. Equally suited to the young and the old, the solitary and the gregarious, the cheerful and the melancholy, the ignorant and the learned, all are here sure of enjoyment at least, and it will be strange indeed if instruction, in some shape or other, does not follow. Pacing its broad terrace-walks, or winding about among its leafy passages, here idly pausing to glance at some newly-blown flower, there (where the unoccupied seat woos us) at some picturesque combination of tall waving trees, reflected with all their restless lights and shadows in the clear waters of the little lake at their feet, like a second green world below; leaning now against the parapet of the bridge over the tunnel to gaze on the comparatively comprehensive view of the demesne thence obtained with the mounts, and dells, and islands, and lawns, and parterres, and rustic habitations so harmoniously intermingled (Cut, No. 14.): and, now, descending to the stern-looking depths beneath, where, with the carriages of fashionable London rolling over your head at the distance of but a few feet, you may imagine, without any great exertion of the fancy, that you have accidentally wandered into the remote subterranean habitation of some hermit, who, in this gloom, finds his eyes more naturally turn their glance inwards to the contemplation of his own nature, to whom this deep silence is dear, since it enables him the better to hear the voice of his own heart;—thus or similarly occupied, we might saunter through the Gardens without missing or desiring any other sources of interest. But the beautiful place has its own proper inhabitants: turn that corner, and you are possibly *tête-à-tête* with a tall dromedary; cross that velvet lawn, with its richly blooming beds of flowers, and you are suddenly arrested by a couching lioness; here you open the door of a pretty-looking piece of Swiss architecture, and are in a kind of domestic “wilderness of monkeys;” there, as you are trying to make out what forms there are in the cages on one side of a dark passage, a tap on the shoulder makes you suddenly turn in alarm towards the other, where you perceive dimly some vast moving bulk, to find the outlines of



13.—HORTICULTURAL GARDENS.

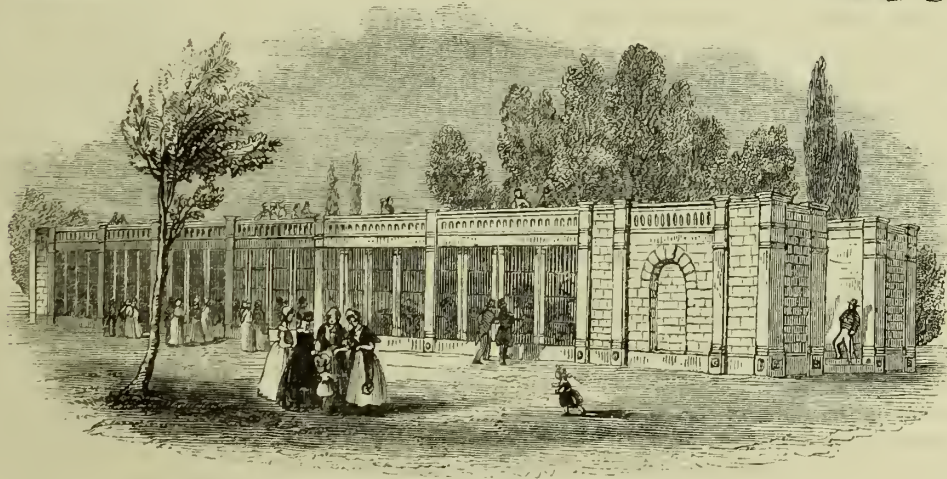
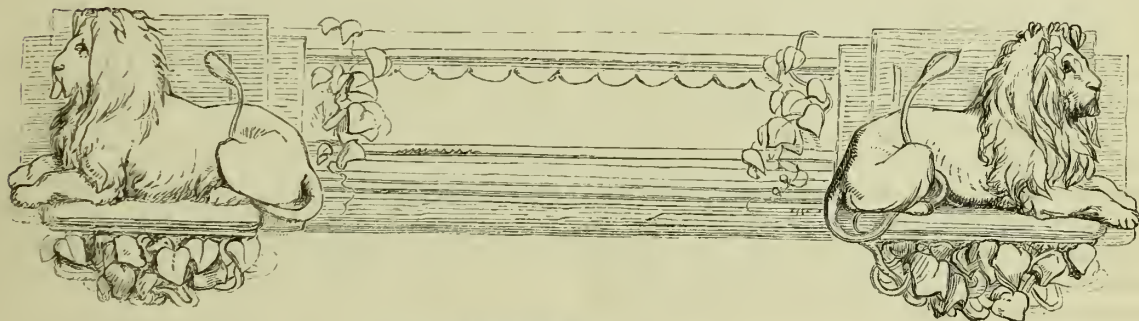
which your eyes rise higher and higher, till at last an elephant's gigantic frame becomes visible, his trunk near enough to take you up, so that he may more conveniently see who *you* are, should he be so minded: it is not till we are out of that narrow passage, and secure from any more such surprises, that we can satisfy ourselves that a friendly shake of the hand, in elephant-fashion, was most probably all that was desired, unless indeed we choose to add thereto any little delicacies from the adjoining refectory—trifling but satisfactory proofs of our friendship, which the elephant, in his cordial good-nature, never takes amiss. But the number and variety of these inhabitants!—there really seems no end to them. A visitor who, after spending some hours here, sauntering hither and thither, just as curiosity or impulse guided, should discover a good half of the collection, would deserve every praise for his industry and tact. Still more surprising, rightly considered, than even the number and variety of the families that compose this strangest of villages, are the differences as to the quarters of the globe whence they have respectively come. Listen but to the characteristic sounds that rise from time to time: the low growl of the bears from the eternal snows of the Polar regions; the hoarse screams and piercing cries of the tropical birds, whose plumage speaks them the children of the sun; the magnificent roar of the lion: but, in short, the whole world has been ransacked to people these few acres of soil, where the magic of skill and enterprise has overcome all difficulties—reconciled

conflicting seasons, and tempers, and habits—formed, from the most heterogeneous of materials, one of the most thriving, and orderly, and happiest of communities. How admirably man can govern everything but himself!

A broad terrace walk extends from the little rustic lodges at the entrance, in a straight line onwards, bordered by flowers, shrubs, and trees on each side, and which is now continued at the same level for some distance, over the lower ground, by a handsome viaduct, which covers a long range of roomy cages beneath, and forms the most striking feature of the gardens. Here the carnivorous animals,—the lions, tigers, leopards, &c., are located; and it is found that by having a large space for exercise and for the admission of fresh air, set apart for each animal, with a small sleeping place behind, that artificial warmth may be dispensed with, to the advantage of the animals' health. Branching to the right of the terrace-walk, immediately on our entering, we find a winding path among lofty bushes and trees, presently opening on our left, and presenting a fine view over the park, in the foreground of which are grazing various novel-looking inhabitants for an English pasture-ground; and continuing along the same path, on our right, appears the New Aviary, an actual *bird palace*, with an architectural façade. Here we have the bird cottages at the back, with doors and windows, then a promenade under glass, outside the cottages, and beyond that again, the open garden of the palace, with its trees, fish-ponds, &c., &c. One



14.—ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS—THE BRIDGE.



15.—ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS—CARNIVORA CAGES.

could almost wish to be a flamingo or a curassow to be so handsomely lodged and treated. The curassows are the domestic birds of the farm-yards of Peru and Mexico; and which, in a wild state, are so common in the woods of Guiana, that a hungry traveller looks upon them as certain resource when ordinary provisions fail, for their flesh is white and excellent, and their disposition so accommodating that they will remain perfectly quiet on their perches in the trees whilst he helps himself to his mind and appetite. It may not be generally known that these birds may be bred with as much ease in England as our own poultry. Returning to the terrace we find, at the point of junction of the terrace walk and the carnivora terrace on the right, in a deep square pit, those amusing climbers, the cinnamon and brown bears. They are idle this afternoon, and not even a cake will tempt them to mount the tall pole. Their prenomens are derived from their handsome brown coats, in which, as well as in locality and in greater ferocity in their natural state, they differ from the American black bears, of which species they are considered to be a variety: specimens of the latter are also to be found in the gardens.

Descending by a circuitous path on the left of the terrace, commanding a charming little bit of scenery, with a lawn and pond in the foreground at the bottom, we find a large octagonal cage, occupied by the king vulture, a very beautiful bird, and as cruel and ferocious-looking as beautiful. In summer the macaws are also to be found about this spot, most splendid in their red and yellow—and red and blue plumage; and who, by their most un-bird-like tumult, seem desirous to show that there is some truth in the philosopher's idea of a kind of compensating principle in nature: it appears we must not expect the songs of the nightingale, the lark, or the blackbird from magnificently arrayed exteriors, or that the last-named birds, whilst enchanting our ears, should at the same time dazzle our eyes. The path, now running between the macaws' cage and the llama-house opposite, conducts us to the lawn rich with purple beech, and with its sparkling little piece of water, dotted over with aquatic birds—among which black swans and eider ducks are conspicuous—and with little raised nests or boxes. In the centre a fountain

“Shakes its loosening silver in the sun.”

A beautiful and very familiar species of *Coreopsis* geese, from New Holland, deservedly attract much attention. They are numerous, and have been all bred from a single pair. These might be naturalised in our farm-yards, and their flesh is said, by some travellers, to be more delicate than that of the English bird. A wonderfully interesting collection of birds occupy the cages on the right of this piece of water; crowned cranes; blue crowned pigeons; enormous cassowaries, with beaks like helmets, which extend backwards right over their heads; storks, standing on one leg, each on its own granite pedestal, in solitary and most sculpturesque repose and dignity, &c. The

pelicans have a rock home or grotto of their own, with court-yard and pond in front, entirely covered by a magnificent tree, forming a perfectly horizontal canopy. Here, they seem to grow fatter and fatter every day; already their cream-coloured bodies are so puffed up that the long beaks cannot but repose upon the breast beneath. Whistling ducks, sheldrakes, and garganey teal, are here also to be found. Close by are the ostriches and emus. These last are among the wonders of the animal creation—creatures with wings that cannot fly, birds with the habits and strength of limb of quadrupeds. The emus, for instance, kick out like a horse, and the blow is strong enough to break a limb. The family of emus includes also the ostrich, the cassowary, and the dodo, once thought to be fabulous, but now proved to have existed; though, it is to be feared, existing no longer.

We turn now to the Carnivora Terrace, where we pass in succession the most powerful and ferocious of the wild beasts of our globe. (Cut, No. 15.) The first cage contains pumas or panthers, often called lions. Mr. Kean's favourite animal was a puma, and a very interesting specimen, as showing the erroneousness of the received opinion that the puma was irreclaimable. No dog could be tamer or more docile than Mr. Kean's Tom, which it will be remembered was the gift of Lord Byron. Next are black leopards—then more pumas—black bears—and spotted leopards,—whose tastes, when opportunity is given for their development, seem to be in harmony with their appearance. A lady, Mrs. Bowdich, now Mrs. Lee, won the heart of one of these animals by lavender-water, which it was so extravagantly fond of, as to be trained into the habitual sheathing of its claws, by the mere punishment of the loss of this luxury when it did not. Isabella bears succeed; then the hideous striped and spotted hyænas from Africa. Some of the old stories have a touch of poetry about them; according to one, the hyæna was accustomed to imitate the language of men, in order to attract wandering shepherds, whom it then devoured.

Turning the corner at the end of the terrace, we find the opposite side is provided with an extra covering or roof of glass in front of the cages, for the more magnificent and less hardy animals there located. First comes the royal Bengal tiger; than which it is impossible to imagine a living organism combining at once more beauty, and strength, and ferocity. How it paces to and fro, seeking apparently whom it may devour. In striking contrast are the three lions in the next cage, all reposing in the most supreme dignity of form and character. The chetah, or hunting leopard, in another cage, must arrest every one's attention by the contrast between its long and high body, and absurdly small head. There is no getting rid of the impression that body and head have come together by some extraordinary accident. Tigresses, lions and lionesses together, jaguars, follow in due succession. We have spoken of the strength of the royal Bengal tiger, and may add that this is a common characteristic

of the feline tribe. Leaps of twenty feet or so are mere bagatelles with both the lion and the tiger; man is like a plaything in their grasp; the powerful Indian buffalo can be carried off by them without difficulty. No wonder, then, that the sound of their roar in their native forests inspires terror in the bravest man, as well as in the most timid beast.

At some distance beyond the termination of the viaduct, and in the same line, a piece of water attracts attention, even more by its own beauty than by the variety of its aquatic inhabitants. Small but luxuriantly-wooded islands are scattered about the centre, the banks are thickly fringed with reeds, and bordered by elegantly-flowering shrubs, suitable to the kind of scenery indicated; and altogether it is impossible to imagine a much happier existence than these waddling, and swimming, and diving rogues here enjoy—these Brent, and Canadian, and Chinese, and Egyptian, and laughing geese—these tufted, and crossbred pintail, and penguin ducks—these teal, and shovellers, and pochards. In his way, too, the polar bear, in the neighbourhood of the pond, is luxuriantly lodged; he has got his comfortable den, and his pool of water, where he may swim about, and fancy he is once more breasting the seas of the polar regions, swimming his thirty or forty miles at a time, as they have been seen in Barrow's Straits. It is true a seal now and then would perhaps make him more comfortable, of which animal he is the great tormentor; but *Can't-be* is the most persuasive of practical philosophers, and seldom fails in teaching resignation. The monkey-poles, close by, are as yet unoccupied, through the coldness of the season, so we pass on to the condor's cage. This bird's real size, which is among the largest of the vulture family, measuring occasionally no less than fourteen feet from tip to tip of wing, when outspread, is perfectly insignificant compared to its old repute, when it was esteemed to be the veritable roc of the 'Arabian Nights.' And that there was such a bird who could doubt, after seeing or reading of that famous "claw of the bird roc, who, as authors report, is able to trusse an elephant," which was in the famous museum of the Tradescants? there was no resisting the claw. Fortunately, however, the roc still keeps in his mysterious solitude, and the condor proves to be a very different bird; which is also fortunate, for as there is scarcely any killing him, but that, such as he is, he must remain till he pleases in his own good time to die, there is no saying what would become of the world had a race of immortal rocs taken possession of it. As an instance of this remarkable tenacity of life in the condor, we remember that Humboldt describes some Indians strangling one with a lasso, who afterwards hung it upon a tree, and pulled it forcibly by the feet for some time. They then took it down, removed the lasso, and the condor got up and walked about as though nothing particular had happened.

But what is this great pile of rock-work, almost big enough for a human habitation, covered with foliage, and surrounded by its own little but deep lake of water?

The tenant must be of sadly vagrant habits to desire to leave such a complete little estate, yet the wire-work over the whole seems to indicate as much. That is the otter's home, one of the great centres of attraction in the gardens at the animal's dinner-time, when live fish are thrown into the water, which he catches with astonishing skill and rapidity.

We have now reached a kind of central spot of the portion of the gardens, that lies on this side of the Park-road, and a charming little place it is, with walks branching off in different directions, each between its own high, green, and blooming banks, with lawns, and beds of flowers in the centre, a pretty-looking and elegantly furnished building for refreshment on one side, the monkey-house on another, the otter and other cages, just mentioned, on a third. The monkey-house has a wired enclosure, extending all along one side, for their out-door enjoyments in the summer. We must step into the house, to pay our respects to these most amusing of organized beings. For our part, we do not understand how it is physicians are so often puzzled by cases of hypochondria: why do they not send their patients here? Look at that beau, examining his nails with as much attention as if to have a fine hand were the end and aim of monkey existence. Another, after a series of gambols, for your especial benefit apparently as a stranger, stops suddenly, his tail circling over his head, and cocks his eye at you with the most irresistible effect. This little fellow here appears to be puzzled to know what we are doing with our note-book and pencil, so mounts quietly up the wires, till he can look down upon the paper. As to their gambols, a school broke up for the holidays seems but a faint imitation. Their power of locomotion is familiar to every one; but really the amazing distance to which some of these monkeys can throw themselves (for that word expresses best the character of many of their movements), scarcely appears less wonderful for the fiftieth than for the first time. Among the other striking features of the monkey-house that our space alone admits of our noticing, is the sonorous bark of one of the baboons, the human-like character of that cluster of faces of the bonnet monkeys, and the exceeding grace and prettiness of the diminutive marmosets. A variety of objects must here be passed summarily over,—such as the ponds for the American teal, ducks, &c.; the building containing the family of birds in which the destructive power has been developed to its highest extent, the vultures and eagles,—some of the latter, as the Brazilian Caracara eagles, are remarkably beautiful; the parrot-house, containing the finest living collection in the world of the most beautiful of all birds, macaws, cockatoos, parakeets, which combine with the loveliest of known tints, great docility, imitative power, and attachment to those who are kind to them, in a state of domesticity; the aviary for small birds, a handsome-looking semicircular piece of architecture, where among weaver birds, and Paradise grackles, and rice-birds, and mocking-birds, a brilliant scarlet ibis especially attracts the eye. We

now cross the bridge over the mouth of the tunnel, and then pass on to the owls' cages, where, at this moment, three are sitting in one compartment, side by side, so grave, so solemn, and judge-like, as to provoke the remembrance of the old jest of their likeness to a bench of magistrates; thence to the dove-cote. In this part we find the bison,—a formidable looking animal seen thus solitary and in captivity, but which must be indeed terrible when beheld almost covering, with their immense numbers, the savannahs of the remoter districts of North America; or as when Lewis and Clarke watched them, crossing a river in such multitudes, that, although the river was a mile broad, the herd stretched, as thick as they could swim together, from side to side.

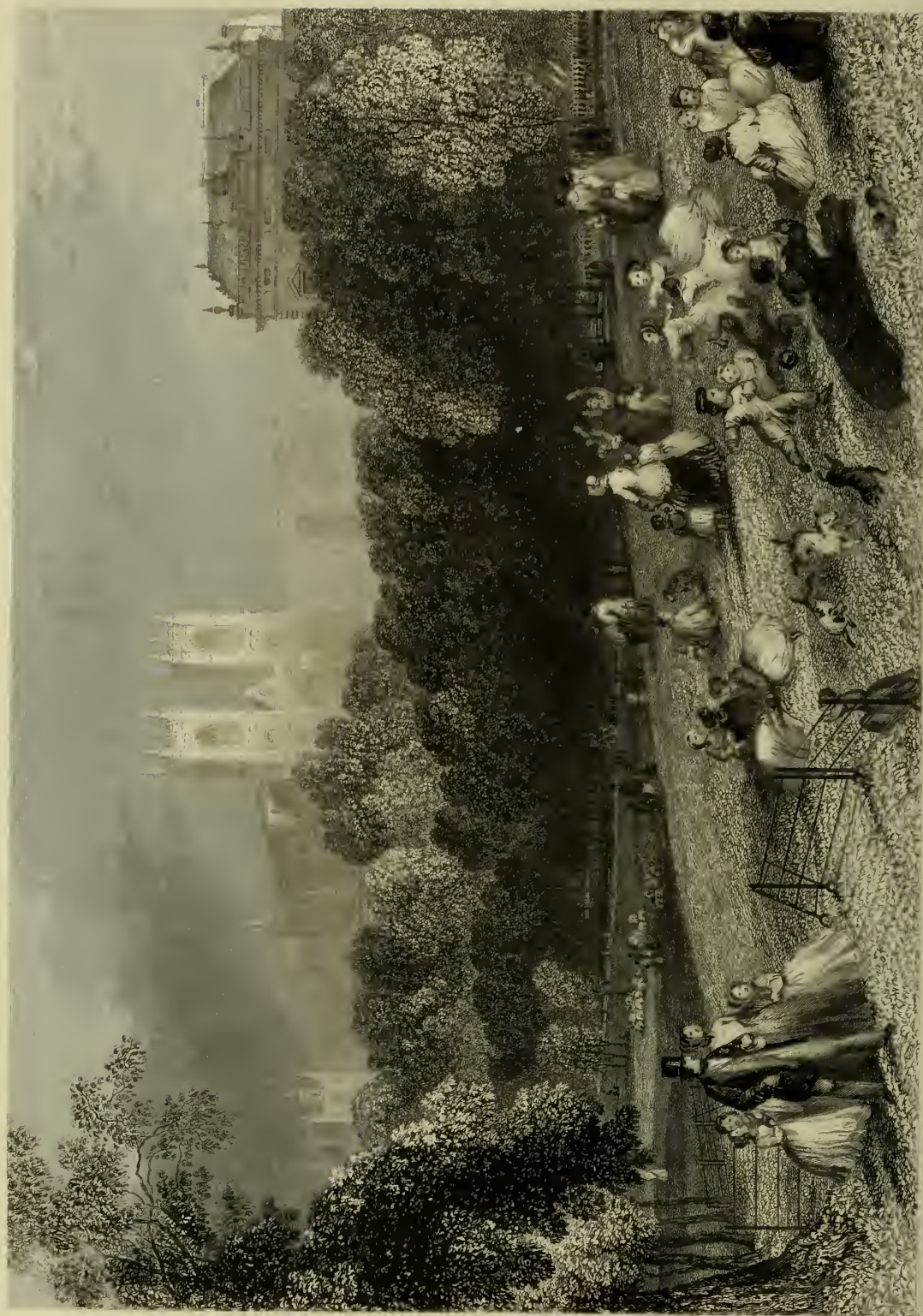
Here there is another pond for geese, where the wild swans should not be passed without notice, not simply as natives of Great Britain, which have occupied in past times so much royal attention, but as the species which has in all probability given rise to the beautiful fable, so celebrated by our poets, of its dying amid the sounds of its own music. And here again, it seems, there is the slightest possible ground-work for the idea; its note, which resembles the word "hoop" uttered several times in succession, is said not to be unmusical heard from above, as the birds sweep along in their wedge-shaped array.

Having passed through the tunnel, by which the grounds on the opposite sides of the park-road are connected, we reach the secluded-looking spot, completely embosomed in lofty trees, and with steep banks sloping down towards the waters of the Regent's-canal, where we find the Museum, rich in materials illustrative of the general objects of the society; and the new Reptile House, which forms one of the most attractive features of the garden. Here are the sand lizards of Egypt, burrowing deep into the gravel of their cage. Here, too, is the Indian cobra, with the remarkable expanding membrane, which rises on each side of the head and neck when the animal is irritated. We shall never forget the proud fierce arch of that body, neck, head, and membrane, all so fixed and immovable, as the cobra rose, forcibly disturbed for our examination. It looked like some evil spirit hovering over and enwrapping, as it were, its prey, notwithstanding the tiny form in which that spirit was embodied. In another cage we have Cleopatra's asp, which when disturbed from the sand moves sidelong in a most remarkable manner,

all the folds of the body advancing at the same time on the same level. Pythons, boa constrictors, puff-adders, and rattlesnakes, help to tenant this house. A pretty collection of innocents certainly. How it makes one shudder at the idea of being left in the dark in such a place, and at the possibility of any of the cages opening. The rattlesnake offers a peculiarly interesting exhibition. You can see and hear the whole mystery relating to the rattle; this is at the end of the body or tail, and is formed of a few scales of a horny character, connected together by a membrane. When you have in any way excited the snake's indignation, you will see that rattle quivering with an almost inconceivable speed, and hear its loud note of indignation for some five minutes probably before the injured reptile can forget its wrongs, and sink back into its quiet sand at home.

We are now approaching the extremity of the gardens, where completely embosomed in the green wood, are various buildings scattered about, as that for the peccary sties, where is the collared peccary from South America, really a beautiful little pig, with slender delicate legs and feet, intelligent aspect, and particularly clean appearance. Here also are the Elephant House and the houses of the superintendent and head keeper; the former having one of its rooms devoted to the reception of a variety of small tender quadrupeds, as the flying opossum, the brown coati-mundi, the golden agouti, porcupine, Indian tiger-cat, jerboas, &c., &c. And, lastly, a remarkably lofty building appears before us, with an enclosed yard on the left, where the trees, fenced to a most unusual height, and with a projecting guard at the top of each fence, seems to imply we have got among some creatures from the scene of Swift's geographical discoveries—that mysterious land of Brobdingnagg, which not all British skill, and capital, and enterprise, have yet been able to find the way to. And when we do get within the building, and perceive it is the giraffe-house and park that we have been gazing on, it is difficult to resist the impression that these most beautiful and delicate, but, to the very eyes that behold them, almost incredibly tall creatures cannot belong to any part of our planet with which we have been hitherto familiar. There are now several here; males and females, some born in the gardens, and enjoying, we are happy to say, excellent health. There are some kangaroos from Australia in the same house.

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PARK—VIEW NEAR BUCKINGHAM PALACE

EXHIBITIONS OF LONDON.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

DURING the reign of the first George and part of that of the second, it seemed as though the nation at large were inclined to participate in the well-known contempt of one of those monarchs for "*Bainting*," whatever it might do as regarded his similar opinion of "*Boetry*;" at all events, since anything deserving the name of art had existed in this country, never before had the prospect seemed so hopeless. The admirable works of Holbein and Vandyke, and, in a lesser degree, of Lely and Kneller (all foreigners), which had been scattered so profusely abroad through the palaces and mansions of England appeared to have fallen on a soil barren, as far as they were concerned, but most prolific of the ranker and more gaudy kinds of vegetation. Whilst the national mind appeared to make no response to the exertions of the great painters we have mentioned, the sight of the acres of garish canvas—

"Where sprawl the saints of Verrio and La Guerre,"

set us all decorating our staircases and ceilings in a similar manner; mythology was made easy to the humblest capacities; Jupiters and Junos, Venuses and Mercuries, flocked about us in the most condescending fashion—*high* art was to be our own at once: there is no saying how soon the spirit as well as the forms of the art-religion of ancient Greece might not have been revived among us, but for the unlucky sarcasms of those wicked poets! At the period of the accession of George II., our most eminent native artists were Sir James Thornhill, the painter of the dome of St. Paul's, and the great hall of Greenwich Hospital; works which, whatever admiration they excited in his own day, when he successfully disputed the palm of reputation with La Guerre, are now at least as remarkable for the mode in which they were paid (forty shillings a square yard), as for their excellence; Hudson, the chief portrait-painter; and Hayman, the decorator of Vauxhall, and the author of many illustrative designs of '*Don Quixote*' and other publications. When such were our great men, no wonder that French critics amused themselves with speculations on the cause of what they declared to be our evident unfitness ever to be distinguished in art, and kindly consoled with us on our ungenial climate and our defective physical organization. If they could have seen what was then going silently on in different parts of England, these sagacious critics would have saved themselves much trouble, some confusion, and have derived a lesson as to putting their own house into order, which would have been useful. Holbein and his immortal followers, it turned out after all, had *not* come to an ungenial soil; on the contrary, it appeared they had been slowly doing that which it is the prerogative of genius

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only to do—making equals, and not imitators. It was not long after the commencement of the reign of George II., that Sir James Thornhill, on rising one morning, found on his breakfast-table some etchings of so remarkable a character, that when he learnt they were by his poor son-in-law, who had offended him by marrying his child without his consent, he at once forgave them both. The etchings were some of the as yet unpublished engravings of the '*Harlot's Progress*;' the poor son-in-law was Hogarth. In the same street where this scene took place—St. Martin's-lane—a few years after, a young painter from Devonshire had established himself after having visited Rome; and older artists, talked of the absurd heresies he was practically broaching. Hudson, before mentioned, who was his old master, went to see him, and after looking for some time on the picture of a boy in a turban, exclaimed, with an oath, "Reynolds you don't paint so well as when you left England." Another eminent portrait-painter, who had studied under Kneller, also came to the studio and expressed his opinions:—"Ah! Reynolds, this will never answer; why, you don't paint in the least like Sir Godfrey!" The young artist, by no means overwhelmed, answered with quiet confidence, and explained his reasons (which of course embodied all his novel views in art), with great ability, till at last Ellis cried out, "Shakspeare in poetry, and Kneller in painting, d—e!" and marched out of the room. Not many years had to elapse before that heretical student was acknowledged the master of a genuine and lofty English school of painting, and posterity has confirmed the opinion of contemporaries. Lastly, about the same time, Gainsborough, yet a boy, was obtaining holidays from school by ingeniously forging notes of leave from his parents, for the purpose of making sketches in the beautiful woods which surrounded his native place in Suffolk; and Wilson, the English Claude, was being happily turned from portrait to landscape by an accident. Whilst studying at Rome, he waited one morning a long time, anticipating the coming of the artist Zuccarelli, and, to beguile the time, sketched the scene he beheld through the windows before him. Zuccarelli, looking on it when he came, was astonished, and asked Wilson if he had studied landscape. The answer was in the negative. "Then I advise you to try, for you are sure of great success," was Zuccarelli's immediate remark; and Vernet, an eminent French painter, spoke to the same effect. The picture of Niobe marked his return to England, and caused his immediate recognition as a painter of high genius. It is to these men that we chiefly owe the extraordinary advance in English art which has been made in the space of a single century. From the

period of their advent we may date the rapid disappearance of the historical pictures of the La Guerre and Thornhill school, "the mobs of the old divinities—nymphs who represented cities—crowned beldames for nations—and figures, ready ticketed and labelled, answering to the names of Virtues;"* and with them went the artists who were at first Reynolds's chief rivals, and whom he describes as having "a set of postures which they apply to all persons indiscriminately: the consequence of which is, that all their pictures look like so many sign-post paintings; and if they have a history or a family piece to paint, the first thing they do is to look over their commonplace-book, containing sketches which they have stolen from various pictures; then they search their prints over, and pilfer one figure from one print, and another from a second; but never take the trouble of thinking for themselves." In place of all these different kinds of inanities, Hogarth now set the town considering the stern realities of life, and instilled into them his wholesome morality; Reynolds showed a truer divinity, hedging in the shapes of humanity itself, than Verrio had ever fetched down from Olympus; and Wilson and Gainsborough revealed the natural beauties of the every-day world to thousands who had at least practically forgotten them. It was during the height of the reputation of these men that the Royal Academy started into existence, and chiefly in consequence of their exertions.

It appears from Hogarth's memoirs of himself that the first attempt to form a kind of artists' academy was made about the beginning of the eighteenth century "by some gentlemen-painters of the first rank, who in their general forms imitated the plan of that in France, but conducted their business with far less fuss and solemnity; yet the little that there was, in a very short time became an object of ridicule." The single object then desired was a school for drawing from the living model; and it is curious, and an unanswerable evidence of the low state of the arts, that in so important a matter nothing should have been done previously, or more effectively when undertaken. But the public had an idea that some of these meetings were for immoral purposes, and the artists had not a little difficulty to overcome on that score. The Duke of Richmond had the credit, later in the century, of establishing the first school in this country for the study of the antique, having fitted up a gallery with a number of casts, busts, and bas-reliefs, "moulded from the most select antique and modern figures at that time in Rome and Florence." Cipriani was one of the teachers here for a few months. Other associations, of the kind before referred to, sprang into existence from time to time. Vertue in 1711 was drawing in one, of which Kneller was at the head. Sir James Thornhill also founded one at the back of his house in St. Martin's-lane, which, Hogarth says, sunk into insignificance; and after his death, Hogarth, becoming possessed of the apparatus himself, caused the establishment of another, ultimately known as the Society of

* Allan Cunningham's 'British Painters,' vol. i., p. 51.

Incorporated Artists, from which the Royal Academy, which Hogarth so strenuously opposed on the ground of the deleterious influence he conceived such establishments would have on art, may be said to have arisen. This is by no means the most noticeable feature of the contrast between Hogarth's intended opposition and actual support. A new advantage was soon discovered by the artists in the combination they devised, the advantage of exhibition, and it is one that has since kept the body firmly together by its potent influence. For this, also, the Academy is indebted chiefly to Hogarth. On the erection of the Foundling Hospital, it was desired, in accordance with the taste of the day—and an admirable taste, too, if better use had been made of it—to decorate the walls, &c. But the charity was too poor to pay the artists for so doing, some of whom accordingly offered to do it gratuitously. Hogarth was the chief of these benefactors. The fame of the different works spreading abroad, people began to desire to see them; their desires were gratified, the exhibition took amazingly; and thus did the painters of the day first derive their idea of the advantages that might accrue from exhibitions of their collected works. An opportunity for making the experiment soon offered. In 1754, was formed the Society for the encouragements of Arts, Manufactures, and Commerce, which, among its other good deeds, expended in twenty years nearly £8,000, together with ten gold medals, six silver, seventeen gold palettes, and eighty-four large and small of silver, in rewards to youthful competitors in painting, sculpture, and architecture. The great rooms of this Society were thrown open for the first public English exhibition of art, April 21, 1760; the admission was free, and the price of the catalogue sixpence. The scheme was successful, and therefore repeated the next year in the great room of Spring Gardens, when the price of their catalogue was raised to a shilling, and admission was only to be obtained either for an individual, or a party, by the purchase of a catalogue. Johnson, writing to Baretti, notices this exhibition, and says, "They (the artists) please themselves much with the multitude of spectators, and imagine that the English school will rise in reputation. . . . This exhibition has filled the heads of the artists and the lovers of art." And then follows a bit of what too many at that time thought philosophy, but of which it is truly surprising to find Johnson the utterer:—"Surely life, if it be not long, is tedious, since we are forced to call in the assistance of so many *trifles* to rid us of our time—of that time which never can return." Johnson's friend, Reynolds, taught him better, a few years later, in those immortal discourses, which the doctor, among others, had the credit, with some credulous or envious people, of having in a great measure written. He may, perhaps even have received a more direct reproof if he were in the habit of expressing such opinions in Reynolds's presence. The latter esteemed his art too highly to allow such remarks from such a quarter to pass unnoticed. His admirable comment upon an

observation made by the Dean of Gloucester, Dr. Tucker, that a pin-maker was a more useful and valuable member of society than Raphael, is here in point. "That," said Reynolds, "is an observation of a very narrow mind—a mind that is confined to the mere object of commerce—that sees with a microscopic eye but a part of the great machine of the economy of life, and thinks that small part which he sees to be the whole. Commerce is the means, not the end of happiness or pleasure: the end is a rational enjoyment by means of arts and sciences," &c. Johnson wrote the advertisement of the third exhibition, when the artists ventured on the bold experiment of charging one shilling for the admittance of each person, but at the same time thought a kind of apology or explanation necessary. The concluding sentences, which are Johnsonian all over, contain the pith of the whole. "The purpose of this exhibition is not to enrich the artist, but to advance the art: the eminent are not flattered with preference, nor the obscure insulted with contempt: whoever hopes to deserve public favour is here invited to display his merit." This exhibition, too, being successful, the custom was firmly established, and the associated company began to grow rich and influential. In 1765 they obtained a charter of incorporation under the title before mentioned. But their very success bred dissension: there was no deciding what to do with the money. The architects wanted a house, the sculptors wanted statues, and the painters wanted a gallery for historical paintings, whilst some wanted nothing but the money itself, and to grow rich. Another cause of division existed in the very heterogeneous composition of the Society. It consisted at one period of 149 members, many of whom were artists only in name; and that was not the worst of the evil, for the bad and indifferent portions of the Society were so numerous as entirely to overpower the good, and to give tone and influence to the whole. This, of course, was not to be endured, and some of the best members seceded, among whom were Reynolds, and West, then known as a young American artist of promise, and a quaker, whom the king, George III., had taken under his especial patronage. The presidency of the Incorporated Artists being vacant about that time, Kirby, teacher of perspective to the king, was elected, and in his inaugural address assured the members that his Majesty would not support the dissenters. West was then painting his picture of 'Regulus' for the king in the palace, where Kirby was one day announced and, by the king's orders, admitted, and introduced to West, whom he had never seen before. Kirby looked at the picture, commended both it and the artist then, turning to George III., observed, "Your Majesty never mentioned anything of this work to me. Who made the frame? It is not made by one of your Majesty's workmen, it ought to have been made by the royal carver and gilder." "Kirby," was the quiet reply, "whenever you are able to paint me such a picture as this, your friend shall make the frame." "I hope, Mr. West," added Kirby,

"that you intend to exhibit this picture?" "It is painted for the palace," was the reply, "and its exhibition must depend upon his Majesty's pleasure." "Assuredly," remarked the king, "I shall be very happy to let the work be shown to the public." "Then, Mr. West, you will send it to my exhibition?" "No!" interrupted the king, "it must go to *my* exhibition—that of the Royal Academy." Such was the first announcement to the Incorporated Artists of the success of a memorial that had been presented by the seceders from their body, which stated that the two principal objects they had in view were the establishing a well-regulated school or academy of design, and an annual exhibition, open to all artists of distinguished merit; and they apprehended that the profits arising from the last of these institutions would fully answer all the expenses of the first; they even flattered themselves, they said, that there would be more than was necessary for that purpose, and that they should be enabled, annually, to distribute something in useful charities. The constitution was signed by George III. on the 10th of December, 1768, and the "Royal Academy for the purpose of cultivating and improving the Arts of Painting, Sculpture, and Architecture" was an established thing.

Before the king's answer had been received, the choice of the members for the presidency had been fixed, and the manner in which they announced it to him whom it most nearly concerned was striking. Reynolds and West, when the former had determined to join the new body, entered the hall together where the artists were assembled. They rose to a man, and saluted Reynolds with the single but significant word "President!" Although touched by such a mark of approbation, he would not agree to accept the honour till he had consulted his friends Burke and Johnson, who advised him to do so; and, accordingly he did. The young monarch not only thus favoured the Royal Academy, but promised to supply all pecuniary deficiencies from his private purse, and then gave additional *éclat* to the whole by knighting the chosen President, Reynolds. Johnson was so elated at the honour paid to his friend, that he broke through a restraint he had for some years imposed on himself of abstaining from wine. If the world had been searched for a man combining all the most desirable qualifications for the office, it would have been impossible to have found a better man for the Presidency of the New Academy than Sir Joshua Reynolds. Deeply imbued with the loftiest theories of the art, which he had studied at the fountain-head, in the works of Raphael and Michael Angelo, at Rome, and in those of the illustrious ancients of Greece, and himself a painter of rare excellence, he possessed at the same time literary attainments of a distinguished order, to enable him to give adequate expression to whatever he most desired to instil into the rising minds of the academy. As a man his character seems to have approached as near to perfection as our erring nature admits of. Amid all the squabble and clamour, which from time to time



1.—ZOFFANY'S PICTURE OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

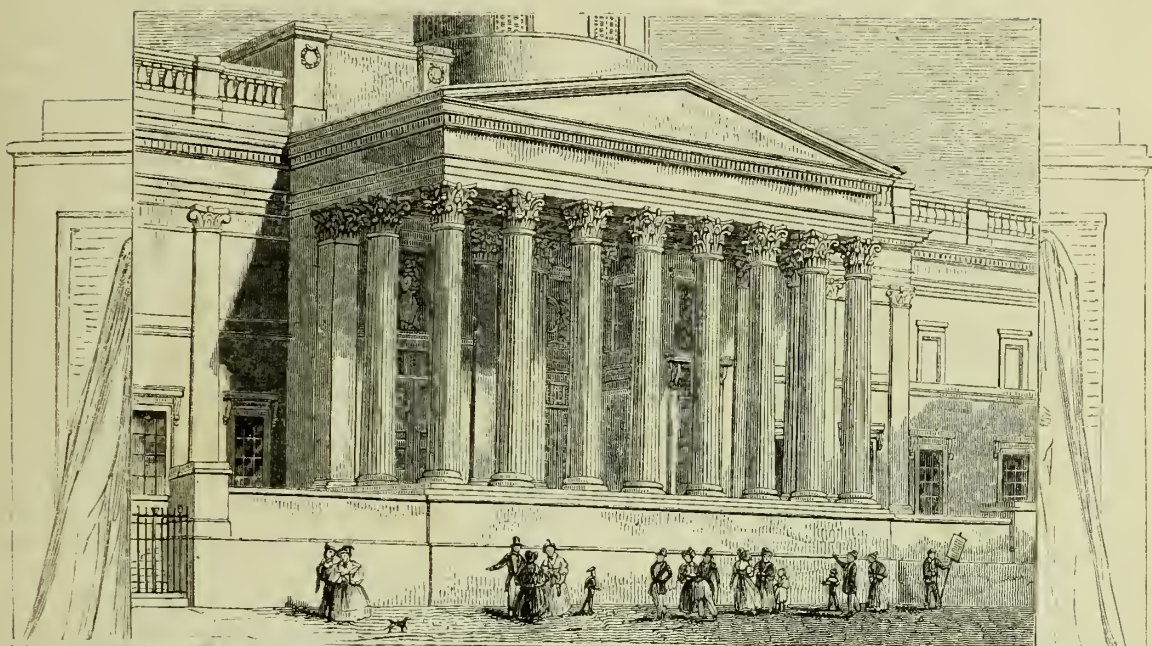
shook the academic halls, the noble figure of the President seems ever to stand aloof in calm dignity. The deep repose which forms one of the characteristics of antique art, was not to him a thing to be talked about only, or even to be thought of: he knew that the stream can rise no higher than its source, the artist's whole being must be in harmony with what he desires to achieve, and with him it was so. Of his generous sympathy with struggling genius, the anecdotes are as numerous as they are individually delightful. On one of his journeys on the continent, a young artist, of the name of De Gree, attracted his attention, and, probably through his advice, came to England. Reynolds, knowing the difficulties of the young man, generously gave him fifty guineas: it is one pleasant evidence of the character of the man thus assisted, to find that the money was at once sent off for the use of poor aged parents. When Gainsborough offered for sale his picture of 'The Girl and Pigs,' at the price of sixty guineas, Sir Joshua gave a hundred. Gainsborough appears to have taken a pique against Reynolds, and left a portrait of him unfinished that he had begun. But on his death-bed who does he send for but Reynolds; and with him by its side, and uttering the words, "We are all going to Heaven, and Vandyke is of the company," died. To these qualities we must add that, in person, Reynolds added the graces of the gentleman to the dignity of the man; and, in his house, that he was hospitable without being profuse. Fond of the best society, Burke, Johnson, Goldsmith, Garrick, were continual visitors at his table, he made all such enjoyments tend to the enriching and enlarging his mind, and thus was constantly

carrying fresh acquisitions of thought to his study, instead of withdrawing his attention from it, as is too often the case under such circumstances. As President, his first act was in accordance with all that we have described, and stamped a glory on the Academy that will for ever make its memory dear to the lovers of art. He voluntarily undertook the duty of delivering a series of discourses for the instruction of students, and commenced with the opening of the Academy, January 2, 1769, and continued them from time to time till the world was in possession of the whole of those writings which now form the student's best textbook for the principles of his art, and where not the painter only, but the poet and the musician, may find the most valuable instruction.

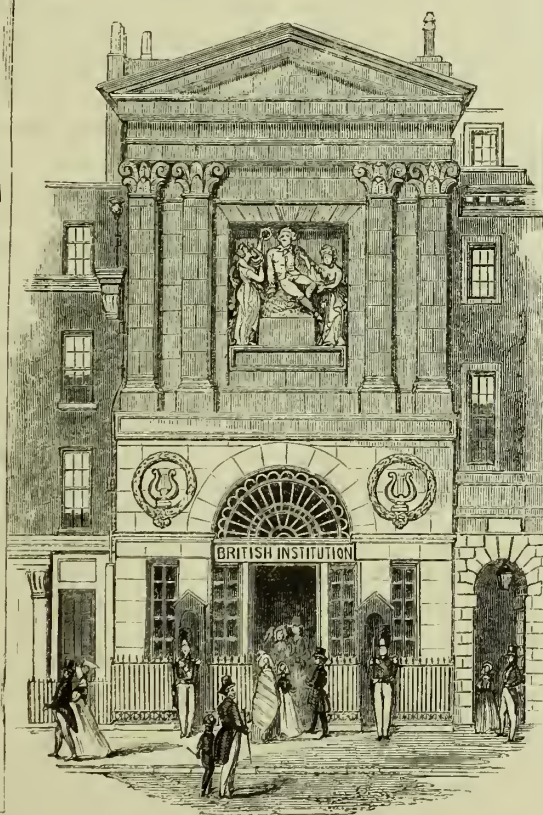
The members of the Academy were well calculated to support the reputation which was at once obtained by the favourable circumstances of its commencement. In the excellent picture, by Zoffany, of the hall of the Academy during one of the days devoted to drawing from the living model, we have the portraits of the original members; and it is surprising, on looking over their names as given in the Key, to see the amount of talent here congregated together. (Cut, No. 1.) No wonder the Incorporated Artists soon sunk into oblivion, for they must have been deprived of almost every man of any eminence among them. Goldsmith's couplet on Reynolds, and the empty pretenders to knowledge who used to buzz about him,

"When they talk'd of their Raphaels, Correggios, and stuff,
He shifted his *trumpet*, and only took snuff,"

points out the President in the centre. Next to him,



2.—NATIONAL GALLERY AND ROYAL ACADEMY.



3.—BRITISH INSTITUTION.

with his hand raised to his chin, is Dr. William Hunter, brother to John Hunter, who was appointed Professor of Anatomy. On the other side of Reynolds, the star on the breast marks Sir William Chambers, the author of a most valuable 'Treatise on Architecture,' the architect of Somerset House, and the admirer of Chinese gardening: an admiration for which he was somewhat severely handled by Horace Walpole and the poet Mason, in the well-known 'Heroic Epistle,' which ridiculed, in rhyme, the prose reasonings and descriptions of the original. Near the extremity of the picture, on the same side, is the standing full-length figure of West; behind him, hat and stick in hand, Cipriani; and by his side, nearer the front and middle of the picture, Hayman, a powerful-looking man sitting at his ease, watching the process of placing the model in the position desired. On the other side of Reynolds and Hunter the first figure is that of Bartolozzi, the eminent engraver, near whom is Wilson, with his hand in his breast, his portly figure raised upon an elevation above any of the neighbouring figures. Wilson,—who is said to have painted his 'Ceyx and Alcione' for a pot of beer and the remains of a Stilton cheese,—was represented in Zoffany's original sketch with a pot of beer at his elbow. Wilson, hearing this, immediately obtained a very "proper" looking cudgel, and vowed to give his brother painter a sound threshing. Zoffany prudently took the hint, and caused the offensive feature to vanish. Standing in front of the model, examining the propriety of the position, are Yeo, and Zuccarelli, the Italian artist, who had first distinguished himself in England as a scene-painter at the Opera. A curious circumstance is mentioned in Smith's 'Nollekens and his Times': the distinguished painter Canaletto, it is there stated, frequently painted the buildings in Zuccarelli's landscapes. The person giving the handle suspended from the ceiling for the support of the arm, to the man who is being placed in the position required, is Moser, one of the most active movers in the foundation of the Royal Academy. The noble figure standing against the chair, with one arm reclining on its back, belongs to a somewhat ignoble personage, Nathaniel Hone, a man who made some noise in his day by an attempted attack on Sir Joshua and the lady whose portrait (that in the square frame) is introduced instead of herself on the wall above Hone, Mrs. Angelica Kauffman, the well-known historical painter.

The full-length figure occupying the extreme right of the picture is Richard Cosway, an excellent miniature-painter, and a gentleman who, if we are to believe his own word, had occasional commutings of a remarkable nature. "One day at the Royal Academy dinner he assured a brother Academician, that he had that morning been visited by Mr. Pitt, who had then been dead about four years. 'Well,' asked the brother member, 'and pray what did he say to you?'—*Cosway*. 'Why, upon entering the room, he expressed himself prodigiously hurt that during his residence on this earth he had not encouraged my talents,' &c."* Over Cosway's

right shoulder appears the head of Nollekens, the sculptor, a strange mixture of opposites; in his works exhibiting a graceful and refined intellect, and in manners appearing an illiterate boor; a miser, who might almost have contested the palm of notoriety with Elwes, yet one of the best of masters, and occasionally generous in an uncommon degree, where generosity was well bestowed. That he was essentially what he appeared in his productions rather than in anything else, we want no other proof than his conduct on a certain occasion. An admirable bust of Horne Tooke came to the exhibition: it was by a young and friendless sculptor, and it was placed—where such works are but too apt to be placed in the struggle for the best positions. Nollekens happened to see it: he took it up—he looked at it first in one way, then in another, and, at last, turning to the parties arranging the exhibition, said, "There's a fine—a very fine work; let the man who made it be known—remove one of my busts, and put this in its place, for well it deserves it:"—the sculptor was Chantrey. But one figure remains particularly demanding notice—the painter himself, Johann Zoffany, who sits in the left-hand corner, palette in hand. He was born in Frankfort, but came to England whilst yet a young man, and attracting the attention of the Earl of Barrymore, speedily distinguished himself. His admirable pictures of Garrick, and other performers, are well known. A pleasant passage is recorded of him. He went at one period to Florence, at the Grand-Duke's invitation, and whilst there was accosted one day by the Emperor of Germany, then on a visit to the Duke, who, seeing and admiring his performances, inquired his name. Zoffany having told him, was asked what countryman he was. "An Englishman," was the reply. "Why, your name is German!" "True," said the painter, "I was born in Germany—that was accidental; I call that my country where I have been protected."

The real talent of the Royal Academy, we see, therefore, was very great; and additional lustre was shed upon it by its connection with such men as Johnson, who was appointed professor of ancient literature, and Goldsmith, professor of ancient history: both appointments were merely honorary. Goldsmith observed concerning his, "I took it rather as a compliment to the institution than any benefit to myself. Honours to one in my situation are something like ruffles to a man who wants a shirt." Thus favourably ushered into the world, the Royal Academy commenced that career of prosperity which has known no check, but steadily increased down to the present day. At first the Academy was lodged in St. Martin's-lane (Cut, No. 4), and held their annual exhibitions in Pall-Mall; but George III: soon gave them apartments in Somerset House, where he exhibited his interest in their welfare by his steady attention to all their concerns. And when the old palace was purchased by the nation, he took care that a portion of the new edifice should be reserved for the Academy. In 1780 the Academicians entered upon their new apartments, which were fitted up with great

* 'Nollekens and his Times,' vol. ii., p. 406.

magnificence, and were soon made to exhibit a higher splendour from their own hands. Sir Joshua, for instance, painted the ceiling of the library. In the same year the exhibition was also removed from Pall-Mall to Somerset House, and the painters were now thoroughly at home. The subsequent history of the Academy, though full of interest, does not exactly belong to our columns; we shall therefore briefly indicate the leading incidents;—which were—the attacks of Peter Pindar, (Dr. Walcot) on the Academicians, and especial yon West—the secession of Gainsborough through his pictures not being hung as he pleased—the election of West after the death of Reynolds—Barry's quarrel with the Academy, &c., &c. The Presidents since West, have been Sir Thomas Lawrence, and Sir Martin Archer Shee, who still presides over the Academy.

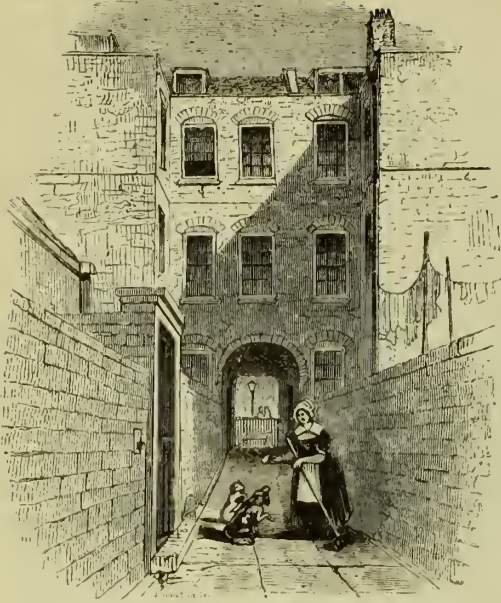
Sir Godfrey Kneller, one day explaining the cause of his preference for "face-painting," as Barry contemptuously called it, observed, "Painters of history make the dead live, and do not begin to live themselves till they are dead. I paint the living, and they make me live." The painters of the present day seem very much of Kneller's opinion, if we may judge from the last exhibition, as, passing through the great portico of the National Gallery, we ascended the staircase into the chief rooms of the Academy. Of the fourteen hundred and odd works contained in the exhibition of the year 1849, a single glance showed the immense proportion portraits and busts bore to all other subjects. And in walking through the crowded place, one was forcibly struck with the eloquent complaint of Opie, in connexion with the same point:—"So habituated," says he, "are the people of this country to the sight of portraiture only, that they can scarcely as yet consider painting in any other light: they will hardly admire a landscape that is not a view of a particular place, nor a history unless composed of likenesses of the persons represented, and are apt to be staggered, confounded, and wholly unprepared to follow such vigorous flights of imagination as would—as *will*—be felt and applauded with enthusiasm in a more advanced and liberal stage of criticism. In our exhibitions, which often display extraordinary powers wasted on worthless subjects, one's ear is pained, one's very soul is rent, with hearing crowd after crowd sweeping round, and, instead of discussing the merits of the different works on view, as to conception, composition, and execution, all reiterating the same dull and tasteless questions—*Who is that? And is it like?*"* The evil, it is to be hoped, will ultimately work its own cure. When thoroughly weary of the eternal rows of faces of others, we may begin to think a little less of the exhibition of our own.

The use of the original apartments of the Academy in Somerset House was granted, as we have seen, by George III.: it may be useful to add a few words here on its present position in Trafalgar-square. On the death of George III., his son and successor continued

the royal patronage of the institution, as did also William IV. In 1834 a proposal was made to the latter monarch to transfer the Academy from Somerset House to Trafalgar-square, where it was intended to erect a building large enough for a National Gallery and the Academy under the same roof. (Cut, No. 2.) The change was agreed to; and consequently the Academy enjoys its present accommodations by the same right, whatever that might be, which they had in their first locality, Somerset House. Their expectations of increased facilities for the business of the institution are said to have been hardly fulfilled: certain it is that serious disadvantages arise from the want of larger space. The sculpture-room will occur to every one; but that is not the kind of evil we are here referring to, but the shutting up of the principal schools during the whole period of the exhibition. The school for drawing from the antique is held in that sculpture-room, and the school for painting in the West room, the chief of the rooms appropriated for exhibition; so that the school for drawing from the living model is the only one of the Academic schools not interrupted yearly for a considerable time. As the chief feature and the great value of the Royal Academy is the schools, we must notice them somewhat at length.

The admission arrangements are on the broadest principle: any person may become a student, whether he intend to pursue the study as his profession, or merely for his occasional enjoyment. On applying for admission he receives a printed form to be filled up, which explains the only qualifications required—that he be of good character, and that he can send a drawing of some talent, with vouchers of its being entirely his own production. If he be a draughtsman, the specimen he sends must be a chalk drawing of an entire naked figure from the antique; if a sculptor, a model of a similar description; and if an architect, he must send a plan, elevation, and section of an original design for some building, and an individual ornament for details. The council, which consists of nine members, including the president, and is the executive of the Society, examine this specimen, and, if they approve of it the applicant is admitted for three months as a probationer. During that time he must produce fresh works before the eyes of the officers; and if these exhibit a decided improvement, he is then enrolled among the list of students, and for ten years enjoys all the privileges the Academy can give him—tuition in the different schools, the use of the library, attendance on the lectures, &c. Numerous prizes are also given: several silver medals annually, and one of gold for each school biennially. It is somewhat curious that of all the living members of the Academy there are not perhaps above four or five who have obtained the gold medal: nor is the number very numerous, we believe, of those who can claim the honours of the silver one. A still more solid reward may follow the attainment of the gold medal. Every three years the council sends a student of this rank to Rome, paying all the expenses of the journey both ways, and allowing an

* From Opie's first Lecture to the Academy.



4—OLD ACADEMY, ST. MARTIN'S LANE.

annuity of £100. The expense hitherto seems to have been more than proportionate to the good produced. The students are young, and when they reach Rome they are left to shape out their own plans; the consequence too often is that false styles of art come to be admired and imitated, and the young man returns, to all valuable purposes, worse, because more sophisticated, than he went. It is true that he must send at the end of the second year a specimen of his progress; but that can only show the evil when existing, not act as a preventive. Two names only of any eminence recur to us in connection with these Italian visits from the Academy, Rossi and Banks. The latter received the gold medal in 1770: and in the following year exhibited his group of Mercury, Argus, and Io, when the council unanimously voted that he should be sent to Rome. He was the first student of the Academy whom Reynolds took any pride in, or, in other words, who came up to the painter's lofty standard. He said Banks's "mind was ever dwelling on subjects worthy of an ancient Greek."

The school for drawing from the life model is held in the interior of the dome of the edifice, a curious, unornamented, dingy-looking place, lighted by a single window in the side wall, which throws a tolerably strong light upon a raised platform with a high back, covered with crimson, on which the person who acts as the model is placed. A double row of plain seats form an oval round the platform, on which about forty students find accommodation. A few casts scattered about the walls complete the furniture of the room.

The general management of the schools is vested in the keeper, who, however, only personally attends to the antique school; the others being directed by visitors,

who are certain of the academicians annually chosen. Among the past keepers of the Academy Fuseli's is a memorable name. Numerous are the jokes and sarcasms of the eminent Swiss yet current among the students: the story of the formidable nail he used to cherish expressly for the work of pointing out how bad was that outline, or how easily this might be remedied, and which seldom failed to impress the lesson on the memory in the shape of a drawing cut through in the most remorseless fashion, yet lives to delight the new-comer, even whilst he is shuddering at the thought of the bare possibility of his becoming himself a similar victim. One day, during Fuseli's absence, the students were more than usually riotous, and the noise reached him in a distant part of the building. He asked one of the porters what was the matter. "It is only those fellows, the students, sir," was the answer. "Fellows!" exclaimed Fuseli; "I would have you to know, sir, that those fellows may one day become academicians!" The noise increasing, he suddenly burst in upon them, and told them with an oath they were a set of wild beasts. A student of the name of Muoro bowed, and remarked, "And Fuseli is our keeper." There was no resisting this. Fuseli retired smiling, and muttering to himself, "The fellows are growing witty."

Descending from the dome, we passed into the Hall of Casts, unusually full, from the circumstance of those which are usually in the antique school (sculpture-room) being placed here during the exhibition. Many of these beautiful works are a portion of the gift of George IV., who, having procured from Rome, through the intervention of Canova, a highly valuable collection of casts from the finest known antiques, gave the whole to the Academy. All those beautiful or sublime forms of antiquity, which have ever haunted the dreams of the young painter or sculptor, or made him, awaking, sigh to think of their unapproachable excellence, are here, and in the great entrance-hall of the building, congregated together—the exact prototypes of their respective originals. The different figures composing the wonderful group of the Niobe and her daughters; the graceful Mercury of the Vatican; Fauns with their cymbals; Apollos and Venuses, in which the genius of different artists and periods have embodied their ideal of the human form; the Egyptian Jupiter, and the Olympian; Apollo, and all the Muses; the Laocoon; the Fighting and Dying Warrior, or Gladiator, as commonly but incorrectly called, &c., &c., are all here, the concentrated genius of the most wonderful people the world has ever seen. Here, too, is that maimed and mutilated remnant of a statue, Theseus, which caused so much discussion before a committee of the House of Commons in 1816 (on the value of the Elgin Marbles); which Lawrence and other distinguished artists did not hesitate to place in rank even before the Apollo Belvidere. Considering the character of some of the committees of the House that had sat upon such questions, it required a little determination to speak thus of a fragment which some of

the members probably, of their own unassisted judgment, would have thought a mere mis-shapen piece of stone. The committee of 1805, for instance, made an especial point of noticing that the Townley Marbles were in excellent condition, with the surface perfect; and, where injured, they were generally well restored, and perfectly adapted for the decoration, and *almost* for the ornamental furniture, of a private house. On reading this we may observe, with Mr. Williams,* from whom we have borrowed the passage, "Let no man after this discredit the royal saying, 'I always buy Mr. —'s paintings, they are so beautifully shiny, and look as smooth as glass.'"

Leaving the hall, we cross the eastern passage or thoroughfare to the library and council-room. In the former the centre of the ceiling is divided into compartments, occupied by paintings from the hand of the lady academician, Angelica Kauffman. Figures typical of the arts form the subjects, which were no doubt painted at the time of the removal of the Academy from St. Martin's Lane to Somerset House, when Sir Joshua and the chief academicians aided in the adornment of their new abode. The books are in wainscot cases, closely covered in with crimson silk, which gives the apartment a warm, rich aspect. The library now comprises all the best works on art, a large number of prints, and a collection, of considerable value, of engravings of the Italian school from the earliest period, purchased from George Cumberland, who formed it. Busts ornament the top of the shelves, and over the fire-place is a cast of a Holy Family, by Michael Angelo. We must not omit to add, before we leave the library, that Wilson was saved perhaps from actual destitution, during some of the later years of his life, by the office of librarian, which was given to him by the Academy.

Let us now step from the library into the council-room. This is an apartment small in size for such a body as the Academy, but rich in its works of art, chiefly consisting of the diploma pictures and statuary: that is, the works given by the academicians on their admission, each person being expected to present one work from his own hand. The ceiling is very elegantly arranged in compartments, and filled with paintings by West; the centre representing the Graces unveiling Nature, and the surrounding pictures typifying by figures the elements. First in size, in splendour, and in value, along the walls, we behold Sir Joshua's full-length portrait of George III., seated on the throne, and wearing his kingly robes. The author of the 'Nightmare,' Fuseli, has left here one of his most favourite works—'Thor battering the serpent of Midgard in the boat of Hymer the giant,'—a subject borrowed from the Scandinavian mythology, which had many attractions for Fuseli's imaginative, romantic, and most daring genius. His love for the terrific was pleasantly satirised by his brother academicians, who called him "Painter in ordinary to the Devil!" But

the Academy has had few greater men—few men more generally great—than Fuseli. His lectures are admirable; enforcing in pregnant language the most pregnant truths. As with Reynolds, Michael Angelo was the great god of his idolatry: and he used often to tell his friends how he had been accustomed to lie on his back on the pavement of the Sistine Chapel for hours together, day after day, and week after week, intently wrapped in the grandeur of that matchless ceiling; and it is not difficult to trace in Fuseli's productions something more than a spark of the sublime genius of the Florentine. His paintings for the Shakspeare Gallery, formed under the patronage of the enlightened and generous Boydell, and the series for the Milton Gallery, which was entirely his own production, testify a mind of the very highest order, though not perhaps always under the best regulation. Mr. Cunningham says of him, very happily, "Out of the seventy exhibited paintings on which he reposed his hope of fame, not one can be called common-place: they are all poetical in their nature, and as poetically treated. Some twenty of these alarm, startle, and displease; twenty more may come within the limits of common comprehension; the third twenty are such as few men could produce; while the remaining ten are equal in conception to anything that genius has hitherto produced, and second only in their execution to the true and recognised masterpieces of art."* England may be proud of having fostered, and made, in every essential respect, her own, such a man as Fuseli. Passing over a variety of works, all of greater or less interest and importance, such as 'A Rustic Girl' by Lawrence, 'The Tribute Money' by Copley, 'A Shepherd Boy' by Westall, 'Charity' by Stothard, 'Jael and Sisera' by Northcote, 'The Falling Giant' by Banks (a work of wonderful power of expression), we pause a moment before the productions of the greatest of British sculptors, the 'Apollo and Marpessa' and a cast of the shield of Achilles, by Flaxman. "If ever Purity visited the earth, she resided with John Flaxman," said one who knew him intimately; and it is impossible to gaze on his works without feeling some such truth, breathed, as it were, from out of the marble. Sir Joshua's judgment was for once found tripping in Flaxman's case. As a student, he contended for the gold medal, which, however, was given to Englehart—a man now only remembered from that circumstance. Flaxman married early; and one day, shortly after, met Sir Joshua. "So, Flaxman, I am told you are married: if so, sir, you are ruined for an artist." Again was the president deceived: never was marriage more happy in all its consequences. We wish we could pause over some of the delightful domestic scenes recorded of this simple-hearted and lofty-minded pair. Again we must hurry quickly by Baily's bust of Flaxman, that of West by Sir Francis Chantrey, the 'Cupid and Psyche' by Nollekens, 'Christ blessing Children' by West, &c. Many other

* Life of Lawrence.

* 'British Painters,' vol. ii., p. 346.

paintings are at present in the Exhibition Room, hidden behind the modern works. Among these are a portrait of Hoppner by himself, Wilkie's picture of 'The Rat-Catchers,' Opie's 'Infancy and Age,' Raeburn's 'Boy and Rabbits,' &c., &c. There, too, is a portrait of that most delightful and most English of landscape-painters—that somewhat wayward, and occasionally gross, but ever humorous, witty, and delightful member of society—that enthusiastic artist and half-mad musician—Gainsborough. He appears to have painted portraits for the same reason that everybody else does—money; landscapes because he loved them; but he was a musician because he could not help it.

With a brief account of the constitution of the Academy we conclude. It consists of forty academicians—painters, sculptors, and architects—and twenty associates, from whom the academicians are elected by the academicians. There are also six associate engravers, who, however, remain associates—a regulation in which, it is said, we know not with what truth, this Academy stands alone in Europe. With the body of academicians rests all the business of the Society, the associates having no voice in any of its proceedings. The associates are chosen by the academicians from the great body of artists who exhibit. The chief officers of the Academy are the president, the keeper (who has the general care of the Institution), the treasurer, librarian, and secretary. There are four professors, who lecture respectively on painting, sculpture, architecture, and perspective, who are academicians; and a professor of anatomy, who is not always a member. The honorary members are a professor of ancient literature, professor of ancient history, a chaplain, of high rank in the Church (the Lord Bishop of London at present,) and a secretary for foreign correspondence. These offices have been held by Gibbon, Dr. Burney, Walter Scott, and other eminent men, in addition to those before mentioned—Johnson and Goldsmith. All elections require the sovereign's signature to make them valid. The most onerous, in every sense, of the duties of the Academy is the choice of the works for the Annual Exhibition. Large as the number of pictures admitted always is, a great many are annually rejected; and sometimes not from want of merit on the part of the artist, but for want of space on the part of the Academy. The process of selection, as it has been described to us, forms a noticeable scene. Here sit the nine members of the Council behind a large table; whilst there porters, &c., are hurrying to and fro, passing every single work in review before them. Is it sufficiently good?—it is so marked, and placed in a certain part of the building. Is it only middling?—it goes, with a suitable mark, to another place, to take the chance of being included in the Exhibition, if the good ones should leave any room. Is it decidedly bad?—it is at once ordered to be returned to the artist. Where some seven or eight hundred artists are chosen, as in the late Exhibition, we may judge of the character of a great part of the rejected. Fuseli used to express, in his own satirical way, the anti-genial

effect upon him of the greater part of the works that came pouring in. Standing one day at the receipt of pictures, he called out, "What pictures are come?" "Many—very many, Sir," was the reply. "I know that, but whose are they?" "There are six landscapes, Sir, by Mr.——" "Oh! don't name him: I know whom you mean. Bring me my coat and umbrella, and I'll go and see them."

Our space will not admit of our doing more than merely refer to the splendid dinner given annually by the academicians, to which the most distinguished personages of our country—nobles, warriors, statesmen, poets, literary and professional men, &c., &c.—are alone invited. A brilliant assemblage! and not unworthy of them the Institution—whatever its defects—they have met to do honour to.

THE SOCIETY OF ARTS, &c. IN THE ADELPHI.

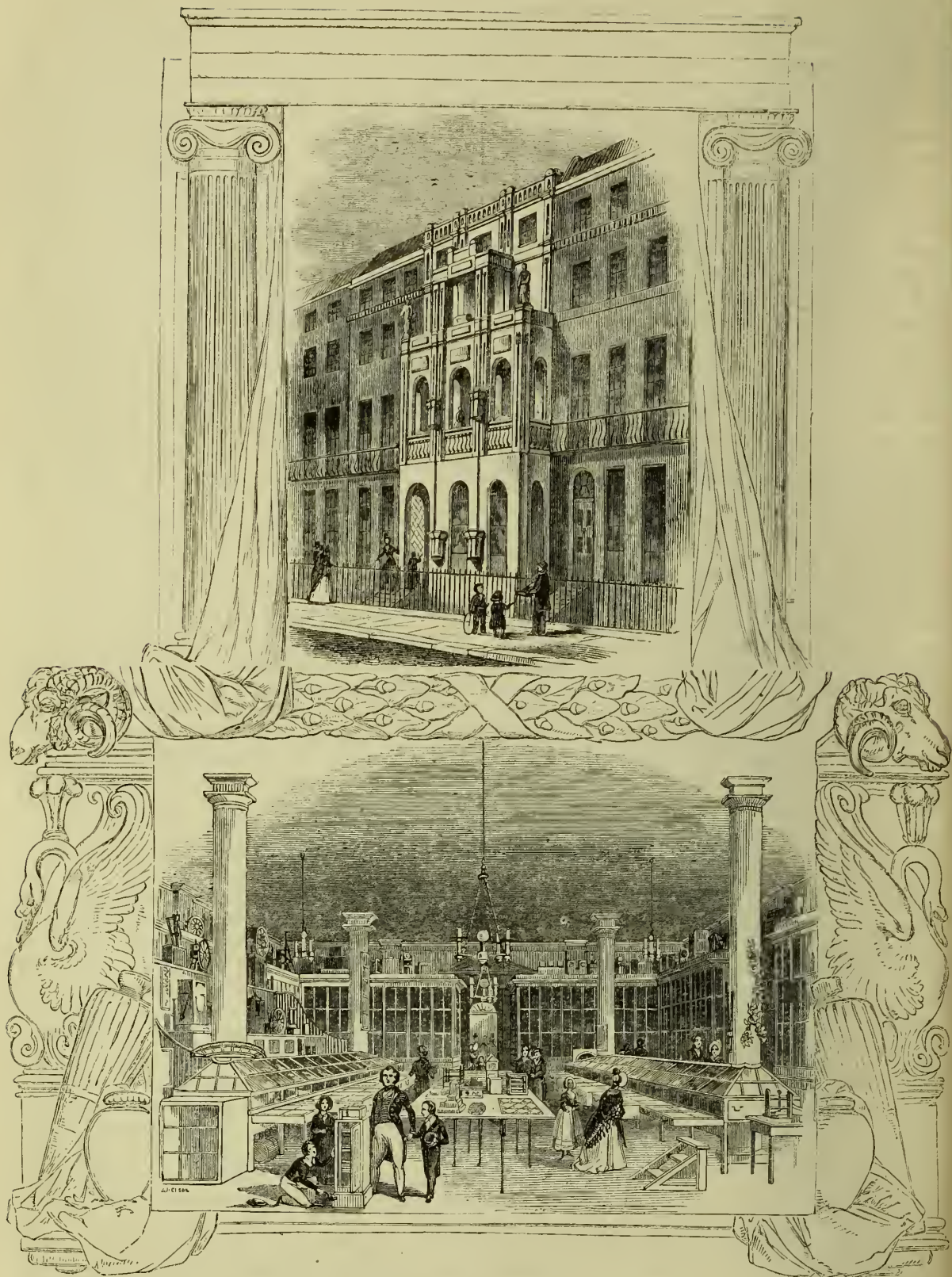
This once-flourishing and influential Society has been so long reposing beneath the shadow of its laurels that now, when it arouses itself to renewed vigour and action, it must not be surprised to find its very existence, much more its services, forgotten, and that its greeting with the public generally is often at first little else than a repetition of the remark and question: "The Society of Arts!—what Society is that?" There may be something mortifying in this, but it cannot be helped, that is one consolation; another may be found in the respectable antiquity of the custom of forgetting what is no longer of service to us. "There's hope," says Hamlet, in a passage applying with still greater force to societies than to individuals, "a great man's memory may outlive his life half-a-year: but, by'r lady, he must build churches then." Now, if there had been any alternative but the building of churches, this Society must have been remembered for at least its half-year of lifelessness or inaction, so many, so various, and so important are the good things it has done for the development and promotion of the arts, manufactures, and commerce of England. To this Society some of our best artists have owed the most priceless of all services that can be rendered to men of genius at the outset of their career, appreciation on the part of an enlightened few, introduction under favourable circumstances to the many. It was established in 1754, chiefly through the public spirit of a drawing-master, Mr. William Shipley; and after tossing about from coffee-house to coffee-house, from private apartments to private apartments, finally and most satisfactorily settled itself, in 1774, in its own premises, in the Adelphi. It was while the members were yet in their rooms in the Strand, that Bacon, in 1728, ventured to send a small figure of Peace, and was delighted with a reward of ten guineas. Subsequent attempts by the same artist were so successful, that he gained the highest premium on nine different occasions. His three beautiful works now at the Adel-

phi, Mars, Venus, and Narcissus, all originals, all the size of life, and all presented by him, show how deeply he felt his obligations to the Society. Again, in 1761, Nollekens received ten guineas for the alto-relievo of 'Jephthah's Vow,' which now hangs up in the antechamber to the great room of the Society; and two years later, fifty guineas, as a mark of its approbation of a still more important piece of sculpture. The example of these sculptors was followed soon after by Flaxman, who, sending in 1768 one of his earliest attempts, received a grant of ten guineas; for another work, exhibited in 1771, he obtained the Society's gold medal. Next came Lawrence, who at the early age of thirteen, received the reward of a silver palette, gilt, with the addition of five guineas in money, for his drawing in crayons of the Transfiguration; the painter, in the height of his subsequent prosperity, was accustomed to speak of the impulse thus given to his love of the art. Other names might be added to the list, which could also be extended with interest to painters of the present day; as, for instance, Sir William Ross received the Society's silver palette in 1807, at the age of twelve, for a drawing of the death of Wat Tyler; Mr. Edwin Landseer received a similar mark of approbation in 1810, for an *etching*; and Mr. Wyon was adjudged the gold medal in 1818, for a medal die. But to artists there is a feature of still greater interest in the Society's history; it was in its rooms that the first public exhibition of paintings in England took place in 1760, and which was continued with great success for some years. If we turn to manufactures and commerce, and the variety of incidentals included in those terms, we find even more important and solid services rendered, as a whole, though the details furnish fewer points of interest or comment. The large expenditure, of the Society in the reward of merit, which expenditure for about ninety years, has considerably exceeded £100,000, is alone a striking fact, connected as it has been with so little personal interest on the part of the distributors, whose labours have been throughout labours of love. In glancing over the subjects that have engaged their attention with the happiest results, we may mention the following. To the growth of forest trees the Society gave a great impulse among the higher classes, almost immediately after its formation, and accordingly we find among the recipients of its gold and silver medals, the Dukes of Bedford and Beaufort, the Earls of Winterton, Upper Ossory, and Mansfield, and a Bishop of Landaff. A similar movement took place, and through the same agency, in agriculture, with the effect of bringing to bear on that most important of all sciences, and almost for the first time, a considerable amount of intellect and education, and of enterprising activity, which formed most refreshing contrasts to the dulness, ignorance, and unwillingness to move one inch out of the even tenor of their way, that too generally characterised the farmers of England at the time. Mr. Curwen, of Windermere, who received several medals for agricultural improvements, stated at one of the public meetings that but for

the Society he should never have been a farmer; and his case was no doubt but one of a large number. Implements began rapidly to improve; madder, hemp, foreign grasses, and different sorts of cattle, were added to our home productions; experiments on drill husbandry were brought into notice; and thus did the Society lead the way to that assiduous study of all the processes of agriculture—however apparently well known—that promises yet to revolutionize the entire science. Then in chemistry, we had for the first time manufactured at home such vessels as the best kinds of crucibles, melting-pots for tin ores, and earthen retorts, such materials as smalt and verdigris; whilst the prosperity of the country was even more directly advanced by the introduction of new or improved modes of tinning copper and brass vessels, dyeing woollen cloth, linen, cotton, silk, and leather, making buff leather, transparent varnishes and enamels, tanning with oak saw-dust, &c., &c. In manufactures and mechanics generally, the Society taught us, or at least aided those who did so, the manufacture of Turkey carpets, tapestry weaving, weaving to imitate the Marseille and India quilting; also how to improve our spinning and lace-making, our paper and our catgut for musical instruments, our straw bonnets, and artificial flowers. The colonies shared in its extensive beneficence: potash and pearlash were produced by the Society's agency in North America; and just before the war of independence which separated the States from England broke out, it was busily engaged in introducing the cultivation of the vine, the growth of silkworms, and the manufacture of indigo and vegetable oils. But the rewards, some twenty in number, given within the last thirty or forty years, to poor Bethnal-green and Spital-fields weavers, for useful inventions in their calling, illustrates perhaps even better than any of the foregoing notices that feature of the Society which so honourably distinguishes it from all others in the present day, its readiness to receive, examine, and reward every kind of useful invention that may be brought forward by those who have neither friends nor money to aid them in making their inventions known. To all such persons the Adelphi is ever open; and the general knowledge of this fact throughout Britain might yet be attended with more important results than any noted in the Society's previous history. So careful has the latter been to do full justice to whatever might be offered it by parties thus situated, that, till recently, patented inventions were not included within its scope; and now that an alteration has taken place, and that the Society very properly is ready to do its best to disseminate information as to all useful discoveries, whether patents or not, it still reserves its rewards for those who are too poor to take out a patent, or too liberal.

The rewards are medals of gold and silver, with occasionally money payments in lieu of or in addition. One feature of these rewards of merit has yet to be mentioned—the prizes are publicly presented to the recipients in the great room at the Adelphi, by the

5.—SOANE'S MUSEUM.



6.—SOCIETY OF ARTS.

President, who is now no less a personage than her Majesty's consort, Prince Albert. All this multifarious business is managed by means of five committees; one having for its charge the subject of agriculture, a second chemistry, a third fine arts, a fourth mechanics, and the fifth trade and manufactures. The number of members is now about 900. The terms of membership are a single payment of twenty guineas, or annual payments of two guineas, which gives the right of borrowing books from the valuable library. The object of the Society is, the encouragement of the arts, manufactures, and commerce of the country, by means of public exhibitions and meetings, and by bestowing medals, honorary and other rewards, for meritorious works in all departments of fine arts, especially those of a decorative and ornamental character, and for discoveries, inventions, and improvements in agriculture, chemistry, mechanics, manufactures, and any other useful arts.

The Society awards special prizes for the best designs, exhibiting a union of good art and manufacture, and also for the best compositions, whether painted or modelled, to be employed in architectural decorations, &c. Other prizes (being strictly educational) are awarded to students of a certain age; the Society's aim being to form a class of students who shall be prepared to enter into successful competition for the prizes previously mentioned. The Society has also resolved that a class of rewards shall be established and offered to those manufacturers who produce original and beautiful works. There are thus several distinct classes of prizes to promote decorative art:—Class 1. For Students. Class 2. Medals and money-rewards for matured artists producing decorative designs worthy of the Society's sanction. Class 3. Medals and honorary rewards to artisans and workmen. Class 4. Medals and honorary testimonials to manufacturers producing beautiful works. In order to prepare the way for the establishment of a National Periodical Exhibition of British Art and Manufactures, the Society commenced in 1847 an exhibition of manufactures illustrating the application of decorative design, which was visited by nearly twenty thousand persons. The exhibition of 1848 was visited by more than seventy thousand persons of all ranks.

In addition to these objects, the Society awards prizes for discoveries and communications relative to the products of the Colonies. Indeed, looking at the variety of subjects, and then stepping into the model-room of the Society at the Adelphi (Cut, No. 6), one might be tempted to ask whether there are any limits to its field of exertion; whether, in short, it is not a society for the encouragement of everything. What a glorious confusion there is amidst all this orderly array of glass-cases, that extend horizontally in rows across the room, or that perpendicularly line the walls. Hands for the one-handed, to give them again two, and other instruments for those who have lost both—clothes of all sorts of materials from all sorts of countries—medals of Charles I.'s reign, and the last new stove of

Victoria's—fire-escape ladders to run down from windows, and scaffolds, rising telescope-fashion out of a box, to mount up to roofs—bee-hives, and instruments to slice turnips—ploughs, and instruments to restrain vicious bulls—pans to preserve butter in hot localities, and safety-lamps to preserve men in dangerous ones—models of massive cranes, and of little tips for umbrellas—life-buoys, and maroon-locks to give notice of thieves in gardens—diving-bells and expanding-keys—safe coaches and traps—clocks, and improved tail-pieces for violoncellos—instruments to draw spirits, and instruments to draw teeth—samples of tea, sugar, cinnamon, and nutmegs, in different stages of growth—models of Tuscan pavements—beds for invalids—methods to teach the blind how to write—but the list is interminable, and were we to continue it for half-a-dozen pages further, we should be in no appreciable degree nearer the end. It is but justice to another admirable point in the Society's policy to mention here, that however miscellaneous many of the subjects may be which are brought annually before it, in accordance with the particular pursuit or skill of individuals, the Society itself, at the same time, pursues a methodical course of its own: thus while it rewards by "bounties" whatever inventions or works of more than ordinary skill and value are casually submitted to it, its chief rewards, or "premiums," are bestowed on those who have succeeded in a competition, or in a mode, the nature of which has been previously pointed out by the Society. Its guide in selecting subjects for premiums may be, perhaps, best expressed in the phrase, 'What do we most want?' a question that we may presume to find practically answered in the lists now before us, of subjects for which rewards will be given in the course of 1850, and which include a host of matters of the deepest interest, in connection with the national prosperity. We find among them premiums offered for calico-prints (with a design founded on the sweet-pea), mousselines-de-laine (with a design founded on the lilac), cashmeres, muslins, furniture-chintzes, figured silks, ribbons, shawls, carpets, laces, linen cloths, and wicker baskets. Then among the drawings proposed for the youthful students' class are such subjects as twelve British wild plants in their natural growth; ornamental arrangements of the honeysuckle and passion-flowers; and the human skeleton. The designers' class includes prizes for a cartoon formed from the rose, shamrock, and thistle, and for a design for a fire-screen for a drawing-room, which may serve as an occasional table for small objects, such as tea-cups or a lady's work-box, and also for a reading-desk or music-stand. We find in the subjects of the artisans' class, specimens of wood-carving. The object of this prize is to encourage wood-carving as a home occupation, subsidiary to other occupations, and the prizes are therefore all restricted to amateurs. The section of agriculture deals with the extremely important subject of London sewerage by offering a gold medal for the best plan. We fear there are no poets in the Society's committee, or they never could have

asked for the best paper, founded on experience, for clearing meadows and pasture-land from the places called fairy-rings, and also from buttercups, blue-bells, dandelions, and other *noxious weeds*. The other sections, those of chemistry, mechanics, and colonies and trade, are all very interesting. We can only mention the prizes offered for a new substance to receive the Calotype or Talbotype image; a new ink that shall never fade through age; a new substitute for the potato: for the best British colonial tea, flax, silk, and oil; for the finest wines from Australia; and the most ornamental new woods for furniture from anywhere.

We have by no means exhausted the evidences of the renewed regions of the Society's operations. They have, of late years, established an exhibition of the works of our most eminent living painters. Thus the exhibition one year was devoted to Mulready, and the next to Etty. At the present time it is exhibiting an extremely choice collection of examples of mediæval art in furniture, and articles of taste and *vertu*. Lastly, it is taking an important position with reference to the Industrial Exhibition of 1851, which it is but reasonable to expect, will exceed beyond all comparison everything of the kind ever known in the past history of the world. Nearly every great civilized community is preparing to send us its contribution. We only fear it may be lessened in effect by its own magnitude, through the difficulty of realising in the mind any clear idea of a whole which is to consist of such multitudinous parts.

We now turn to an event in the history of the Society which has already done much to popularise it in years past, which may yet do much more, when the magnificent works which that event placed in their possession shall be as generally known and appreciated as they deserve.

Some sixty-five years ago, there might have been seen daily passing in a direction between Oxford-street and the Adelphi, for years together, and through all kinds of weather, one whose appearance told to even the most casual observer that he looked upon a remarkable man. Referring to himself, in one of his letters to a friend, he had once said, "though the body and the soul of a picture will discover themselves on the slightest glance, yet you know it could not be the same with such a pock-fretted hard-featured little fellow as I am also;" but neither these personal characteristics, nor the mean garb in which he usually appeared, could conceal the earnestness stamped upon his grave saturnine countenance, or the air of entire absorption in some mental pursuit, having little in common with the bustle of the every-day business of the world around him. He was a man to make or to keep few friends, and to shun all acquaintances; it was not often therefore that, in these passages to and fro, he had any companion; but the event was noticeable when he had, from the striking change in his demeanour. He became full of animation, and of a kind of sparkling cheerfulness; his conversation was at once frank, weighty, and elevating, and even the oaths, with which

he made somewhat free, could not spoil the delight of the most fastidious censor of words, whilst borne along on the full and free current of the painter's thoughts. No one but himself at such times would have called his countenance "hard-featured;" its smile was inexpressibly sweet, its look of scorn or anger, when roused, such as few men could have met unmoved. But what was the employment that thus determined for so long a period his daily movements? The answer will require a brief review of his past career. He was an Irishman, and his first important work was exhibited at Dublin, when he was only a very young man. It was a picture alike noticeable for the novelty of the conception and the excellence with which it had been developed. The subject was a tradition of the Irish church, running something to the following effect:—St. Patrick, it appears, by one of his discourses succeeded in converting the barbarian King of Cashel, who demanded immediate baptism. Hastening with pious zeal to perform the act, St. Patrick struck his iron-shod crozier into the ground, and in so doing unwittingly struck it through the king's foot. So rapt, however, was the king in his new faith, that, believing it to be a part of the ceremony, he bore the torture without the slightest manifestation of uneasiness, and was thus baptized. No sooner was the picture looked on than it was admired. "Who was the painter?" asked every one. Then, a countryman, young, friendless, and not too well clad, came forward with feelings of the deepest emotion to declare himself, when, to his astonishment, no one would believe him, and he hurried out of the room to conceal the sudden revulsion of his feelings. But Burke was there—the man who seems never to have beheld genius in any shape struggling without taking it at once to his heart, his purse, his home:—Burke, who saved Crabbe from the depths of a despair that we shudder to contemplate, now followed the young artist, commended his work, advised with him as to his future studies, and ultimately sent him to Rome, paying the entire expenses of the expedition. From that time his rise was rapid, though no doubt partially checked by the infirmity of temper to which through life he was a victim.

At Rome, Barry—for it was he to whom we refer—had been often annoyed by the absurd taunts of foreigners as to the ungenial character of the British soil for the growth of art,—often seduced into answering them in such a manner as suited rather his fiery temper and indomitable will, than the cause which he so impatiently espoused. But a better result was his own quiet determination to devote his life to the disproof of the theory. He began admirably, by a strict analysis of his own powers, and by inquiring how they were best to be developed. Here is the result: "If I should chance to have genius, or anything else," he observes, in a letter to Dr. Sleight, "it is so much the better; but my hopes are grounded upon an unwearied intense application, of which I am not sparing. At present I have little to show that I value; my work is all under ground, digging and laying foundations,

which, with God's assistance, I may hereafter find the use of. I every day centre more and more upon the art; I give myself totally to it: and, except honour and conscience, am determined to renounce everything else." But the writer was without a shilling in the world to call his own; and although he had friends, the best of friends, as they were, one of them at least Burke, the best of men, he had already received from them the entire means of subsistence while he had been studying so long at Rome, and was determined therefore to be no longer a burden to them or to others. But how should he, renouncing all the ordinary blandishments of a young painter's career, the "face-painting" and other methods by which genius condescends to become fashionable, or, in other words, to lay down its immortality for the pleasure of being acknowledged immortal, how was he to subsist? It was whilst this question remained, we may suppose, not decisively answered, that the painter thus mournfully wrote to a friend:—"O, I could be happy, on my going home, to find some corner where I could sit down in the middle of my studies, books, and casts of the antique, to paint this work and others, where I might have models of nature when necessary, bread and soup, and a coat to cover me! I should care not what became of my work when it was done; but I reflect with horror upon such a fellow as I am, and with such a kind of art in London, with house-rent to pay, duns to follow me, and employers to look for. Had I studied art in a manner more accommodated to the nation, there would be no dread of this." But from this state of despondency and dissatisfaction he was soon to rise triumphant. Again and again he asked himself how he was to subsist while the great things he meditated should be accomplished, and the answer came: the conclusion was anything but attractive or cheering, but he saw it was the conclusion: *no cross, no crown*; and accepted it ungrudgingly. It was not long before he could say, "I have taken great pains to fashion myself to this kind of Quixotism: to this end I have contracted and simplified my cravings and wants, and brought them into a very narrow compass." There are few, we think, of those who may have smiled with pity or contempt at the painter's mean garb, who would not have honoured it, while they revered him, had they known this. The first apparent opportunity of achieving the object indicated, was in connection with a proposed decoration of St. Paul's by all our greatest artists. The very idea was enough to set Barry's soul on fire. It opened a field of exertion wider in its range, more magnificent in its nature, than in his cooler moments he could have expected would ever have been afforded him; though, from the following passage of one of his letters, it should seem that he had not only long meditated upon the scheme, but had been—in opposition to the general notion, which accords the merit to Reynolds—the first to propose it to the Academy.—"The dean and chapter have agreed to leave the ornamenting of St. Paul's to the Academy, and it now rests with us to give permis-

sion to such painters as we shall think qualified to execute historical pictures of a certain size, I believe from fifteen to twenty feet high. We also intend to set up a monument there—Pope is mentioned—the sculptor is to be paid by subscription, and a benefit from the play-house. I proposed this matter to the Academy about a year since, a little after my being admitted an associate, and I had long set my heart upon it, as the only means for establishing a solid manly taste for real art, in place of our contemptible passion for the daubing of inconsequential things, portraits of dogs, landscapes, &c.—things which the mind, which is the soul of art, having no concern in, have hitherto served to disgrace us over all Europe."* The enthusiasm of the Academy seems to have been all expended in its offer respecting St. Paul's; for, on the refusal of the Bishop of London, they allowed the matter to drop; and when the Society which forms the subject of this paper very wisely stepped forward and offered its room for decoration, the Academy declined. No wonder that Barry's dislike of the Academy grew more and more decided, member of it though he was; or that he could no longer allow his life to glide away without the accomplishment of any of its great objects: it was soon rumoured through the academic circle, with such comments as ill-nature, jealousy, and personal dislike would prompt, that Barry himself, single-handed, had offered to undertake the great work they had refused, and that the Society had accepted his offer. Barry, at the time of his offer, is understood to have had just sixteen shillings in his possession; but he says, referring to his writings, "I thought myself bound, in duty to the country, to art, and to my own character, to try whether my abilities would enable me to exhibit the proof as well as the argument." And so, merely stipulating for the exercise of his own independent judgment, free admission at all times, and that the necessary models should be furnished at the Society's expense, he began his undertaking. Such was the man, such the nature of the avocations that drew him daily, at the period we have mentioned, towards the Adelphi. Let us now ascend the stairs to the first floor, passing through the little ante-room where the alto-relievos of Bacon and Nollekens are mounted high upon the walls, and beneath the portrait of the founder of the Society, which appropriately hangs over the door of the great room, where the painter's works are to be found. The first glance shows us in one way the magnitude of the undertaking; the upper portion of the walls of the whole of the noble room, or hall, as it should rather be called, is covered by the six paintings of which the series consists; as we step from one to another, we perceive that these large spaces have been wrought upon in a large spirit, and a still closer examination opens to our view pictures of surpassing beauty and grandeur, and scarcely less remarkable as a whole for the successful manner in which they have been executed, than for the daring originality of their conception.

* Letter to the Duke of Richmond.

His leading object, it seems, was to convey the idea, "That the attainment of happiness, individual as well as public, depends on the development, proper cultivation, and perfection of the human faculties, physical and moral, which are so well calculated to lead human nature to its true rank, and the glorious designation assigned for it by Providence." A truth of the mightiest import, and for all time; and, of course, one that a painter requires every fair indulgence in the attempt to illustrate by the mere representation of half a dozen scenes. In the first of these (Cut, No. 7), the principle of civilization is at once forcibly and poetically embodied in the picture of Orpheus, in the combined characters of legislator, priest, poet, philosopher, and musician, addressing a wild and uncultivated people, in a country but too much in harmony with themselves. As he pours forth his songs of instruction, accompanied by the music of his lyre—types of the instruments by and through which he works, the understanding and the feelings—the rapt savage, fresh from the chase, with his female partner, to whom he has delegated the task of carrying the dead fawn, leaning upon his shoulders, the old man looking up with the scepticism natural to age overborne by wonder and admiration, and him who sits by his side, lost in surprise, at the new views opening upon him of what may be done by so small and as yet comparatively untried an instrument as the hand, all betoken the potency of the "minister and interpreter

of the gods," as Horace calls him. The second picture presents us with a lovely view of a 'Grecian Harvest Home'; the inhabitants are no longer such as Orpheus addressed, but such as his teachings and time have made them, civilized, gentle, and happy, the cultivation of their fields, and the tending of their flocks their chief avocation, the dance and the song their chief enjoyment, the honour of success in a wrestling-match their highest ambition. (Cut, No. 8.) The thoroughly Grecian air of this picture must enchant every one. Barry, as well as Wordsworth, felt that—

"in despite
Of the gross fictions, chanted in the streets
By wandering rhapsodists; and in contempt
Of doubt and bold denials hourly urged
Amid the wrangling schools—a spirit hung,
Beautiful region! o'er thy woods and fields;"

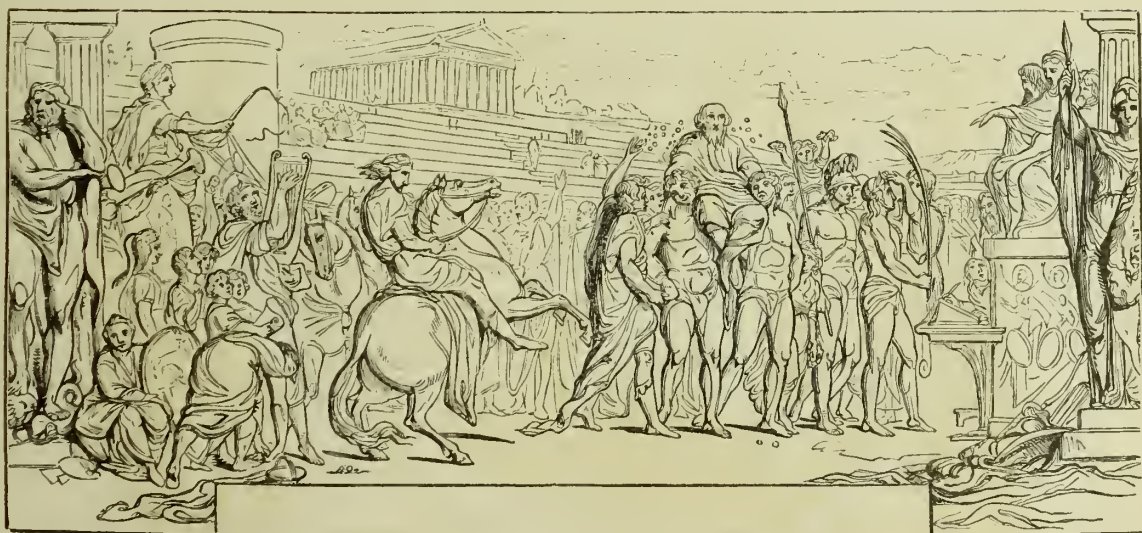
and, like the poet, he has made us feel it too. This is the triumph of art. The third picture of the series, that facing you as you enter the room, is perhaps, taken altogether, as great a picture as ever was painted. We have advanced from savage life and the earliest stage of civilization, to that where poets, painters, sculptors, philosophers, have arisen to shed a new glory over the earth, and where the heroes have become more essentially because more ideally heroic. Most happily has the painter chosen the one event that above all others



7.—ORPHEUS CIVILISING THE INHABITANTS OF THRACE.



3.—GRECIAN HARVEST HOME.



9.—VICTORS AT OLYMPIA.

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could best enable him to express this new position in the history of man, and the acknowledgments due to the people to whom we owe so much. The Victors at Olympia is the subject of the third picture; the age of Pericles, the most brilliant in Grecian history, the time. Beneath the seat of the judges are portraits reminding us of the illustrious men who have helped to make Greece what she here appears, Solon, Lycurgus, and others; and trophies telling of the grander events of her history,—of Salamis, of Marathon, and of Thermopylæ; whilst in the crowds congregated about the victors, we have Pindar leading the chorus in the singing of one of his own Odes: behind him, in the chariot, is Hiero of Syracuse; Pericles is seen in another direction speaking to Cimon; whilst Socrates, Anaxagoras, Euripides listen, and Aristophanes scoffs. The chief group represents Diagoras of Rhodes, who had in his youth been celebrated for his own victories in the games, and who is now borne on the shoulders of his sons, one of whom has been this day the victor at the cestus: the multitude are filling the air with their acclamations, and strewing flowers upon his head as the victorious father of victorious children; whilst a friend on the left grasps his hand, and tells him in the well-known recorded words, "Now, Diagoras, die, for thou canst not be made a god." Of the two other victors on the right, both foot-racers, one has already received the branch of palm, and is being crowned, while the scribe at the table records his name, family, and country. (Cut, No. 10.) If the reader will look in the extreme corner of the picture, on the left hand, he will see an interesting, practical evidence of Barry's own opinion of the work; that low figure seated on the base of the statue of Hercules represents the painter in the character of Timanthes. (Cut, No. 9.) As to the opinions of others, Canova's is a memorable case in point. When on his visit here, he said he would have come purposely to England from Rome to see it, without any other motive, had he known of the existence of such a picture.

Of the fourth and fifth pictures of the series little can be said in the way of praise. The artist felt the necessity of showing a something still better than Grecian civilization, as preparatory to the Elysium into which he proposed to lead men at last, and of course, if that were anywhere to be found it was in the history of commerce and the greatest of commercial countries, his own; he felt also, no doubt, that in other respects the British nation had influenced and was still influencing most potently the progress of civilization; but the pictures in which he has embodied these views are failures, nor do we see how they could be otherwise. Grecian history and civilization present a tolerably consistent whole, because the chief details were consistent with the religion, morals, and manners, the theory, and the practice, of the Grecian people. Our history and civilization present but too many evidences of inconsistency; we have ascended higher, but sunk lower; have made our religion, morals, and manners, too often at war with each other, our theory

a frequent satire on our practice. In the fourth picture we have the Thames, in the shape of a venerable figure, in a triumphal car, borne along by Drake, Raleigh, Cabot, and Cook, accompanied by Mercury as Commerce, with Nereids carrying articles of manufacture and industry, among whom Dr. Burney is somewhat ludicrously introduced as the personified idea of Music. The most pertinent criticism we have seen on this picture was the unintentional one on the part of a dowager, who, putting her fan before her face, expressed her regret to see "good Dr. Burney with a parcel of naked girls dabbling in a horse-pond." The other picture referred to is the meeting of the members of the Society of Arts for the annual distribution of the premiums, and who appear to be debating how they may best forward the objects of the Society; a work in itself of considerable merit, and interesting in the locality, but too restricted in its nature for the series. Opposite the Victors at Olympia, and over the door of entrance, is the last of these pictorial essays on moral culture, the view of Elysium—certainly one of the boldest flights of imagination to which painter ever ventured to give a local habitation and a name, and, though not as a whole to be compared with the 'Olympia,' which seems to us all but perfect, presents, perhaps, a still loftier view of the artist's genius. Michael Angelo might have been proud of that wonderful figure of the Archangel Gabriel, who keeps watch and ward between the confines of Elysium and Tartarus; and, indeed, the amazing character of the whole conception is not unworthy of that sublime painter. (Cut, No. 11.) "It was my wish," says Barry, "to bring together in Elysium those great and good men of all ages and nations who were cultivators and benefactors of mankind. The picture forms a kind of apotheosis, or more properly a beatification, of those useful qualities which were pursued throughout the series." The admirable manner in which he has done this is remarkable; he has utterly sunk all consciousness of self, of the man Barry's religious, moral, political, philosophical, or artistical biases, in order to look over the field of human history as a superior being might be supposed to look over it, who had nothing in common with humanity, and, thus looking, true intellectual eminence is not difficult to be distinguished. The very case that has been adduced to prove the contrary is one of the strongest of evidences of this, Hogarth's; against whom Barry is said to have had a grudge, and of whose merit he has certainly spoken disrespectfully—but Hogarth is there. A more important evidence of the largeness and philosophical grasp of the painter's mind is the way in which he has grouped his characters, making light of the accidents of time, country, or costume, to impress with the more striking force the essentials of biographical history. Thus we have Roger Bacon, Archimedes, Descartes, and Thales, in one combination; Homer, Milton, Shakspeare, Spenser, Chaucer, and Sappho, in another; Alfred the Great, Penn, and Lycurgus, in a third. Other portraits will be readily recognised in our engraving. (Cut, No. 12.) Two features of the picture exhibit



10.—GROUP FROM THE VICTORS AT OLYMPIA.

Barry's judgment as conspicuously in what he has avoided, as the whole shows his lofty courage in what he has grappled with. Near the top of the picture, on the left, cherubim are seen indistinctly through the blaze of light and glory that streams down—from whence we need not ask; at the opposite corner of the picture, at the bottom, we have an indication, equally slight, but equally sufficient, of Tartarus and the torments of the damned. As an evidence of the spirit in which, as we have said, Barry introduced or kept out the persons who fell under his consideration when selecting for this picture, a little anecdote in reference to the Tartarean part of it may be read with interest. In the emaciated limb which belongs to the garter of one of the falling wicked, it was said that the leg of a nobleman who had offended Barry was noticeable. When the remark reached the latter, he defended himself with an earnestness and propriety that speak the truth of his words: "What I particularly valued in my work," said he, "was a dignity, seriousness, and gravity, infinitely removed from all personality." Still the temptation, it must be owned, was great, and many, no doubt, wondered why they did not find there the whole Academy. With another anecdote from the same source,*

* Cunningham's 'Lives of the Painters.'

which we give in the relator's words, we conclude this notice of the pictures:—"A young lady from the north, of great beauty and wit, went to take a look at the painter's Elysium. She looked earnestly for a while, and said to Mr. Barry, 'The ladies have not yet arrived in this Paradise of yours.' 'Oh, but they have, madam,' said the painter with a smile, 'they reached Elysium some time ago: but I could find no place so fit for creatures so bright and beautiful as behind yon very luminous cloud. They are there, and very happy I assure you.'"

And, referring once more to the painter's anticipated difficulties at the commencement of his career, how *did* he subsist during the six long years this work was in progress? Why, by working at night for the bread that was to keep him alive the next day, or week; making hasty drawings, or such engravings as the *Job*, *Birth of Venus*, and *Lear*; and when these failed, and he applied to the Society for assistance by a small subscription, and was refused, why then—God knows what he did then; for he was too proud to borrow, too honest to run in debt. However, he struggled on, bating no jot of heart or hope, until the Society gave him a donation of fifty guineas, and after that another of similar amount; and so the goal was reached at last.



11 — PORTION OF ELYSIUM.



12.—PORTION OF ELYSIUM.

The paintings, begun in 1777, were completed in 1783. Something like reward now followed. The Society allowed the work to be exhibited for his benefit; Johnson came, and pronounced his decision in his usual weighty words, "There is a grasp of mind there which you will find no where else;" Burke, estranged as he was from his once "dear Barry," (and, it must be owned, not through his fault), looked upon the walls with an honest exultation as he felt how he had contributed to the success of the author; whilst good Jonas Hanway had scarcely paid his shilling and looked over the noble works around him, before he hurried back to demand its return from the astonished door-keeper; and, on receiving it, put down a guinea in its place. By this exhibition Barry gained £500; by the etchings of the pictures which he made with his own hands, £200 more; £100 he received from Lord Romney, the President of the Society, whose portrait was introduced; £100 was bequeathed to him by Timothy Hollis as "the painter of the work on Human Culture;" and Lord Radnor presented him, in a delicate way, with £50. The use Barry made of this money gives the finishing touch to the character of this noble artist:—he placed his money in the funds, and secured to himself an income of £60 a year; and that sum may be said to be the money value of Barry, as an artist, to the age he lived in, and which he has so greatly adorned by these imperishable works.

BRITISH INSTITUTION.

Next, in point of time, after the Royal Academy and the Society of Arts, arose the British Institution. The precise motives of its projectors seems to be somewhat in doubt, but essentially they were these:—There being then no National Gallery, there were of course no regular exhibitions of the works of the great masters. This defect the British Institution met, by an annual exhibition of such works, which were borrowed for the occasion from all quarters, and, to a great extent, from the individual supporters of the Institution. Again,—the Royal Academy was soon found unable to do justice to large historical subjects among the miscellaneous multitude of pictures that continually crowded its walls: hence the second great feature of the British Institution—a yearly exhibition, for sale, of the works of British artists. After the close of the exhibition of the great masters, students are admitted to copy from the pictures; and their copies form another or third annual exhibition. The Gallery of the Institution is in Pall-Mall, and is the same building that was erected by Alderman Boydell for the Shakspeare Gallery. (Cut No. 3.) The sculpture on the exterior is from the hand of Banks; and the hall contains a colossal statue by the same artist, which is considered one of the noblest of his works—the subject is Achilles mourning the loss of Briseis. This was sent by Banks to the Royal Academy, soon after his return to England from Russia, whither he had gone in despair of a favourable reception at home. Upon this statue

he expended his utmost power, in the hope of making his second appearance more successful than the former one had been; what then must have been his anguish when the statue, whilst on its way to Somerset House, was accidentally thrown from the car and broken to pieces! Banks however returned home, said nothing to his wife or daughter of what had happened, and with the assistance of his brother set to work to restore it, if possible. They were successful; the Achilles was exhibited, and the public reception of it was all that the happy and exulting artist could have ever desired.

THE NATIONAL GALLERY AND SOANE MUSEUM.

One cannot but wish that the National Gallery had either a less ambitious title, or that those who have influence over its destinies would hasten to make the collection worthy of such a designation. There is something to our minds painful in contemplating the conduct of those who may be said to have represented the nation in this matter. From the time, 1823, that the ministry was induced, with some difficulty, to purchase the Angerstein pictures, thirty-eight in number, private benefactors have continually stepped forth, sometimes even giving their entire collections, the fruits of long years of research and industry, and involving the expenditure of immense sums of money, to promote the formation of an institution they deemed so desirable: thus, in 1825, Sir George Beaumont, who had half bribed the ministry into the former purchase by a promise of his collection, gave 16 pictures; in 1831, the Rev. Holwell Carr bequeathed 35; in 1837, Lieut. Colonel Olney bequeathed 17; in 1838, Lord Farnborough bequeathed 15; and at various periods numerous other benefactors have presented or bequeathed 25 more,—a total of 146 pictures, for which we were indebted to private munificence, before Mr. Vernon's donation of his gallery of modern English painters, containing no less than 152 pictures. And while all this has been doing for the people, what has the people done for itself? Tremble, public economists, as we announce the profligate system of expenditure which must have been carried on! Great Britain, in the first twenty years of its labours in the formation of a Gallery, has actually purchased on the average above two pictures a year—we fear, almost three. It is a fact that, in this year of grace 1850, we possess not less than 214 pictures, (exclusive of the Vernon Gallery,) filling very nearly three moderate-sized apartments, and two small ones! No wonder that Mr. Wilkins and his supporters built an insufficient Gallery: who could have anticipated such headlong work as this? (Cut No. 1.)

But, seriously, if we really do believe in the value of such exhibitions, how are we to account for our faith being so very unproductive of tangible results? There is a collection at Frankfort of recent date, and owing its existence to an individual, which already nearly doubles our collection in the National Gallery; at Berlin a gallery was commenced about the same

period as the latter, and it has already about 1200 pictures; the Dresden Gallery contains about 1850; the Louvre, 1406, exclusive of the Spanish pictures; the Florentine, 1200; whilst Louis of Bavaria and his people possess, in the magnificent Pinacothek at Munich, a new gallery numbering nearly 1300 pictures.* Is it that the people of England have no taste for these things? The late Cartoon exhibitions have set at rest that notion for ever. But the National Gallery itself, destitute as we shall by and by show it is of any kindly assistance to the poor, humble, and necessarily artistically ignorant class of visitors, whom it is most desirable to see there, yet presents in its own records decisive testimony that it is not the people who are indifferent. Let us but think for a moment of the number of visitors, which has amounted in a single year to 500,000 and which is constantly increasing, and we must be still more surprised at the pitiful spirit in which the National Gallery has been treated.

But, of course, what pictures we have are arranged to the best advantage. There must be keepers and attendants, and we have a right to presume competent ones; men who understand that "a Gallery like this—a National Gallery—is not merely for the pleasure and civilization of our people, but also for their instruction in the value and significance of art;" who know how the "history of the progress of painting is connected with the history of manners, morals, and government, and, above all, with the history of our religion," and are able to develope their understanding and knowledge in practice by a consummate arrangement of the works under their charge. Let us see. As we ascend the staircase, two cartoons, in the darker part of the passage at the top, catch the eye—evidently fine ones, though we can with difficulty make out the outlines; the subjects are Cephelus and Aurora, and Galatea, by Agostino Carracci, forming the painter's studies for the two chief lateral compartments in the fresco ceiling of the Farnese Gallery at Rome. No doubt there must be some fine object in view in placing them here, isolated from and advanced before all the other works of art, and in a situation so disadvantageous to themselves as regards light, though we own we do not perceive what that object is; and whilst we do not choose to believe that it is *because* it is a cartoon particularly requiring light and careful choice of place that it is put here, as a bystander informs us, we are unable to answer the calumny; so we step into the little room on the right, hoping to find there the commencement (or perhaps the termination) of the pictorial history so well described by the lady (Mrs. Jameson) whose sentences we have before transcribed. Hogarth's portrait, and his series of pictures, 'Marriage à la Mode'—Gainsborough, Wilson, Wilkie—yes, this room must be devoted to the English school—ay, West, Reynolds, here they are. But what is this? Canaletto; surely he was not an Englishman: Lancret, too, the French

scholar and imitator of Watteau. We are puzzled. Let us try the other little room on the opposite side of the passage. English again: Sir Thomas Lawrence's beautiful picture of John Kemble as Hamlet, then Reynolds, West, Hoppner; but here is N. Poussin of the French School—nor he alone, some of the Dutch painters' works keep his and the Englishmen's company. What can all this mean? Surely the pictures are not hung up in disregard of any order whatever, whether of school or time? Suppose we step forward into the suite of three apartments beyond us. Well, in the first of them, here is English Reynolds again; French Nicholas Poussin again, with his Phineas and his followers turned to stone at the sight of the Gorgon's head; Neapolitan Salvator Rosa, Spanish Velasquez, Dutch John Both, Flemish—no, we do not see any Flemish picture, so we must give up the idea of the representation of all the schools, that we began to fancy was aimed at. It is hardly necessary after this to go into the two other rooms to perceive that the fact is that our National Gallery, while miserably small in its extent for such a nation as England, is positively disgraceful in its arrangements; that so far from teaching its humble visitors any portion of the history of art, it perplexes and confounds whatever little knowledge of it they may possess, by the inextricable jumble presented of works of different countries, different periods of time, and essentially different schools or classes of painting. To pass to a more agreeable topic,—as regards the general management of the institution, it is most liberal and judicious; the public are admitted the first four days in the week, without fees or invidious distinctions; the other two days are appropriated to the use of students. The entire annual expense of the Gallery is somewhat short of £1000 a year.

We propose now to look at the contents of the Gallery in something like the order we may suppose would be observed under a better system. Unfortunately, we seek in vain in Trafalgar-square for any "collection of specimens in painting from the earliest times of its revival, tracing the pictorial representations of sacred subjects from the ancient Byzantine types of the heads of Madonnas and Apostles, through the gradual development of taste and design and sensibility to colour, aided by the progress in science, which at length burst out in fullest splendour when Lionardo da Vinci, Michael Angelo, Raphael, Correggio, and Titian were living at the same time." Two pictures by Taddeo Gaddi (1300-1366)* alone represent this long and important period of development. But commencing with the men we have named, the grand masters of the schools of modern painting, the chief features of European artistical history may be traced down to the present time, with sufficient precision for ordinary purposes, by means of these 214 pictures. Of the works of that universal and precocious genius, Leonardo da Vinci (1452-1519), who made his own master give

* These figures are all from the official catalogue of the National Gallery, dated 1850.

* Dates of birth and death.

up painting altogether in despair in consequence of the superiority of a single figure painted by the pupil in a picture the master had in hand of the 'Baptism of Christ,' we have but one example, 'Christ disputing with the Doctors,' which has become so completely a matter of doubt, that its subject and painter have been both questioned. Passing from the founder of the Milan school to the still greater founder of the Florentine, Michael Angelo (1474-1563), we are again reminded of the defects of the Gallery. Of all the works of that mighty master-spirit, we have here no originals direct from his hand; the extraordinary little picture entitled 'Michael Angelo's Dream' being but a fine copy, and the painter's share in the 'Raising of Lazarus,' one of the most important works in the Gallery, is confined to the composition and drawing, the picture itself being painted by Sebastian del Piombo, a glorious portrait-painter and colourist, but unequal to the sublimities of such a work. Mrs. Jameson believes the facts to have been these:—Michael Angelo, with characteristic haughtiness, disdained to enter into any acknowledged rivalry with Raphael, and put forward Sebastian del Piombo as no unworthy competitor of the great Roman painter. Raphael bowed before Michael Angelo, but he felt too strongly his superiority to Sebastian to yield the palm to him. To determine this point, the Cardinal Giulio de' Medici, afterward Clement VII., commanded this picture of the 'Raising of Lazarus' from Sebastian, and at the same time commissioned Raphael to paint the 'Transfiguration;' both were intended as altar-pieces for his cathedral of Narbonne, he having lately been created Archbishop of Narbonne by Francis I. On this occasion Michael Angelo, well aware of the deficiencies of his friend Sebastian, furnished him with the design, and, as it is supposed, drew some of the figures himself on the canvass;* but he was so far from doing this secretly, that Raphael heard of it, and is said to have exclaimed, "Michael Angelo has graciously favoured me, in that he has deemed me worthy to compete with himself, and not with Sebastian." The two pictures were exhibited together at Rome, in 1520, the year of Raphael's death; when, according to Vasari, both were infinitely admired, though the supereminent grace and beauty of Raphael gained the general suffrage of victory. Some other specimens of the Florentine school are in the Gallery; one a 'Holy Family,' said to be by Andrea del Sarto, who, after Michael Angelo and Fra Bartolomeo, ranks third in the school, but which is either not by him, or very unworthy of him, though unfortunately our only presumed specimen of the master.

Among the pictures here that enable us to judge of the state of painting prior to the period of the appearance of the constellation before just enumerated, are one by Van Eyck, of which we shall hereafter speak, two by Francia, and one by Pietro Perugino, Raphael's master. Francia (1450-1517) belonged to what may be

* Several of the original drawings by the hand of Michael Angelo, and in particular the first sketches for the figure of Lazarus, were in the possession of Sir Thomas Lawrence.

termed the early Bolognese school, but the principles on which he painted are so evidently like those of Perugino, that we may safely look on the three works as most interesting and valuable examples of the materials that existed for the erection of that mighty school which was to call Raphael architect. Francia's pictures consist of the two portions of an altar-piece, namely, a 'Virgin and Child with Saints,' and on a lunette or arch, a 'Dead Christ,' the head supported by the Virgin Mother on her lap, and with angels at the head and feet; both so pure, so simple, and so divinely holy in character and expression, that the sight of them, amidst the miscellaneous assemblages of pictures around, seems like a sudden light from above. And these are by a goldsmith of Bologna, a man who never touched pencil or palette till he was forty! The 'Virgin and Child, with St. John,' by Perugino (1446-1524), has much of the same simplicity, purity, and elevation, and shows that Raphael's master deserves infinitely more attention and honour, for his own sake, and for what he must have taught his "divine" pupil than for the mere accidental fact of his having been Raphael's master, which has hitherto chiefly made him known in this country. Perhaps, indeed, we have hardly an instance of one man of such thoroughly original and independent powers as the painter of the 'Cartoons,' deriving so much from another, as did the painter of the exquisite 'Madonnas,' that have filled the civilized world in one form and another with the sense of divinest loveliness, many of which are known to have been borrowed from Perugino, though enhanced in the borrowing. We are certainly richer in our specimens of Raphael (1483-1520) than of the other great men we have mentioned. We have the 'St. Catherine,' so noble in conception and so splendid in execution; the Cartoon of the 'Murder of the Innocents,' belonging to the same original series of twelve as the seven at Hampton Court, and deposited here by the governors of the Foundling Hospital, a work which one cannot help fancying must have been traced by the hand as well as the energy of a giant; the portrait of 'Pope Julius,' almost unequalled in all the essentials of a grand portrait-painting; and lastly, the 'Vision of a Knight;' all important works, though still too few in number to do justice to this wonderful painter, who, like Shakespeare, seemed the product of the mingled greatness of his time. Vasari says of the portrait of the Pope, now in the gallery, that it was so like as to inspire fear as if it were alive; a remark that gives us a fine glimpse of the character of the great patron of Raphael and Michael Angelo. There was also a statue of the Pope by the latter, who, having exhibited his clay model, the Pope was so struck with the terrible expression that he asked, "Am I uttering a blessing or a curse?" Michael replied that his object was to represent him admonishing the people of Bologna, and asked him if he should place a book in one of the hands. "Give me a sword!" was the warlike pontiff's impetuous exclamation; "I know nothing of books." Of the pupils of Raphael, we have a single specimen, a 'Charity,' of his chief

favourite, Giulio Romano (1492-1546), who assisted him in many of his works, was made by him his chief heir when he died, and what was still more remarkable, was commissioned by Raphael's express direction to complete the works he should leave unfinished. The 'Charity' is a small picture, and therefore not exactly of the class to illustrate Romano's excellence; it is in grand mythological subjects on a scale of proportionate grandeur that his soul found room to develop itself worthily. Garofalo (1481-1599), so called from his device, the clove-pink, was another pupil of Raphael's; two of his works adorn the Gallery. Of the remaining painters of the Roman school, Baroccio (1528-1612) contributes one picture, a 'Holy Family,' reminding us of the saying applied to him as to Parrhasius, that his personages looked as though they fed on roses; Caravaggio (1569-1609) one, 'Christ and the Two Disciples at Emmaus,' vulgar enough in conception, but rich and true in tone,—it was said of him by one of the Carracci, that he "ground flesh" rather than colour; Guercino (1590-1666) one, a 'Dead Christ with two Angels,' in which we may trace Caravaggio's influence over his friend in the striking effects of the light and shade, with an elegance and dignity that Caravaggio had no conception of; Mola (1612-1668) three, among them a very beautiful 'Holy Family reposing'; Carlo Maratti (1625-1713) one; and Pannini (1691-1764) one.

The remarkable and most harmonious variety of the great qualities of the leaders in the modern artistical movement is very striking; it seems almost like a new version of the story of Minerva and the head of Jupiter—painting at once appeared to spring upon the world so fully armed and appointed. Whilst Raphael gave us new conceptions of loveliness in feature and form, of composition, and of character, and Michael Angelo drew gods and men like gods, investing them with an almost supernatural grandeur, Titian (1477-1576) and his followers, dipping their pencils in the rainbow, witched the world with their colouring, leaving to Correggio the perfecting the knowledge of all the subtle mysteries of light and shade. And now our gallery begins to look rich. One, two, three, four, five—Titians, and three of them, at least, glorious examples of the master. Look at that great black eagle with outstretched wings soaring away with the beautiful boy, Ganymede, the future cup-bearer of the gods. What fine contrasts of colour! what delicious effects of tone in the rosy limbs! or this 'Venus and Adonis,' which, in the words of Ludovico Dolce, in a letter to a friend written on seeing a duplicate, "no one, however chilled by age or hard of heart, can behold without feeling all the blood in his veins warmed into tenderness:" or, greatest of all, this 'Bacchus and Ariadne,' which we believe to be one of the finest things in existence, and which may be described in the lines that Titian evidently had in view when he painted it "line for line":—

—————"Young Bacchus, flush'd
With bloom of youth, came flying from above

With choirs of Satyrs and Sileni born
In Indian Nysc. Seeking thee he came,
O Ariadne! with thy love inflamed.
They blithe from every side came revelling on
Distraught with jocund madness, with a burst
Of Bacchic outcries, and with tossing hands.
Some shook their ivy-shrouded spears, and some
From hand to hand, in wild and fitful feast,
Snatch'd a torn heifer's limbs; some girt themselves
With twisted serpents," &c.—*Catullus*.

Of the other illustrious artists of the school of the city of the waters, Giorgione (1477-1511) is said to have painted the 'Death of Peter the Martyr' that is in the Gallery; but the work suggests little of the merits of him who was no unworthy rival of Titian, and, according to Waagen, it is ascribed to him on insufficient grounds. We have already mentioned the share that Sebastian del Piombo (1485-1547) had in the great picture of the 'Raising of Lazarus.' Of his own works there are two; a portrait of Giulia Gonzaga, and a picture with portraits of himself (a magnificent-looking fellow, certainly, with a beard that would do honour to an eastern emperor) and Cardinal Hippolito, the Mæcenas of his time, who, without territories or subjects, lived at Bologna in a state that surpassed any Italian potentate's; and when the Pope caused some representation to be made to him as to the propriety of dismissing some of his retainers, as unnecessary to him, replied, "I do not retain them in my court because I have occasion for their services, but because they have occasion for mine." The "fiery Tintoretto" is represented in the Gallery by a 'St. George and the Dragon.' This is the painter of whom the curious story is told:—He was sent as a scholar to Titian whilst young, and a few days after Titian happened to find some very spirited drawings lying about his studio, and inquired as to the author. Tintoretto stepped forward, no doubt proud enough; when Titian ordered another scholar to—conduct him home. Tintoretto then purchased casts, chiefly from Michael Angelo's statues, inscribed his artistical faith on the walls of his apartment—Michael Angelo's design and Titian's colour—and set to work: the result was that, without particularly imitating either, he became what he desired, and in a high sense of the term—a painter. The other productions of the Venetian school are a portrait by Bassano (1510-1592), the Italian Rembrandt, as he has been called; a curious picture representing the building of the Tower of Babel, where the mode of building so important a work seems as primitive as the time, by Bassano's son, Leandro (1558-1623): a 'Consecration of St. Nicholas,' and a 'Rape of Europa,' by Paul Veronese (1530-1588), the first a very fine work, but still giving us inadequate notions of the gorgeous style of the artist: a 'Cornelia and her Children,' by Padovannio (1552-1617); a 'Cupid and Psyche,' by Alessandro Veronese (1582-1648), called also l'Orbetto, from a noticeable event in the painter's history, his having when a boy led about an old blind beggar,

said to have been his own father; and Canaletto (1697-1768), from whom we have four pictures, views in and round Venice, the subjects that of all others his fancy best loved to luxuriate in.

"If I were not Titian, I would be Correggio," said the great Venetian, on seeing one of the works of the latter; and we can feel the full force of the eloquent and most significant exclamation, as we look upon these treasures of art, the 'Mercury and Venus teaching Cupid to read,' the 'Ecce Homo' (who that has once seen can ever forget the face of the Virgin Mary in that picture, which is finer even than that of Christ), and 'The Holy Family' (La Vierge au Panier), three of the great artist's greatest works; nor are these all our possessions; there are two different pictures of studies of heads, angels, and seraphim, and the 'Christ on the Mount of Olives,' though this last is either a copy or a duplicate of the original in the possession of the duke of Wellington. Of the 'Mercury and Venus,' by Correggio (1494-1534), it has been said, that "all that is necessary to enable the student in art to comprehend his (Correggio's) excellences may be found in this lovely picture. There is first that peculiar grace to which the Italians have given the name of *Corregiesque*, very properly, for it was the complexion of the individual mind and temperament of the artist stamped upon the work of his hand. Though so often imitated, it remains, in fact, inimitable, every attempt degenerating into an affectation of the most intolerable kind. It consists in the blending of sentiment in expression with a flowing grace of form, an exquisite fulness and softness in the tone and colour, an almost illusive *chiaroscuro*: sensation, soul, and form melted together; conveying to the mind of the spectator the most delicious impression of harmony, spiritual and sensual. Lord Byron speaks of 'music breathing' from the face of a beautiful woman: music breathes from the pictures of Correggio. He is the painter of beauty, *par excellence*; he is to us what Apelles was to the ancients, the standard of the amiable and graceful!"* Will it be believed that all this perfection of hand, heart, and soul, was achieved in ignorance of the great works of his contemporaries, consequently was an altogether unaided advance upon the state of art that prevailed when he began his career in his own native Lombardy? Yet so it was; and when at last a production of Raphael's met his eye—a 'St. Cecilia'—we can imagine and sympathise with the varied feelings and emotions that it called forth. "Well, I am a painter too," were his first words, after a long examination. Though not a pupil, Parmegiano (1503-1540) was evidently an imitator of Correggio; he is the painter of this tall picture, the 'Vision of St. Jerome,' where St. John,

in the foreground, is pointing to the Virgin and youthful Christ in the clouds, while St. Jerome is asleep in the background. A great compliment to art was paid through the medium of this work, if Waagen's supposition be correct, that it was this on which Parmegiano was engaged during the assault upon Rome by the troops of the Constable Bourbon; an event of which the painter was so delightfully unconscious, that the first news he received of it came in the shape of the hostile German soldiers looking to see what plunder might be obtained. What followed was enough to make one wish to blot all remembrances of former misdeeds of the Goths and Vandals of the north. The soldiers stopped to gaze on the work before them, became entranced by its beauty, and quitted the place, as one that should be sacred from all tumults, even the very unscrupulous and unrespecting ones of war. Unfortunately, another party afterwards seized the painter, and exacted ransom, in consequence of which he left Rome in poverty, and went to Bologna, where and at Parma he grew again wealthy and famous—then left the real art of alchemy he possessed for the nominal one, and died poor. Though executed at the early age of twenty-four, this 'Vision of St. Jerome' is esteemed, in spite of its exaggerations and other defects, one of Parmegiano's finest productions.

Of the Paduan school and its chief, Andrea Mantegna, we have nothing; but of the Ferrara school, a kind of branch of the Paduan, there are three pictures, two by Mazzolino da Ferrara (1489-1530), and one by Ercole Grandi da Ferrara (1491-1531); all religious subjects, and all interesting, as showing the state of art in that part of Italy before Garofalo returned from Raphael's studio, and informed his works with much of his master's grace and grandeur.

By the time of the Reformation the followers of the great men who had shed such splendour over the commencement of the century had ceased to deserve that name, and might, in some cases at least, be rather called their caricaturists; such, for instance, in their more important works, were the professed disciples of the great Florentine, Vasari, the historian of painting, and Bronzino, whom we have before mentioned. Signs of decay were everywhere visible. It was as if the grandeur and beauty that the small, but most memorable band of men, the Da Vincis and Raphaels, the Michael Angelos, Titians, and Correggios, had suddenly introduced into the world, had been too great an advance for the taste and knowledge of men generally, who, after a brief fit of overwrought admiration and excitement, fell back, through the natural effects of reaction, into a worse than their former state. But the progress of the new faith infused new vigour and energy into the old one; and where the contest did not end in establishing the Protestant, it undoubtedly helped to refix more firmly on its foundation the Roman Catholic religion. Such was the case in Italy; and the arts soon felt the impulse. Towards the latter part of the sixteenth century there were living at Bologna two

* 'Handbook to the Public Galleries of Art in and near London, with Catalogues of the Pictures, &c.,' by Mrs. Jameson; a book so admirably fitted for its purpose, that we can only wish every one of our readers may have the benefit of it as an instructive and delightful companion on their artistical visits.

brothers and their cousin, bent on no less a task than the establishment of a grand school of painting of a somewhat different class than any that had gone before. To the results of a close study of nature and of the antique they desired to add the results of an equally attentive examination of every great master's peculiar qualities; and thus produce, in theory at least, works of still loftier excellence. These men, having made themselves worthy of such a position, opened a studio in the house of the cousin, Ludovico, to prepare others who might also carry on the good work. This was the foundation of the famous eclectic school of Bologna by the Carracci; one of whom, Agostino (1588-1601), drew the cartoons in the vestibule or passage before mentioned; another, Ludovico (1555-1619), who first planned the school and chiefly guided its operations, is the painter of the 'Susannah and the Elders,' the 'Entombment of Christ,' and of the copy of Correggio's 'Ecce Homo;' whilst the third and greatest, Annibale (1560-1609), enriches the Gallery with a noble series of works, no less than eight in number, among which two are indeed gems, the 'Silenus gathering Grapes,' and the 'Pan (or Silenus?) teaching Apollo to play on the Reed;' both are painted in distemper, and originally, it is supposed, decorated the same harpsichord. It is not unworthy of remark, as showing how greatly application may develop excellence, that of the three Carracci, whilst Agostino, who was of a light, gay disposition, worked at the easel but by fits and starts—whilst Ludovico, whose phlegmatic temperament and lofty mind naturally inclined him to study and work, laboured steadily in his vocation—it is Annibale, the often rude and impatient, but always generous and enthusiastic, who surpassed both in the incessant character of his application, and in its results. With two delightful traits of Annibale, we must conclude our brief notice of this noble trio to whom modern art owes so much: he is said to have kept his colours and his money in the same box, both equally at the disposal of his scholars: when he died, he was buried, according to his own desire, by the side of Raphael. Among these scholars two stand out conspicuous, Guido (1575-1642) and Domenichino (1581-1641). The talents of Guido were so early and conspicuously shown, that the Carracci grew jealous, and Guercino (before mentioned) and Domenichino were pushed forward by them in consequence. We have eight pictures by Guido in the Gallery, one of which, the 'Andromeda,' is in the artist's best manner, warm, harmonious and delicate; and four by Domenichino, who has been ranked among the first of painters, and whose progress upwards was still more remarkable than his master's, Annibale Carracci. He was called the 'ox' by his fellow students: upon which Annibale one day remarked that the nickname was only applicable to Domenichino's patient and fruitful industry. It was a maxim of the latter that not a single line ought to be traced by the hand which was not already fully conceived in the mind. That all this implied anything but the want of energy and enthusiasm Annibale had one day an interesting

proof: he found Domenichino acting in person the scene which he had to paint.

Among the recent acquisitions of the Gallery is one by John Van Eyck (1370-1441), which seems to show that the discoverer or restorer of oil painting had leapt at once to perfection, in the preparation of the vehicles of his colours, and kept the knowledge thus acquired to himself, for there is nothing in modern pictures to be compared with Van Eyck's for mingled delicacy and effect, and we fear for permanence. Above four centuries have passed over this little quaint piece of brilliancy, without a trace of its existence. The subject is unknown: it consists of two figures, a male and a female, holding each other's hands. The picture belongs to a very interesting period, when John Van Eyck and his brother had raised the school of Flanders to the highest pitch of eminence among the earlier schools of European art. They were men, as we may almost perceive in this interesting picture, who added to the most exquisite technical skill, profound feeling, and powerful perception and delineation of character. Before and after them there is a melancholy waste, not in northern art itself, but in our Gallery of its specimens. The fine old romance school of painting might never have existed for aught we here perceive to the contrary. When we next arrive at works of the Flemish school, it is after a period of decline and degradation; from which a new artist at once, by his single strength, raised it; namely, Rubens (1577-1640), who, by the variety and value of the stores of a mind to which Nature had been most unusually bountiful of her richest gifts, informed it with a glowing life, an energy of character and passion, mingled with almost unequalled harmony of gorgeous colouring and picturesque composition, that placed both the school and the founder of it at the very highest point of reputation,—we perceive in this Gallery how deservedly. Rubens was equally great in history, landscape, and portraiture: of the last we possess, as yet, no examples; of the second we have a 'Sunset,' and a 'Landscape,' representing Rubens' own château near Malines, with the country around it, a wonderfully beautiful work; and of the first, among nine pictures of different sizes and value, the well known 'Brazen Serpent;' the 'St. Bavon,' one of the most harmonious and picturesque of compositions; and, above all, the glorious 'Peace and War,' painted by Rubens in this country whilst ambassador to the Court of Charles I., to whom he presented it. Rubens had of course numerous pupils and followers, one of them scarcely less great than himself. Rubens' first intimation of something of this kind was owing to an interesting incident whilst he was painting his grand work, 'The Descent from the Cross:' one of the pupils pushed another against it, the part touched was wet, and consequently, considerable damage done. To allay probably the alarm of his companions, another pupil, Vandyck, stepped forth and did his best to set all to rights unknown to the master. When Rubens next looked at the picture, he was more than usually pleased with a certain portion

—Vandyck's. It is said, by some, that Rubens's jealousy was so excited on his discovering the truth that he repainted the part; others, that it increased his esteem for his scholar,—a supposition more in accordance with the princely generosity of Rubens's character, and supported by the strongest facts, namely, that they parted friends, and remained friends after parting, Rubens at one time even offering him his daughter in marriage. The pictures in the Gallery, from the hands of Vandyck (1599-1641), are four in number, among which may be particularly mentioned the magnificent historical picture of 'St. Ambrosius and the Emperor Theodosius,' and the portrait generally esteemed without equal in the world—that of 'Gevartius,' as it is incorrectly called, or 'Vander Geest,' as no doubt it should be designated. Of Jordaens (1594-1678), the most important of Rubens's pupils next to Vandyck, the Gallery possesses a 'Holy Family; and of other Flemish masters five works, three of them by Teniers (1610-1694), whose productions have been justly likened to reflections from a convex mirror, such is their minute truth and nature.

From the Flemish the transition is easy to the Dutch school, and a very fair sprinkling of the works of its most eminent men may be found in the Gallery. The works of Poelenburg (1586-1666), of De Keyser (1595-1660), and of Van Goyen (1596-1656), lead up to those of Rembrandt (1606-1674), great King of Shadows; who is here nobly represented. One of the finest productions in his early careful style, the 'Woman taken in Adultery,' enriches the Gallery; also his 'Christ taken down from the Cross,' his 'Adoration of the Infant Jesus by the Shepherds,' with the 'Woman Bathing' (or washing), a landscape, and two of his marvellous portraits. Nothing can exceed the poetical grandeur of the style of these works, in spite of their roughness of execution (people with too curious eyes should remember Rembrandt's caution, that paint was unwholesome): or in spite of an infinitely more important defect, the inherent rudeness, it may almost be called vulgarity, of the figures. When Vandyck was once admiring a work of Rembrandt's in the painter's presence, the latter exultingly remarked, "Yet I have never been in Italy." "That is very evident," was the quiet and not undeserved reply. A landscape by John Both (1610-1656), a 'Calu' and a 'Storm at Sea' by the half amphibious Vandervelde (1633-1707), and a landscape by Cuyp, the Claude Lorraine of the Low Countries, are the only other Dutch works our space will permit us to particularize. But we have incidentally recalled a name which, in itself almost a strain of music, opens a vista of the most charming productions that any age or time has given to us. Our National Gallery is here again worthy of its name: no less than ten works by Claude Lorraine (1660-1682) are in it. It were useless to enumerate them, by whatever name called, the names served but to account for the figures put into them, and these are so bad that Claude used to say he gave them away, and sold only the landscape: landscapes essentially they are,

and he must be difficult to please who would desire to see them anything else. We can well understand the feeling which made Sir George Beaumont, himself a landscape-painter of the finest taste, after he had given his pictures to the Gallery, beg for one of them, his especial darling, back again during his lifetime, when we know that it was a Claude ('Hagar in the Desert') that he so desiderated. Claude, with Nicholas Poussin (1594-1665), and Gaspar Poussin (1613-1675), may almost be said to form a school of their own, though Lanzi places them in the Roman, and other writers in the French school. France was their country, either by birth or immediate descent, but from Italy they derived their nurture. Nicholas led the way in that kind of landscape which has grandeur for its object, and was followed by Gaspar, the mightiest master in the style we have yet had; and Bourdon (1616-1671), a scarcely less eminent French painter, of whom we have but a single specimen, the 'Return of the Ark:' this is the painter, by the way, who copied from recollection a picture of Claude's so perfectly as to astonish that great painter no less than it astonished the public generally. The Gallery is rich in the works of both the Poussins, there being eight by Nicholas (or seven, if the 'Phineas and his Followers' be, as alleged, by Romanelli), and six by Gaspar: among these, if we must make any special mention, we may particularise Gaspar's 'Landscape, with Abraham and Isaac,' as the truly grandest perhaps that ever was painted, and Nicholas's 'Plague of Ashdod' (where the very tints and tones seem smitten with the disease they illustrate) in one style, and the two Bacchanalian pictures in another, as works of the very highest kind. The mechanical perfection attained by some of our painters is very extraordinary; Gaspar could paint a landscape in a day. The four pictures by Laneret (1690-1743), pupil and imitator of Watteau, demand but a passing mention; of Vernet (1714-1789), and Greuze (1726-1805), we have each a specimen. These complete our collection of the works of the French school. And we may here, immediately after the great landscape-painters above named, not unfitly find a niche for a man who was a school almost in himself, Salvator Rosa (1615-1673), poet, musician, actor, architect, improvisatore, and painter, of whom we have a single work, 'Mercury and the Woodman:' why we have nothing more important we leave those to tell who, when two of the greatest of Salvator's productions, 'Diogenes casting away his Cup, and 'Heraclitus sitting among the Remnants of Mortality,' were offered to the Gallery, refused them; the individual who had a chief voice in their refusal afterwards purchasing them for the Grosvenor Gallery.

There remains but two schools more to be noticed—the Spanish and the English. As to the Spanish, five pictures alone represent it; three by Murillo, the most distinguished of Spanish colourists, which consist of a Holy Family, St. John with the Lamb, and a Spanish Peasant Boy, the last belonging to a class with

which our countrymen have been made familiar through the medium of engravings; whilst the other two pictures are by Murillo's master, Velasquez (1599-1660);—one Philip of Spain hunting the wild boar, and the other a portrait, and therefore giving us some opportunity of judging of the truth of the skill attributed to him in that branch of art. When his patron, Philip IV., came one day in his room, he saw, as he thought, Admiral Pareja, in a dark corner, whom he had ordered to sea; "What! still here!" said he; of course, the admiral's portrait remained silent, and the king discovered his error. But neither the portrait nor the anecdote give us any adequate idea of the mighty talent of the greatest of Spanish painters, of whom it has been said, in "things mortal, and touching man, Velasquez was more than mortal: he is perfect throughout, whether painting high or low, rich or poor, young or old, human, animal, or natural objects. His dogs are equal to Snyder's; his chargers to Rubens's—they know their rider. When Velasquez descended from heroes, his beggars and urchins rivalled Murillo: no Teniers or Hogarth ever came up to the waggish wassail of his drunkards. He is by far the first landscape-painter of Spain: his scenes are full of local colour, freshness and daylight, whether verdurous court-like avenues, or wild rocky solitudes: his historical pictures are pearls of great price: never were knights and soldiers so painted as in his *Surrender of Breda*."*

Referring once more to the title '*National Gallery*,' it seems natural to conclude that one of the most important objects aimed at in its formation would be the gathering together, at almost any cost, the specimens of English art, from its earliest days down to the present time. How else, indeed, could a truly *National Gallery* be formed? It is very odd, but it does seem to be the fact, that such an idea had never entered the minds of those who have had it in their power to carry it out to its legitimate practical conclusion. We had about forty-two English pictures, it is true, before the addition of the Vernon Gallery; but as to their quality, or the extent to which they illustrated English art, it was all matter of accident. They are very liberal at the National Gallery! they take every thing that is offered, if it be not very bad, and by no means exclude the works of Englishmen: but purchasing is a different matter: we believe not a single native picture has been obtained in that way. We may then really consider ourselves fortunate that our early English school has any worthy representatives. There are one of Hogarth's (1697-1764) inestimable moral series, the '*Marriage à la Mode*,' in six pictures, and his own portrait with the dog; two of Wilson's (1714-1782) glorious landscapes, the '*Niobe and the Villa of Mæcenas*;' two of Gainsborough's (1727-1788), less grand perhaps, but richer in colour and still more freshly beautiful—these are the '*Market Cart*,' and the '*Watering Place*;' ten pictures by Reynolds (1723-1792), including his '*Infant Samuel*,' '*Holy*

Family,' and two of his finest portraits—the '*Banished Lord*,' and '*Lord Heathfield*,' the brave defender of Gibraltar—with a study of Angels' heads, exquisitely beautiful; one picture by Copley (1738-1815), the '*Death of Lord Chatham*;' four by West (1738-1820), of which the least ambitious is by far the best, namely, the '*Orestes and Pylades*;' five by Lawrence (1769-1830), including the famous Kemble portrait, to which a corresponding picture of Mrs. Siddons has lately been added by a friend; two by Wilkie (1785-1841),—the '*Blind Fiddler*' and '*Village Festival*'—works whose merits are as rare as their reputation is universal; with others by Constable, Hoppner, Beechey, Jackson, Beaumont, Philips, Williams, and Hilton (died 1839): the last left us a truly noble work, representing, from the '*Fairy Queen*,' '*Sir Calepine rescuing Serena*'—and which, in rich, art-loving, somewhat self-glorifying England, the painter was unable to sell, and kept therefore till the day of his death. It was purchased a short time back by some public-spirited gentlemen, Hilton's admirers, and presented to the nation, which will yet be proud of it.

Of the Vernon Gallery, consisting, as it does, mostly of the works of painters who yet live, we shall say nothing in the way of criticism: what its proper value may be, whether looked at as a whole, or in parts, time alone can properly decide. Unquestionably the gift was a magnificent one, and will materially enrich the Gallery. Our contemporaries are here worthily represented. There are in all 152 pictures: among these are some older works,—namely, three by Reynolds, two by Wilson, one by Louthembourg, three by Gainsborough, five by Hilton, and two by Wilkie. Among the other painters may be mentioned Stothard, Callcott, Turner, Eastlake, Etty, Mulready, Maclise, Leslie, Edwin Landseer, &c. &c.

Among the other Galleries of London, there are several which we should have been glad to have noticed had our space permitted us to do so: and we can but regret that it does not. Such are—the collection in Devonshire House, rich in Italian pictures, and more particularly of the Venetian school; Sir Robert Peel's, of which Waagen speaks so highly as "a series of faultless pearls of the Flemish and Dutch schools," a monument of the artistical taste and knowledge of their owner and collector: the Bridgewater, formerly the Stafford Gallery, to which a great work in four folio volumes has been specially dedicated, and which holds the first rank among English collections, being rich in all schools—pre-eminently so in the highest, and containing above 300 pictures; the collection in Stafford House, belonging to the Duke of Sutherland; Lord Ashburton's; the Duke of Wellington's; Mr. Hope's; and the Marquis of Westminster's, better known as the Grosvenor Gallery, one of the wealthiest in the country in the works of Rembrandt, and the Dutch and Flemish painters, and containing many and valuable works in all the other chief schools.

* '*Penny Cyclopædia*'—Velasquez.

We conclude, then, with a notice of a building, which has no doubt often attracted the eye of the reader as he passed through Lincoln's-inn Fields, by the peculiarity of its general appearance — by the gothic-looking corbels attached to the front, without any apparent object, and by the figures on the upper part of the building, which to some may be familiar as copies of the Caryatides attached to the Temple of Pandrosos at Athens. (Cut, No. 5.) That is the Museum of Sir John Soane, the eminent architect, presented by him to the public, and secured for ever to its use by a parliamentary enactment; and one of the most munificent gifts ever made to a nation, was made also in the most munificent manner: Sir John provided an endowment for the maintenance of the Museum, as well as the Museum itself, leaving us nothing to do but to enjoy, and be grateful.* The interior is probably the most extraordinary succession of little halls, little corridors, little dining, breakfast, and drawing-rooms, little studios and parlours, or, what comes to the same thing, which look little from the multitude of objects crowded into them, that ever awaited the eyes of a curious visitor; and the names are no less fantastic: Monk's Parlour—Catacombs—Sepulchral Chamber—Crypt—Shakspeare Recess—Tivoli Recess—Monument Court—such are the appellations of different parts of the building. As to the contents, they are at once so multifarious, and so different, that to describe them satisfactorily in any other way than by reprinting the description sold at the Museum is all but impossible. There are Egyptian antiquities, Greek and Roman antiquities, modern sculptures, gems, rare books and manuscripts, pictures, architectural models (an extensive collection, illustrating chiefly Sir John's own public works); in short, we should hesitate before we ventured to name anything positively as not being there. Walls, cabinets, recesses, ceilings, are everywhere covered, not an inch of spare room is to be

* As the regulations concerning admission are, from the confined character of the place, and the great and peculiar value of the objects contained in it, necessarily framed and observed with great care, we subjoin from the Description what we may call the official announcement: The Museum is "open to general visitors on Thursdays and Fridays during the months of April, May, and June, in each year; and likewise on Tuesdays from the first week in February to the last in August, for the accommodation of foreigners, persons making but a short stay in London, artists, and those who, from particular circumstances, may be prevented from visiting the Museum in the months first specified, and to whom it may be considered proper such favour should be conceded. Persons desirous of obtaining admission to the Museum can apply either to a trustee, by letter to the Curator (George Bailey, Esq.), or personally at the Museum a day or two before they desire to visit it; in the latter case, the applicant is expected to leave a card, containing the name and address of the party desiring admission, and the number of persons proposed to be introduced, or the same can be entered in a book kept for the purpose in the hall, when, unless there appears to the Curator any satisfactory reason to the contrary, a card of admission for the next open day is forwarded by post to the given address."

found—the walls, indeed, doing double duty, by means of an ingenious contrivance—movable planes, with sufficient space between for the pictures; by which means a room of about 12 feet by 20 can accommodate as many pictures as an ordinary gallery, 45 feet long by 20 feet broad. The value of the countless articles here so ingeniously arranged varies of course; many of them are of inestimable price. A foreigner, mentioned by Mrs. Jameson, compared its labyrinthine passages and tiny recesses to a mine branching out into many veins, where, instead of metallic ores, you find works of art; and the remark does no more than justice to the Soane Museum. Its formation was the work of the chief portion of a lifetime, and involved an expenditure that has been estimated at upwards of £50,000. To this general idea of the contents of the Museum we can but add a rapid glance over some of the most interesting among the articles that belong to our general subject—the Pictures. Among these are the portrait of Soane, by Lawrence; Reynolds's famous 'Snake in the Grass;' the 'Study of a Head,' from one of Raphael's Cartoons—a relic saved from the wreck of the lost Cartoons, which remained in the possession of the family of the weaver who originally worked them in tapestry; copies of two other heads from the same, by Flaxman; another of Hogarth's moral series,—the eight paintings of the 'Rake's Progress,' with several others of the painter's original works; also paintings by Canaletto, one of them esteemed his finest work, Watteau, Fuseli, Turner, Callcot, Eastlake, Hilton. Yes, we must notice one thing beside, the truly magnificent 'Egyptian Sarcophagus,' found by Belzoni in a tomb, and which is of the finest Oriental alabaster, transparent when a light is placed in it, and most elaborately sculptured all over. It measures 9 feet 4 inches in length, 3 feet 8 inches in breadth, and 2 feet 8 inches in depth at the highest part. It is, in all probability, the most beautiful relic of Egyptian art existing. The learned are sadly at issue as to whom it belonged; Sir Gardner Wilkinson considers it was the 'Cenotaph' of the father of Rameses the Great, whose conquests are represented on the walls of the great Temple of Ammon at Thebes.

MISCELLANEOUS EXHIBITIONS.

One of the most interesting features in British Art, is the sudden growth of the school of painting in water-colours; there are those living to whom it must seem as if it were but yesterday, when to say a man was a water-colour painter was to give the idea of his fitness to make correct topographical drawings, and nothing more. Turner, Girtin, and John Varley, founded the existing water-colour schools. Of these Turner alone remains, and he has long ceased to paint in anything but oil. The first [or old] "Society of Painters in Water-colours," was founded in 1804, in order to get rid of the serious disadvantages attending the exhibition of water-colour drawings among paintings in oil, the strength and body of the colours

in the last, naturally overpowering the more delicate hues of the first. The Second or New Society of Water-colour Painters was formed in 1832; by which time the older body had grown somewhat wealthy and extensive. Both are, we believe, in a flourishing condition; their galleries neighbour each other in Pall-mall. The only other Society requiring mention is the Society of British Artists, established in 1823, who have one of the best galleries in London.

Intimately connected, however, with our subject, is

another class of public exhibitions,—the Panoramas, Dioramas, Cosmioramas, etc., etc., which have been brought to a high state of perfection, and are, popularly, very attractive. These are private speculations. Among the most noticeable, are the exhibitions of London by day and night, in the Colosseum, Regent's Park. (Cut, No. 13.)

* * The wood-engraving, at page 86, named 'Horticultural Gardens,' should have been described as 'The Winter Garden of the Royal Botanic Society.'



13.—THE COLOSSEUM, REGENT'S-PARK.

LIBRARY
OF THE
UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS



PLYMOUTH, FROM MOUNT BATTEN.

London, Charles Knight 1850



1.--THE SOUND, THE HOE, THE CITADEL, AND THE CATWATER.

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PLYMOUTH AND ITS ENVIRONS.

THE south-west corner of Devonshire is admirably suited for a great naval station. Few portions of our coasts equal it in the facilities offered for works of such a description. Plymouth Sound may be viewed as an estuary to the Tamar and the Plym. At any rate, we there find a noble expanse of water, sheltered in on the east, west, and north from winds and storms. As we approach the northern portion of this harbour or sound, we find it narrowed by the promontory of Mount Batten on the east, and the still bolder promontory of Mount Edgcumbe on the west. Arrived at the northern limit, where the citadel and Hoe of Plymouth form a termination to the Sound due northward, we find the inlet of the Catwater in the north-east, leading to the quays of Plymouth and to the River Plym; while in the north-west we have the remarkable passage or strait between Cremill Point and Mount Edgcumbe. Having passed through this strait, we come at once into the magnificent harbour of the Hamoaze, where a secure anchorage is found for whole fleets of men-of-war; here, too, are seen the extensive works of the Devonport Dockyard, Victualling-yard, Steam Dock, and other government establishments. Proceeding onwards towards Saltash, we come to the River Tamar, the lower portion of which is so broad as to form a harbour for three miles. The bays and inlets all around and within the Sound and the Hamoaze are so numerous, as to afford remarkable facilities for the construction of works connected with ship-building, fortifications, naval defence, and maritime commerce. Plymouth Sound, the Hoe, the Citadel, and the Catwater, are shown in our Cuts Nos. 1 and 2.

But this nook of the county has other claims also to our attention. There are around it scenes of great loveliness and beauty. We may take our departure from the sea-margin, with its bustle of shipping and commerce, and in a few minutes find ourselves surrounded by all the attractions of rivers and valleys, and of a fruitful agricultural district. It is, too, within a short distance from the rich mining districts of Cornwall on the one hand, and the vast storehouse of granite at Dartmoor on the other.

It is our object in the present sheet to give a slight sketch not only of Plymouth and Devonport as maritime towns, but of some of the varied scenes by which those towns are surrounded: including a peep at one or two of the Cornish mines.

GENERAL SKETCH: LAND AND SEA.

Devonport has possessed the honours of a town for comparatively a few years only. Its original importance was due wholly to the existence of the

Government ship-yard. Groups of houses for the workmen and the officers gradually grew up around the yard, and there formed a town or hamlet to which the name of Plymouth Dock was given; but so large did the population become, and so important the place generally, that it has within our own generation been made a distinct town, by the name of Devonport. A wide space once separated the two towns; but as in many other instances—well enough known to Londoners—bricks and mortar have nearly taken the place of the green grass.

As at present exhibited to our view, the entire metropolis of the south-west (if we may so term it) consists of five parts—Plymouth, Devonport, Stonehouse, Stoke Damerel, and Morice Town; and these are separated or indented by those numerous inlets and bays which, as we before remarked, give so much maritime value to the whole district. Let us endeavour to sketch a map of the place; and to do this we will begin at the north-east corner of Plymouth Sound. Here we find a kind of æstuary called the Catwater, into which the River Lara or Plym empties its waters, approaching it from the north-east. On the south-east of this river (which is generally called the Plym in its upper part, and the Lara, Laira, or Lairy, in its lower) near the mouth, are the quarries of Oreston, of which we shall have somewhat to say by-and-by: and on the north-west is an elevated peninsula called Catdown, which is connected with the Oreston side of the river by an elegant bridge. If Plymouth should ever extend much beyond its present limits on the south-east, Catdown will afford some fine sites for terraces and crescents; but as yet the hod and the trowel have not done much there. The peninsula of Catdown is bounded on the east and south-east by the Lara, on the south and south-west by the Catwater, and on the north-west by Sutton Pool. Once arrived at Sutton Pool, and we have no longer any doubt of our whereabouts. Plymouth and its quays and ships, sailors and boatmen, slop-sellers and marine store-dealers, warehouses and wharfs, public-houses and eating-houses, mud and dirt—all are before us. The busy part of Plymouth lies around Sutton Pool, which forms its harbour. Inland or northward extend long ranges of streets, forming the centre of the town; while at the south-west corner of Sutton Pool, where the entrances both to Sutton Pool and to the Catwater branch out of the Sound, is situated the commanding hill on which the citadel or fort is built. Alas for the hostile ship that should attempt to pass this citadel into either of the two inlets here named!

The citadel is bounded on the west by the fine wide open elevated expanse called the Hoe; and this again



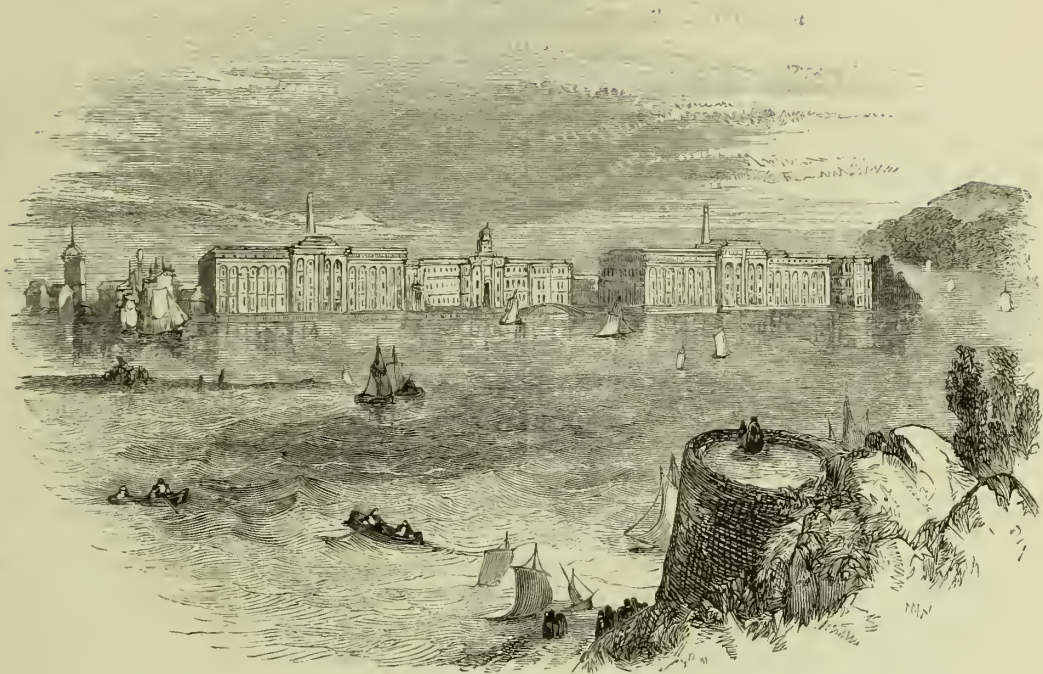
2.—PLYMOUTH SOUND, DRAKE'S ISLAND, AND THE BREAKWATER.

is bounded on the west by Mill Bay,—an inlet much wider than Sutton Pool. Northward of the Hoe and Mill Bay are the western portions of Plymouth, and the rapidly extending town or suburb of Stonehouse, which will ere long have filled up all the open space which once existed between Plymouth and Devonport. Mill Bay is bounded on the west by a very remarkable promontory, so bold and so elongated, and connected with Stonehouse by so narrow an isthmus, that one could almost imagine that it will one day be cut off into an island, by one of those freaks of wind and water which take such liberties with our coasts. This promontory is called Cremill Point or Devil's Point, and on it is built one of the finest of the Government establishments—the Royal William Victualling Yard. Rounding this promontory, we come to another inlet, Stonehouse Pool, which is the mouth of a shallow stream called Stonehouse Creek, or sometimes Mill Lake; when seen at low water it is anything but a beautiful lake, but at high water it winds gracefully between the towns, (Cut, No. 3.) Stonehouse Pool and Creek form a very decided division between Plymouth and Stonehouse on the one hand, and Devonport and Stoke on the other; and although there are two bridges, yet this water boundary will always point out the beginning and the end of the two pairs of towns. Crossing Stonehouse Pool, we arrive at the 'lines' or fortification of Devonport; and immediately

afterwards see before us Mount Wise—a rival to the Hoe in all that renders the latter attractive. Mount Wise is an elevated, gravelled, park-like spot; northward of it is Devonport town, north-west is the Dockyard, and south-west, across the strait or entrance to the Hamoaze, is the lovely Mount Edgecumbe. At Mutton Cove, a small inlet which bounds Mount Wise on the west, the coast line turns northward; and the dockyard, the gun wharf, the steam ferry station, and the vast new steam-dock at Keyham Point, may be considered as fronting the west. Stoke Damerel is an inland suburb, which is becoming more and more filled up with rows of houses: it lies north of Stonehouse and north-east of Devonport.

To sum up this sketch, we may consider the united towns as presenting, seaward, four projections or promontories, marked by the Catdown, the Hoe, Cremill Point, and Mount Wise; and separated by three inlets, Sutton Pool, Mill Bay, and Stonehouse Pool. Rows of houses now extend pretty nearly to the Lara; and if we allow this river to form the eastern limit, we have a length of three miles in a direct line westward to the Dockyard; while the breadth from Cremill Point to Higher Stoke may be a mile and a half. The Devonport extremity of the group of towns, as seen from Mount Edgecumbe, is sketched in Cut Nos. 3 and 4.

As a reader looks out for a table of contents to a



3.—STONEHOUSE POOL, AND THE ROYAL WILLIAM VICTUALLING YARD.

new book, we must ask *our* reader to regard the above three paragraphs as a kind of table of contents to Plymouth and Devonport. Next, we have to see how the present state of things has grown up.

Plymouth, we are told, was originally inhabited by fishermen; and such was very probably the case. By the Saxons it was called Tameorworth. After the Norman Conquest, it received the name of South Down, or Sutton; which name is still retained in Sutton Pool. In the time of Edward I. the northern part of the town, built on the land of the priory of Plympton, was called Sutton Prior; while the southern part, built on the estate of the Valletorts, was distinguished as Sutton Valletort. There appears also to have been a third portion called Sutton Ralph. In the reign of Henry II. it was, on the authority of Leland, "a mene thing as an inhabitation for fisehars." The name of Plymouth (rightly named as being at the mouth of the Plym) was given to it about 1380. In the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries the French cast many a wistful eye on Plymouth, and subjected it to repeated attacks. In 1338, 1350, 1377, 1400, and 1403, such attacks took place, in some of which the town suffered severely; especially on the last occasion, when six hundred houses were burned. Both sovereign and townsmen thought it full time to adopt some defensive measures; Henry VI. fortified and incorporated the town, although it is supposed to have been a

borough by prescription from an earlier date. The fortifications consisted of a wall, a square tower at the point where the citadel now stands, and forts extending along the shore to Mill Bay; and an Act of Parliament was passed, in 1512, for enlarging and strengthening the defences. On the dissolution of the monasteries, the lordship of the town and other immunities of the priory of Plympton were granted to the mayor and corporation of Plymouth. Sir Francis Drake, who was born not many miles from Plymouth, greatly befriended the town. By his influence with Queen Elizabeth, he obtained an Act of Parliament, empowering him to bring a leat or stream of water from Dartmoor, twenty-five miles distant, to a reservoir in the northern suburb of the town, whence an ample supply was furnished to the inhabitants. On the Ordnance map this stream, under the name of the Plymouth Leat, may be seen winding its way along from the hilly region towards the sea. It is difficult to imagine a greater boon to a town than this; for three centuries the leat has continued to furnish its supply, uncontaminated by town refuse. When we think and write and read about Sir Francis Drake, let us not forget the Plymouth Leat: like many other distinguished men, he is remembered more for his warlike than his peaceful acts.

The later history of Plymouth need not engage us long. With few exceptions it is a history of advance-

ment. We may here say that Stonehouse has a history of its own, but not an important one. Stonehouse was originally called Hippeston,—the name of a mansion first inhabited by Joel de Stonehouse, in the reign of Edward III. This is sometimes called East Stonehouse, to distinguish it from West Stonehouse, which once stood on the other side of the Hamoaze. During the civil wars, the men of Stonehouse and the men of Plymouth, for reasons which we cannot now assign, took different sides; the former defended the king; the Plymouth men sided with the Parliament, and underwent three sieges, all of which they successfully resisted. As the attention of Government became directed to that port, so did the elements of prosperity flow in upon it. Devonport may date its birth in the reign of William and Mary, when a naval station was established there, under the designation of Plymouth Dock, and land was purchased for the construction of docks and other works. It was first fortified in the reign of George II., and the fortifications were considerably enlarged in the next reign. In 1824 the royal permission was obtained for the assumption of the name of Devonport; and in 1832 another sprinkling of dignity showered upon it, in the shape of an elective franchise. Meanwhile Stonehouse had been gradually acquiring importance by the construction of Government buildings within its limits; such as the Royal Marine Barracks, the Royal Naval Hospital, the Royal Military Hospital, and, more recently, the magnificent Victualling-yard on Cremill Point. Plymouth, too, continued to advance; but this advance was rather in a commercial than a warlike direction. Devonport lives by Government expenditure: Plymouth chiefly by mercantile expenditure.

THE DOCKYARD.

We will suppose the reader to do as most visitors do, run off to look at the Dockyard before attending much to the towns of Plymouth and Devonport: all the hotel keepers are alive to this thirst of curiosity; and whether located at the "London" or the "Royal" or elsewhere, you can have no difficulty in procuring the requisite card of admission—unless you unfortunately smack of the foreigner in complexion or accent, in which case a little more scruple is exhibited.

The Dockyard is a wide-spreading, self-contained establishment, extending nearly half a mile from north to south, by half as much from east to west. A lofty wall, with one single entrance-gate, bounds its whole extent on the land side. Entered within this gate, we see before us a wide open court, bounded on either side by buildings. One of the first of these buildings which we meet with is the chapel, the dockyard chapel, which has its chaplain and organist and other functionaries, and internal arrangements to accommodate the resident officers of the dockyard; while the free seats are open to all indiscriminately; for the dockyard gates are opened for this purpose on Sundays. The

chapel is large but simple, and calls for no particular comment. Near the entrance also are the Guard-house, the Pay-office, and a Dockyard Surgery.

To know what are the industrial arrangements of the yard, we must first know what work is done there. To build ships then; to build boats of all sizes; to fashion masts and yards and bowsprits for the ships; to spin and twist ropes; to cut and sew sails; to forge anchors and other heavy specimens of metal; and to fit together all these various portions of a ship—these are the labours of the dockyard. On these labours, and on others subsidiary to them, nearly 3,000 men and boys are employed. This force is classified in about forty divisions. When a Government inquiry was being conducted in 1848, the chief groups were ascertained to be filled up as follows:—Shipwrights, 894; Labourers, 519; Spinners, 235; Smiths, 211; Joiners, 198; Riggers, 208; and Sawyers, 132. There are two classes—*established* workmen and *hired* workmen; the first have a sort of claim on the continued support of the government; but the others have not. That the employment of such a force leads to the expenditure of a large amount of money in Devonport need hardly be said; the salaries of officers and superintendents amounted, in 1848, to £20,000; and the wages of workmen and labourers to about £130,000; and the navy estimates for 1850-1 give about the same figures. In these estimates there are enumerated seventeen chief officers, at salaries varying from £200 to £1,000 each; twenty-six clerks, at salaries from £80 to £450 each; and fifty foremen, &c., at salaries from £100 to £250 each.

The most important feature in the yard, is the assemblage of docks and slips in which the ships are built and repaired. There are six building slips for vessels of various dimensions; and five docks for fitting and repairing vessels, three for first-rates, and two for second-rates. The building slips are covered with immense roofs of sheet-iron, copper, or zinc, and beneath these roofs the huge fabrics of the ships rest in shelter, until they are dismissed from the shipwrights' hands. Devonport has not produced so many first-rate men-of-war as Portsmouth, but she still boasts a goodly list. There were twenty-seven war ships of various sizes built on these slips, in the twenty-one years from 1828 to 1848, among which were the *St. George* of 120 guns, the *Royal Adelaide* of 110 guns, and the *Albion* of 90 guns. It is impossible to stand under the projecting bow of one of these huge floating castles, as it stands in the building slip, without a feeling of astonishment: the vast quantity of wood employed, the bulky scantling of many of the beams, the art with which the shape of the timber is accommodated to the curve of the ship, the strength with which the timbers are made to hold together in spite of wind and waves, the calculation required to fit the interior for the reception of everything necessary for a complement of (perhaps) a thousand men, the process of transferring this monster to the surface of its united element by merely knocking away a few wedges, all combine to render a man-of-war "on the slips"



4 —DEVONPORT, FROM MOUNT EDGCUMBE.

an object of great importance, not only nationally, but mechanically, commercially, scientifically.

The timber required in the construction of large war-vessels is enormous; and the quality is of so much importance, that no part of the Admiralty's duties in respect to the dockyards require more care than the provision and selection of timber. There were 6,000 loads of timber used in Devonport dockyard in 1847. In 1809 the Government agreed that timber from the Royal Forests should be supplied to the Admiralty for the Royal Navy at £5 per load, the current market price at that time being about £9; but in 1833 it was shown that the hauling, squaring, carriage, and purveying of the royal timber raised the actual charge to nearly double; to a price, in fact, far above the market price of timber. The result is that the Queen's own timber is too dear for the Queen's own ships: Alas for the "Commissioners of Woods and Forests"! The large consumption of timber renders it necessary to keep a reserve store so extensive that a sudden war would not find our dockyards unprepared; and the timber sheds show how orderly and systematically this great reserve is stored. The "conversion" of the timber is the selection of pieces fitted in quality and in shape to the various curvatures of a ship, and the process of sawing and otherwise shaping, are important preliminaries to the shipwrights' labours. A visitor may pick up much information on all these points, while being conducted round the yard; but he must make good use of his eyes and thoughts the while.

The dockyard contains rather combustible materials, and has not always escaped mischief. A fire occurred in 1840 which did much damage; besides burning, or injuring timbers, sheds, roofs, docks, and workshops, it destroyed two ships, the 'Talavera' and the 'Imogene,' and greatly injured a third, the 'Minden.' The whole loss was estimated at £80,000.

In looking at the large docks and slips in this yard, we cannot fail to encounter the immense New Dock now being formed, and which has been in formation several years. Explosions from time to time tell us that blasting is going on; and a glance at the vast cavity already made suffices to show that rock of great hardness is being excavated to a considerable depth. Unfortunately, "doctors disagree" in this as in many other government works. Some of the dockyard officials think one way, some of the Admiralty officials think another way, about the merits and demerits of this new dock; a large sum has been already spent; and the plans have been more than once changed to suit changing views at head quarters. It is not in fact a new dock, but a new basin, which, if constructed according to the original plan, would sweep away two of the old docks altogether. The estimate amounted to the enormous sum of £345,000. The works were commenced in 1840, and by 1848 upwards of £100,000 had been expended upon them. John Bull pays heavily, but he would pay more heartily if plans were better considered before works were commenced.

The longest buildings in the dockyard—as they are

indeed the longest in any manufacturing establishments—are the rope houses. There are two of these buildings, each 1,200 feet in length, one of them being built of stone, fire-proof. The largest of the works here conducted is the making of cables, of which the first-class are 100 fathoms in length by 25 inches in circumference. But the days of these monster hempen cables are nearly past; chain cables, of wrought iron, are used more and more extensively every year; and the rope house is occupied by the makers of smaller kinds of ropes. When an inventory of the stores in the Government yards was prepared in 1848, the number of chain cables was entered at 645, of which 165 (measuring 100 fathoms each) were for first, second, or third-class ships; a store this, which seems to show a tolerable provision in case of sudden exigencies. So important has the stock of chain-cables now become, that the Government has built in the Devonport dockyard, between 1844 and 1848, a chain-cable storehouse, which has cost nearly £40,000. If the reader is inclined to hear more of these yard stores, we may state that at the same time the stock of masts—those huge, tall, strait, ponderous timbers—was 533; and the stock of boats—known by the technical names of boats, barges, launches, pinnaces, yawls, cutters, jollyboats, dingies, and gigs—was 454. However, notwithstanding the substitution of iron for hemp in cables, so much hempen rope is used in various parts of a ship, that the annual consumption of hemp at Devonport dockyard is about 2,000 tons. When we are told by our commercial statisticians, that hemp rose from £25 per ton in 1792 to £118 per ton in 1808, we may understand how it would gladden the Government to be independent of continental supply in the event of war; our iron for chains we can find at home; but our hemp for rope is procured almost wholly from Russia.

The Rigging House is an extensive building. It is nearly 500 feet in length, and three stories high; it forms one side of a quadrangle, the area of which is entirely composed of stone and iron, and is called the combustible storehouse. But this, and several other buildings, including the mould-loft, where the plans for new ships are drawn out, are only shown to strangers under special circumstances.

The Smithery, the anchor smithery, is one of the lions of the yard; it is worth a visit even if the soot and smoke were thrice as dense as they are. Reader, to see Nasmyth's steam hammer at work, be content to earn the sight at the expense of a little personal inconvenience. Strange, indeed, is the picture. Flickering large fires on every side of you, in a vast and dimly-lighted building; steam-worked bellows urging the fires to their utmost degree of fierceness; columns of smoke floating and rolling about; masses of red-hot or white-hot metal being conveyed from one part of the building to another; shapeless fragments of iron being wrought into flat slabs, and flat slabs into anchors and other ironwork for shipping; thumping blows administered to the heated metal; swartly

and brawny men moving about in the dusky space, their bodies thrown into relief by furnace fires behind them;—all form a scene which is not soon forgotten. The anchor forging is the chief feature. This manufacture has gone through three stages of history. First was the common forging process, in which several bars or rods of iron, brought to a white heat, were welded by the painful labours of a number of men, who stood round the heated mass in a circle, and applied blows with hammers which few but anchorsmiths could wield. Yet, though these hammers weighed nearly twenty pounds each, and though six or eight of them were wielded in rapid succession, it was slow work; it was almost a pity to see human strength so applied. Then came the second stage, the use of the *Hercules*. This Hercules was a ponderous mass of iron weighing six to eight cwt.; a strong rope was fixed to it, from which depended six or eight other ropes. As many men as there were ropes hauled up the mass of iron to the height of about eight feet, by means of pulling; and the ropes being then let go, the mass fell with great force on the heated shank of the anchor. Again it was lifted up, and again let fall; and the blows thus given were certainly much more effective than those of hammers. Next came the *Nasmyth*, which outdoes Hercules in all that that redoubtable instrument could do. The steam hammer is an enormous mass of iron, which carries its own steam-engine; or rather there is a small steam-engine cylinder suspended by tackle immediately over the heated anchor, and the piston of this cylinder is attached to the ram or mass of iron. The piston moves as rapidly as pistons of steam-engines usually do, and the ram is brought down with its thundering blows with a rapidity which exceeds all mere muscular action. The machinery, too, is governed by such exquisite contrivances, that the ram can be made to descend slowly or quickly, the whole distance or part of the distance, lightly or heavily. The superintendent of one of these machines seems to have a mysteriously inexhaustible supply of hazel-nuts, which he places under the hammer as a means of showing to visitors how completely he has the monster under his command: with one blow a thick mass of iron is crushed almost to a sheet; with the next, after a little adjustment, it falls so gently as simply to crack the shell of a nut without crushing the kernel. It is as curious an exemplification of man's power over brute matter as may easily be met with. In the searching inquiries of the House of Commons' Committee on the Navy Estimates in 1848, and the voluminous Report consequent thereon (which has furnished us with many fragments of information not otherwise easily obtainable), it is stated that the value of an anchor, just before the introduction of the steam hammer, was £3 per cwt. for the largest anchors, and somewhat less for the smaller; this was made up of wages, 36s.; iron, 12s. 6d.; coals, 6s.; and the rest wear and tear of buildings and machinery. The largest anchors weigh about 95 cwts., or upwards of 10,000lbs. What the

saving is by the use of the steam hammer we have not heard, but there must certainly be a saving. Some of the dockyard officials, men of the "olden time," still entertain a little suspicion of this enormous interloper; but at this we need not wonder: it is well known that old seamen were the first to shake their heads at steam-boats, and the last to give them a friendly greeting. The Government stock of anchors in 1848 amounted to upwards of 2,400, of which 500 exceeded 70 cwts. each. Perhaps the peace advocates would say, "May we never want them!" but this would be downright heresy at the dockyards.

In the engineers' department, which is not shown to strangers with the same readiness as many other parts of the Devonport yard, a multiplicity of articles in metal are made. Iron is turned in lathes; iron surfaces are rendered smooth and level by planes; some are cut, some punched, some drilled; bolts and screws are cut, and other mechanical operations are carried on, whereby pieces of iron receive the various shapes requisite for the fittings of a ship. Then there is the sawing machinery, by which logs and planks are cut into shape with a precision and quickness truly remarkable. In all these processes—the anchor-making, the engineering, the mill-wright work, and the sawing—steam power is employed; and the shops are so arranged as to provide for each steam-engine quite as much work as it can perform.

The Mast-house and Basins exhibit to view a vast store of those long, straight, well-formed timbers—masts and yards. Some of them are kept in water, as the best means of preservation; others are stored in enormous covered sheds. The processes of building up a bulky mast with a number of separate pieces of timber laid side by side, and of encircling the mass with a red hot iron ring to bind the whole, are interesting, and sometimes come before the notice of a visitor as he rambles through the yard.

There are many parts of the yard which we cannot describe, because the ruling powers have placed limits upon that which the uninitiated are permitted to see; and even of that which is thrown open to the inspection of all, the variety and extent are such as almost to bewilder one. The store-houses for the boats, the sails, and the ropes; the wharf for the anchors; the houses for the officers and superintendents; the reservoirs of water—all have their points of interest.

In taking our round of the yard, we come to a spot which speaks much more of pleasure than of business. A neatly kept gravel path, winding between neatly kept beds, leads up to a sort of mound, on which is situated a pavilion. The mound is called King's Hill. King George III. visited it on one occasion; and he was so pleased with the prospect obtained over the yard from thence, that he requested it might be kept free from excavation and building. The wish has been attended to; and a small building has been constructed, in which a few trophies are kept: many others were destroyed by the fire in 1840.

THE GREAT STEAM DOCKS; THE GUN WHARF.

The reader we will suppose now to have quitted the Dockyard, and to have proceeded northward to a place called Keyham Point; where we have other dockyard doings to speak about.

In 1843 the Admiralty directed serious attention to the choice of a place in or near Devonport for the construction of a steam-factory—that is, a factory for the repair and fitting of war steamers. The North Corner, Mutton Cove, the Mast Pond, the Victualling Yard, the Ballast Pond, Drake's Island, Catwater, Mill Bay, Pat's Point—all were suggested as sites, and all examined. Several of the officers engaged in the examination agreed that Keyham Point, then called Moon Cove, was better fitted for the purpose than any of the above-named sites; and in 1844 the Admiralty determined on commencing the works. The spot is a sort of peninsula, having water on three sides, and a turnpike-road on the fourth; and there are circumstances of soil, subsoil, and level, which were deemed advantageous. The idea was, to have a steam-basin and factory half as large again as those at Woolwich; and this obviously rendered the selection of site a matter of much importance. A sum of about £8,000 was given by government for the land; and estimates were sent in, amounting to the enormous sum of more than a million and a quarter sterling, for the construction of basins, docks, wharfs, and factories, on an architectural plan prepared by Mr. Barry—that is, a plan for the buildings as such.

When these works were subjected to examination in 1848, there was much conflicting evidence as to the necessity for them at all, and as to the propriety of the plan on which they were being carried on. But too much money had been spent to render it desirable to change the plan. £132,000 had been expended on a cofferdam; and £262,000 on the south basin; and further estimates of money required were about £300,000 to finish the south basin and its docks, £220,000 for the north basin, £250,000 for the factories, and £50,000 for machinery to put into the factories. Enormous sums these, and such as ought to realise substantial national benefits to render them praiseworthy. The south basin will have 1,570 feet of quay or wharfage, and the north basin 2,240 feet, making together about three quarters of a mile length of quay.

Whatever they may one day be, the vastness of these works strikes with astonishment any one who goes over them at present. The area is immense; and every part of this area is filled with excavated cavities, sea-walls, wharf-walls, and other necessary concomitants to a series of basins and docks. We believe it is determined to finish the southern portion of the works first, but in such a way as to permit of the whole being finished according to the original plan, when deemed necessary. The hammer and the chisel, the steam-engine and the windlass, will be heard for many years yet, before these works are terminated;

when completed, it is intended that everything relating to the docking and repairing of the government steamers shall be carried on here. This steam-yard at Keyham Point will be much larger than those now existing at Portsmouth and Woolwich. Up to the spring of the present year (1850) the amount spent on the Keyham works had reached the sum of £633,000; and the sum asked by the Admiralty in the navy estimates of the current year, is £120,000. The works now in hand are the south basin and its docks, a portion of the north basin, and dock-buildings; but no factories.

One mark of haste in the planning of this yard was, that the site on which a powder-magazine now stands was taken possession of without previously deciding whither the magazine was to be removed. The quarrymen and the stone-masons set to work, and brought up their works almost to the walls of the magazine, before anything was definitely arranged. The magazine stands where the north basin is to be excavated. The truth is, that although the Admiralty and the Ordnance are equally the servants of her Majesty the Queen, they have all the executive formalities of unconnected establishments. The Admiralty rules the dockyard; the Ordnance rules the magazines. The Admiralty wanted the site of the magazine at Keyham; but the Ordnance must alone exercise control over a new one. The Admiralty urges the Ordnance to speed in the removal of the magazine; but the Ordnance replies "Wait a little; we have to find a new site." And a difficult task it has been to find a new site. Keyham magazine is tolerably distant from houses; but when the Ordnance sought about in other quarters for a new site, visions of catastrophes rose up in the minds of the inhabitants. Mount Batten was named; but Plymouth became horrified at the thought of being blown up. Mill Bay was then selected; but Stonehouse rose in arms and rebelled. At last, after much search, the Ordnance selected a spot named Bull Point, a promontory jutting out into the east side of the Hamoaze, some distance above Devonport. Here it has been determined to spend £100,000 in building a magazine to replace the one at Keyham, besides nearly £30,000 in purchasing the land on which the buildings are to be erected, and lines of defence or batteries constructed. Keyham steam-yard is beyond the limits of the existing defensive 'lines' of Devonport; but it is intended to extend those lines so as to embrace it; Bull Point, however, is far beyond the limits of the lines, and must have new fortifications of its own. Vast as the anticipated expense is for such a purpose, the Ordnance do not like the site so well as one nearer the Sound, or in the Sound. Colonel Oldfield, in his report to the Ordnance on this subject, said, in allusion to the choice of Mount Batten,—“The site is certainly a very convenient one, for its position between the Sound and Hamoaze, its facility of access, and the readiness with which the establishment might be cut off from external communication on the land side; but its proximity to the town of Plymouth, will, I

fear, be an impassable obstacle." So that, between the Admiralty, the Ordnance, and the inhabitants, the House of Commons will have a pretty round sum to provide for a new magazine. The demand for the present year's service is £20,000.

Powder magazines are not show places in the Government establishments; but a few words will explain the kind of connection between the Keyham magazine and the ships in the harbour. One of the duties attached to the officers at Keyham is the removal of gunpowder from men-of-war on arrival in the harbour. The admiral sends an order to the storekeeper to remove the powder from a ship about to enter the harbour, whether for refitting or to be paid off. The storekeeper despatches a powder-vessel to the Sound, which receives the powder in barrels from the ship. The powder is landed, deposited in the magazines, and inspected—each barrel and case of gunpowder, and each cartridge, separately. Such cartridges as are found serviceable are immediately re-packed and stored in the magazines; those which are defective are separated from the others, and broken up, the powder from them being sent to Kinterbury to be dried and proved. The number of filled flannel cartridges issued to a first rate ship of war is nearly 10,000, and requires about 800 metal-lined casks to contain them. When a ship is to be provided with her store of powder, a reversed process is adopted. The establishment at Kinterbury, here mentioned, is a gunpowder mill, situated two or three miles northward of Devonport, where powder and cartridges are examined and dried. The present magazine at Keyham is capable of containing 18,000 barrels of powder; the new establishment at Bull Point is planned for the enormous quantity of 40,000 barrels. At present there are floating magazines in the Hamoaze, besides the stores at Keyham; these magazines are worn-out men-of-war, containing thousands of barrels of powder, and millions of cartridges. The new works at Bull Point will render floating magazines unnecessary.

Between the dockyard and the steam yard is a third establishment independent of both the others, but yet closely related to them—the Gun-wharf. This occupies five acres of ground, which are appropriated to the reception of the guns belonging to men-of-war not in commission. In the open spaces between the store-houses are long ranges of cannon, all carefully marked, and huge pyramids of cannon-balls. In other places are gun-carriages, and all the requisite tackle for the management of these engines of destruction. In the upper stories of the building are the smartly arranged stores of smaller arms—muskets, bayonets, cutlasses, pistols, &c,—employed by seamen. All that ingenuity can effect to make such things look beautiful, is effected; they are arranged in circles, stars, diamonds, crowns, columns, wreaths; and they are polished up most industriously—death in its holiday dress. What the amount of ordnance stores kept in store by the Government may be, we do not know, but the value of these carefully prepared

implements is very great. It is said that the ordnance stores for an eighty-gun man-of-war, are valued as follows:—guns £3,200, carriages £990, small arms £890, gunpowder £1,500, shot and shell £1,200, powder-cases £1000, sundries £2900, making a total of nearly £12,000. The wear and tear of all these stores (exclusive of course of the powder, shot, and shells, actually consumed) is estimated at about three or four per cent. per annum.

MOUNT WISE; THE ROYAL WILLIAM VICTUALLING YARD.

Another and another Government establishment calls for our notice in this busy naval emporium. We trace our steps back from Keyham and the gun-wharf, past the Dockyard, to Mount Wise—a spot which yields only to Mount Edgumbe among the many beautiful elevations in this neighbourhood. It is a hilly portion of the northern margin of the Sound, tolerably flat on the top, but commanding a view on all sides; and few spots can be better chosen to show the various scenes around the Sound and harbour. Northward the streets of Devonport bar out any very pleasant prospect, so we quickly turn the eye in another direction. Northwest lies the Dockyard; and beyond it the broad and beautiful Hamoaze, studded with the huge ships lying "in ordinary." To the south-west rises the graceful Mount Edgumbe, with its fine old mansion, its luxuriant trees, and its many winding walks and paths. To the south-east lies the long crooked promontory of Cremill Point, quite as often called Devil's Point, with its extensive and imposing looking Victualling-Office; while over and beyond this we see the fortified post of Drake's Island, and still beyond this the long slender line of the Breakwater. Eastward the eye takes into the range of its view the elevations of the Hoe, the Citadel, Catdown, and Mount Batten. For a military parade on land, or a regatta on the Sound, Mount Wise is a right famous show-place; and when the sun is glittering on the broad expanse of the water beneath, and the white sails of the ships fluttering, the Devonport folks have reason to be proud of their Mount Wise. Devonport used to be the head quarters only of the naval government of the port, the military government being located in the citadel at Plymouth; but in 1725 the latter was transferred to Devonport; and Mount Wise has ever since contained the official residences of the lieutenant-governor of the garrison (the Government-house), and of the port-admiral. The Government-house and the admiral's house, are the two chief buildings on this mount, but there is also a laboratory belonging to the Ordnance; and a semaphore, by which signals are transmitted between the admiral's office and the guard-ship in the Hamoaze: the signals to be afterwards transmitted, as occasion may require, from the guard-ship to any other Government ship in the Hamoaze. There are two governing admirals at Devonport—the admiral of the port, and the admiral superintendent of the

Dockyard. The former has control over the whole of the ships in the harbour, and is the medium of communication between the Admiralty and those ships. The superintendent of the Dockyard has control only within the Yard; he may be an admiral, and is so at present: but he is sometimes a captain-superintendent.

We now come to the vast Victualling Yard on Cremill Point, (represented in Cut No. 3.) We approach it by a road leading along the neck or isthmus, and a large and handsome gate gives admission to the interior. Over the gateway is a colossal statue of William IV., in Portland stone, upwards of thirteen feet high: it is superior to many of our statues of greater notoriety. The interior we find to consist of large quadrangular ranges of substantial buildings, separated by open courts. A glance at these courts shows that the whole has been hewn out of the solid rock; and this forms one of the most marked features of the place. Cremill Point was a bold rocky promontory; and in order to obtain a level spot large enough for the buildings, a vast excavation was necessary. The pavement of the open courts consists of the rocky bed itself, hewn down to that level; the buildings also are constructed of stone; so that if any Government establishment in the neighbourhood has an air of durability about it, it is this. There was a Victualling Office at Plymouth for many years; but as it was found to be inefficient for its purpose, this new one was built. It has been an immense work. The cost has been little short of a million and a half sterling. Fifteen acres of surface have been brought into requisition, some recovered from the sea by sea walls and embankments, and the rest hewn from the solid rock. It is said that 300,000 tons of rock were removed.

Large as this expenditure appears, it is probable that the money was well laid out; for if the stores for the hardy seamen are better prepared and better secured thereby, a yearly saving must accrue. Be this as it may, the Victualling Yard is a highly interesting establishment. One quadrangular mass of buildings is devoted to the corn and baking department, another to the cooperage department, a third to miscellaneous stores of various descriptions. The actual machinery employed in the building consists of a corn-mill (capable of grinding 1000 bushels of corn in ten hours), with twenty-four pairs of millstones, worked by two steam engines; a bakery, worked by machinery, with twelve ovens; an oatmeal mill; and two wheat-drying mills. All the rest may be rather described as storehouse fittings than as machinery. The number of persons employed in the establishment is about 140; of whom about 20 are officers and clerks, about 30 hoymen, to manage the shipment and landing of the stores, and the rest artificers and servants of various kinds. About £10,000 per annum are expended in salaries and wages to those engaged at this establishment.

The most attractive part of the building to a stranger is the biscuit-baking establishment. The

white jackets and white caps of the bakers are "clean as a new pin;" and the rooms and machinery are cleaner and neater than any one could imagine who had never seen them. Beautiful indeed is this machinery. The corn is drawn up to an upper range of buildings, where millstones, worked by steam, speedily grind it into flour. This flour descends, through a shoot, into a kind of covered box, where a small stream of water is allowed to flow into it. Away it whirls, tossed and cut and mixed by machinery inside the box, until in a few minutes it becomes well compounded dough. Then a pair of ponderous rollers knead it most thoroughly; a machine stamps the thin layer of dough into the form of a batch of hexagonal biscuits; these biscuits are thrown into an oven; and very soon afterwards they are taken out—baked, after which they are thrown into bags and taken away to be stored. So rapid are all these operations, that the routine from the descent of the flour to the baking of the biscuit can be witnessed during the time allowed for each stranger to be present. Well has Mr. Grant earned the premium which he has received from Government for the invention of this machinery.

The commissariat department of the navy, like that of the army, is an important affair. To attend to all the personal wants of many thousands of men, to see that their food is sufficient in quantity and good in quality, to arrange all so that there shall be no waste and no confusion, require a well-organized plan. The following are mighty numbers; they represent the quantities of provisions requisite for one year's consumption, for a force of 35,000 seamen:

Biscuit . . .	13,000,000 lbs.
Spirits . . .	400,000 gallons.
Fresh Meat . . .	7,000,000 lbs.
Salt Meat . . .	4,000,000 lbs.
Vegetables . . .	3,500,000 lbs.
Sugar . . .	1,200,000 lbs.
Flour . . .	1,600,000 lbs.
Raisins . . .	270,000 lbs.
Suet . . .	130,000 lbs.
Peas . . .	180,000 gallons.
Cocoa . . .	800,000 lbs.
Tea . . .	200,000 lbs.

besides many smaller items. The salt meat is purchased in the salted state: the meat purchased in a fresh state is mostly salted by the Government. Biscuit, being almost the only bread used at sea, is of course the chief item; and it was a most important circumstance to devise machinery to make biscuit well, quickly, cheaply, and under the immediate control of the Government. With respect to meat, changes have occurred in the arrangements of the Devonport Victualling Yard. Salted meat is supplied by contract to a much larger extent than when the building was first constructed; and the slaughter-houses are proportionably less used. In the store-houses are rows of casks, chests, boxes, bags, and other packages, filled with the whole of the above-named items, and with vinegar, lemon-juice, drugs, and a multitude of other things—all labelled or marked

with scrupulous exactness. There is one important part of a ship's provisions concerning which new arrangements are about to be introduced. We will dwell a little upon it.

Measures are now in contemplation which may lead to a change in the allowance of spirits to the navy. In March of the present year the Admiralty appointed a committee of eleven flag-officers to inquire into "the expediency of reducing the daily ration of spirits, and the equivalent to be paid to the seamen for such reduction." One of the first paragraphs in the Report of this committee, is a striking one: "The concurrent testimony of all whom we have examined on the subject of drunkenness in the navy, proves the necessity of some remedial measures: and we consider the step now contemplated, with a view to its prevention, not only expedient, but imperatively called for, as well for the safety as the credit of Her Majesty's fleet." The committee examined about fifty witnesses, some of whom were seamen. The committee say—"The seamen, without one exception, admit in their evidence that drunkenness is the prevailing crime on board Her Majesty's ships; and they acknowledge with equal frankness, that drunkenness is the cause of almost every punishment." Down to the year 1824, the allowance was two gills of spirits per man per diem. In that year the Admiralty, with the sanction of many experienced officers, reduced the quantity to one gill per day; the evening service of grog being discontinued. In 1826, the old wine-measure was abolished, and the new imperial-measure established; this gave to the gill one-fifth more in quantity than before; and as it was deemed too much to serve out this larger gill at once, the custom of an evening allowance was renewed, with disastrous results, as the committee show. "Tea, introduced into the navy in 1824, as a part of the substitute for the diminished allowance of rum, is served at the same time as the evening grog; and men who prefer the tea, sell their allowance of grog to others of less temperate habits. This is one source of drunkenness." After due consideration the committee arrived at the following recommendations, which were forwarded to the Admiralty:—That the daily rations of spirits be reduced to one half of that which they have been since 1826: the evening ration being withheld; that the spirits shall not be issued raw, but mixed with three times their quantity of water; that an allowance, omitted to be drawn on one day, shall not be drawn on any subsequent day; that admirals, captains, and ward-room officers, from their position and general feelings, would probably not require money-compensation for this lessening of the quantity of spirits allotted to them; that no allowance of spirits be made to midshipmen, masters' assistants, clerks' assistants, cadets, and boys; that mates, assistant-surgeons, second masters, midshipmen, masters' assistants, clerks, clerks' assistants, naval cadets, and boys, be awarded compensation for the withdrawal or the diminution (as the case may be) of the allowance, to the extent of the present savings' price;

that seamen and marines, by whom the change will be more felt than by any of the other classes, should receive an amount of compensation more than equal to the money-value of the spirit saved; and that any petty-officer or seaman may relinquish his remaining half of spirit, at pleasure, and receive its value in money, in addition to the larger compensation for the other half. The compensation to the seamen and marines would be 2s. 6d. to 3s. 6d. per month. The committee estimate that these compensations, for the whole British navy, would amount to £55,000 per annum; that the value of the spirit saved would be £10,000 per annum; and that therefore the increased annual charge to the public would be £45,000—a cheap bargain, if it results in the higher moral and physical condition of the seamen generally.

THE HOE; THE CITADEL; THE HAMOAZE.

The Hoe and the Citadel, (represented in the Cut No. 1,) belong to the Plymouth section of this important triple town. The Hoe, as we have before observed, is a hill which boldly overlooks Mill Bay and the Sound. Its surface is partly clothed in grass, partly strewn with loose stones, and partly laid out in gravel walks; but there are as yet very few houses on it. The Hoe is larger and higher than Mount Wise, and it reveals many points in the view out sea-ward which are not visible from the latter. The inhabitants of Plymouth are at the present time fighting a corporate battle against a wealthy proprietor, who has planned some terraces of fine houses on the Hoe; he naturally wishes to make the most of his land; *they* naturally wish to retain their beautiful Hoe in its present open state; and a correspondence has arisen out of these differences of view. A small number of houses might possibly be so built as to be an ornament rather than a detriment to the Hoe; but it is to be feared that if stone, brick, and timber be once admitted, these interlopers will know no reasonable limits. The eastern end of the Hoe is occupied by the Citadel. This is a regular fortification, with bastions and ravelins, curtains and horn-works, ditches and counter-scarps, covered-ways and palisades, parapets and ramparts, and all the other defensive arrangements common to such a place. It completely commands sea and land on all points of the compass, and is bristled with about a hundred and twenty cannon.

There are not many places in England which contain such a number of Government establishments as this. We have described a tolerable range of them already; but there are still several that call for a passing glance. We will go to the north of the three towns, near Higher Stoke, and look at the Block-house. This is a small but strong structure, situated in an enclosure on a piece of rising ground. It has ramparts, ditches, and a bridge, and is sufficiently elevated to command the whole of Devonport—and therefore to be very troublesome, unless in friendly hands. Devonport itself is completely girt on the

land side with fortifications, called the 'Lines.' These lines consist of wall, rampart, and fosse, with guard-houses at particular points, and three gates to give entrance to the town.

Situated not far distant from each other, in and near Stonehouse, are three large Government establishments—the Royal Naval Hospital, the Royal Military Hospital, and the Marine Barracks. Their names indicate how these buildings are occupied. The Naval Hospital was built about ninety years ago; it is a very large establishment, covering with the open grounds which belong to it, no less than twenty-four acres. The chief buildings are arranged on the four sides of a very large quadrangle; they have corridors running round them, and have every convenience for the reception of twelve hundred patients at a time. In days of peace, when arms and legs do not often come into contact with cannon-balls, this hospital is only in small part occupied. On the side of Stonehouse Creek, opposite to the Naval Hospital, is the Royal Military Hospital. This consists, instead of a quadrangle of buildings surrounding an open court, of four blocks or clusters of buildings, arranged in a line. The Royal Marine Barracks, situated on the isthmus which connects Cremill Point with Stonehouse, is like most other barracks; ranges of buildings surrounding the four sides of a gravelled parade-ground.

Let us now turn for a time from the land to the water—from the fixed to the floating property of the nation in these parts. And first of the Harbour or Hamoaze. This is in truth a fine expanse of water. A line of rock, only a short depth below the surface of low water, runs across from Cremill Point to Mount Edgcumbe, in such a way as to induce a belief that these were once connected, and that the Tamar has cut an outlet for itself in this part. Within the rocky line commences the Hamoaze, and thence up to Saltash, a distance of four or five miles, there is a wide sheet of water, in which a large number of fine ships of war are always lying "in ordinary." This lying in ordinary is a sort of figurative "putting on the shelf," till the vessel is wanted. The guns and ammunition are taken out, the masts and sails and rigging are removed, the sailors are paid off, the officers take their departure, and the huge floating mass is placed under the care of one particular officer and a handful of men who reside in it. This officer receives orders only from the admiral of the port, and is responsible to no one else. The old officers, who have perhaps lived and fought in the vessel for many a year, have now nothing to do with it; it lives only in their memory. Strange do these floating masses appear! They contain so few stores, and are thus so much lightened, that they rise to a great height above the water. Their long ranges of port-holes, their numerous cabin-windows at the stern, their stumpy mastless summits, their lifeless silence, their stern immovability—all tend to give them a remarkable appearance. The guard-ship is the sentinel over these sleeping giants. This guard-ship receives instructions from the port-admiral, by

means of the semaphore on Mount Wise, before alluded to, and is empowered to control all the ships in the harbour. There is no difficulty in obtaining admission to the guard-ship, or to some of the other ships in the harbour; and half an hour may be spent, not unprofitably, in seeing the ingenuity displayed in packing so many hundred human beings, with all that is required for their comfort, in one of these great floating receptacles. The number of ships laid up in ordinary in the Hamoaze has remained pretty constant for some years past; in 1847 they were as follows:—two of 120 guns each, one of 104, one of 92, four of 84, one of 80, four of 78, one of 76, four of 72, three of 50, four of 44, five of 42, two of 40, one of 36, three of 26, one of 24, two of 18, one of 14, one of 10, five packets, and eight small brigs, schooners, and cutters—making a total of fifty-four vessels; and we presume the number is about the same at present. But besides these fifty-four vessels in ordinary, there are always others, more or less in a fitted state: some just arrived and about to be paid off; some receiving their complement of men and stores for services on some foreign station; some waiting only for Admiralty orders that they may take their departure. It is a pleasant trip on a bright day to take a boat for a row up the Hamoaze towards Saltash, passing between and among the noble old hulks of the ships in ordinary. Carrington's lines here come to thought:

"We glide

Through lines of stately ships; and as we pass
The tale goes quickly round of glories old,
Of battles won in the great sea,—of chiefs
Whose daring flags triumphantly were borne
By this or that famed vessel. Noiseless now
Is each forsaken structure; save when sounds
The listless keeper's foot, nought else invades
The deep impressive silence of those decks,
Where lately trod a thousand gallant men!"

We believe there is a sort of rough estimate that a man-of-war costs at the rate of about £1,000 per gun; that is, the complete ship costs as many thousands as it carries guns. But whether this includes the entire stores and provisions for the crew we cannot say; perhaps after all the estimate is merely a wild round sum. The following, however, is an exact estimate, founded on the Admiralty experience; that the daily expenses of a 36-gun frigate, carrying a complement of 330 men, are £64 17s. 5d.: viz., pay of officers and men, £26 3s. 2d.; provisions, £16 1s. 3d.; wear and tear of vessel, stores, clothing, &c., £22 13s. From a Parliamentary paper just published (May, 1850), it appears that there are at the present time among the ships in ordinary at the several Government depôts, no fewer than seventy-two ships of war which have never been in commission; that is, have never seen any active service. Their ages vary from two to thirty-eight years. It appears strange—at least to one of the uninitiated class—that new ships should be built every year, while old ones remain in idleness.



5.—MOUNT EDGCUMBE, DRAKE'S ISLAND, AND PENLEE POINT.

Drake's Island, or as it is often called Nicholas Island, situated in the middle of the Sound, claims a word of notice. It is a small and moderately elevated island, occupied wholly as a fortified post. Its guns command every point of the horizon; so that a ship, before approaching the Hamoaze and the Dockyard on the west, or the Catwater and Plymouth on the east, must pass under the guns of this fortress. With Mount Edgcumbe on one side, Cremill Point on another, the Hoe on another, and Mount Batten on another, this small island presents a formidable defensive work. (Cut No. 5).

THE BREAKWATER; THE EDDYSTONE.

But the Breakwater, now stretching out before us to the south, demands to be noticed. A truly great work is this; perhaps the greatest work of its kind in the world. It seems strange to spend a million and a half sterling in throwing huge stones into the sea; yet there can be no question that the money has been well laid out, because safety to hundreds of vessels has been secured thereby.

In order to understand the necessity for, and the nature of, this breakwater, we must look a little closely at Plymouth Sound. This Sound is bounded on the east by a portion of the Devonshire coast, on the west by the Cornish coast, on the north by the towns of Devonport and Plymouth, and on the south by the

open sea. It is three miles across at the widest part, and about the same in depth. The coast on both sides, except at Cawsand Bay, which is on the Cornish side, is rocky and abrupt. The Hamoaze and the Catwater used to be exposed to the heavy sea which rolled into the Sound with gales from the south, and great damage was done at various times; hence it was conceived that if a great embankment were thrown across a portion of the entrance to the Sound, it would break the force of the sea, while ample room might be left at the two ends for vessels to enter and quit the Sound. In 1812 the works for such a breakwater were commenced, and for nearly forty years they have been continued. The expenditure has now reached within a fraction of £1,500,000, and there is still a little more work to be done to it.

The breakwater (represented in Cut No. 2) may be thus described. It is a straight line of stonework, with two wings or arms inclined a little inwards towards the Sound. The straight portion is about 1,000 yards in length, and the two wings 350 yards each; making up the total length to about a mile. The width of the line of stonework at the bed of the sea varies from 300 to 400 feet; whereas it slopes so rapidly upwards that the breadth at high-water mark is only fifty feet. The top is a flat horizontal surface, elevated a small distance above the surface of the water. The total depth varies from forty to eighty feet. The mode of forming it was singular. Mr. Rennie formed the

plan, and carried it out in spite of all opposition and difficulties. This plan consisted in hurling into the sea masses of stone weighing from one ton to ten tons each, sufficiently heavy to resist the force of waves, tides, and currents. A promontory of compact close-grained marble, belonging to the Duke of Bedford, was purchased as a storehouse of materials for the sum of £10,000. This promontory is situated at the north-east corner of the Sound, at a place called Oreston, where the Plym joins the Catwater. Quarries were opened at this spot, and for many years the business of quarrying was carried on. When Baron Dupin was visiting the naval depôts of England, he was struck among other things by the magnitude of the operations at Oreston. He says, "The sight of these operations (which he had just described); those enormous masses of marble which the quarrymen strike with heavy strokes of their hammers; and those aerial roads of flying bridges which serve for the removal of the superstratum of earth; those lines of cranes all at work at the same moment; the trucks all in motion; the arrival and the loading and the departure of the vessels; all this forms one of the most imposing sights that can strike a friend of the great works of art. At fixed hours, the sound of a bell is heard, in order to announce the blasting of the quarry. The operations instantly cease on all sides, all becomes silence and solitude; this universal silence renders still more imposing the noise of the explosion, the splitting of the rocks, their ponderous fall, and the prolonged sound of the echoes." The huge blocks of marble, extricated from the quarries, were conveyed in trucks along iron railways to quays, where they were received in vessels built expressly for this purpose. On arriving over the line of the breakwater, a sort of trapdoor was opened in the vessel, and the load of stone fell into the sea, where it lay upon and among the stones previously thrown. Thus days, weeks, months, years, passed away while these Herculean works were being carried on. All the lower stones were left to settle as they might; but the upper layers consist of smooth masonry, better calculated to resist the action of waves. At the western end is a lighthouse, an elegant structure of granite, recently completed; it is about fifty-five feet high, by fourteen in diameter at the base; at the top is a large lantern, through which is exhibited a white light towards the north, and a red light towards the south.

Bravely has the breakwater done its work. In 1817 and in 1824 it was visited by storms which, had not the breakwater been there, would have brought awful destruction on the vessels within the harbour; as it was, some of the surface stones were loosened and washed away, but the main structure remained wholly uninjured. The value of the breakwater is wholly shown by negative results: ships are *not* now driven on shore within the Sound and Hamoaze; but this negative result has a very positive effect on the national resources, one for which we may thank the Admiralty and Sir John Rennie.

A still greater work than the breakwater looms out far in the distance to the south-west: greater, not in the amount of capital which it has cost, or the time consumed in its execution, or the quantity of material absorbed in the construction, but in the difficulties which the indomitable spirit of the engineer had to overcome. We of course allude to the Eddystone Lighthouse. When standing on the Hoe, and looking through a telescope of moderate power, the Eddystone can be just descried at a great distance, rearing its head towards the sky at the extreme verge of the horizon. It is too far distant to form an immediate subject of our present paper, yet it is too important to the interests of Plymouth and to seafaring men to be passed unnoticed.

In the midst of the British Channel, about twelve miles from Plymouth, is a rock which just emerges above the level of low-water, but is covered at high-water. On this Eddystone rock many a gallant ship, after perhaps a return from a distant and long-continued voyage, has been wrecked; and many a hardy seaman lost. To point out the locality of this hidden danger nothing but a lighthouse on the spot seemed available; but what a work—to construct a lighthouse on a rock in such a lonely and sea-beaten situation. A Mr. Winstanley, a man of great mechanical ingenuity, constructed a wooden lighthouse on this spot, just a century and a half ago; and it is a proof of no small skill that, in that age of comparatively little engineering talent, a lighthouse should be begun and completed on such a spot. But a storm swept away the whole on one fearful night, with all who were within it, including the bold constructor. Mr. Ruderford, who, like Winstanley, was an amateur engineer, was more fortunate than his predecessor: he built a lighthouse which stood from 1706 till 1755; and even then it was conquered not by storms but by fire. Mr. Smeaton, who speaks with great admiration of Ruderford's talent, was then applied to to build a more permanent structure; and the present Eddystone lighthouse was the result. The difficulties were enormous. The distance from the land is so great, the area of rock so small, and the washing of the sea so frequent, that the labours of the workmen were of a harassing kind. In order to secure the masonry, the granite rock was partially worked to form a foundation, and every stone was dovetailed into those beneath and around it in the most immoveable manner. The works were commenced in 1756, and course after course of masonry was built up; and the construction went on steadily, in spite of winds and waves, to its completion.

The Eddystone Lighthouse is really a beautiful object, on account of its form. It is a circular tower of stone, sweeping up with a gentle curve from the base, and gradually diminishing to the top, somewhat similar to the swelling trunk of a tree—indeed it is said that a tree-trunk suggested the idea of this form to Smeaton. The upper extremity is finished with a kind of cornice, and is terminated with a lantern, having a gallery around it with an iron balustrade:

The tower is furnished with a door and windows, and a staircase and ladders for ascending to the lantern, through the apartments of those who keep watch. The base is about twenty-seven feet in diameter; the diameter diminishes to twenty feet at the top of the solid masonry, and to fifteen feet just below the cornice. The height of the solid masonry is thirteen feet, of the cornice sixty-two feet, and of the top of the lantern, eighty-six feet.

A visit to the Eddystone is rather a rare exploit for holiday seekers. The distance is great, the sea often rough, and the hire of a sailing vessel necessary. Once now and then in the height of summer a steam boat trip is planned, to make the circuit of the Eddystone. The vessel which takes out supplies for the keepers is almost the only one which goes close and is moored to the lighthouse. As to the duties which devolve upon the keepers and the lonely life they lead, most readers have heard of them. Their mission is to point out to the mariner a hidden danger; and this mission is fulfilled by keeping all their lamps well lighted at night, and all their glasses scrupulously clean.

THE TOWNS AND THEIR BUILDINGS.

The towns of Devonport and Plymouth owe their importance so completely to the large number of Government establishments which they contain, and by which they are surrounded, that their interest is pretty well exhausted when those establishments have passed under review. Yet they have certain points of interest about them as towns; and we must take a ramble through them. We will begin at Devonport, and work on eastward towards Plymouth.

Devonport may be considered as a sort of jutting promontory; for it is considerably higher than Plymouth, and has water nearly two-thirds around it. On crossing the bridge over Stonehouse Creek, we ascend a moderately steep road to the 'lines' of Devonport, and having passed these lines, we enter the town. The main road leads north-westward to the centre of the town, where we find ourselves in streets which have very little attraction about them. Few of the Devonport streets are remarkable; and only one of them, Fore Street, contains any considerable number of good shops. Devonport is, in fact, not a wealthy place—far less so than Plymouth; much Government money is spent there, but there is little commerce of other kind; and the amount of capital, available for any schemes of general improvement, is but limited. Half-pay officers, dockyard officers, garrison officers, dockyard artificers, sailors—are numerous; but no large fortunes are to be looked for among them.

But if the resources of Devonport are limited, so much the more credit to the town for building such a fine Post-office as that we see on entering the town. This building, lately erected in Fore Street, is an elegant structure, far above the standard of analogous buildings in towns of this size, and many degrees better than the Post-office of Plymouth. The architect, Mr. Wightwick, has to some extent imitated Sir John

Soane's fine architectural composition at the north-west corner of the Bank of England. Another recent building, or rather an enlargement of an old one, is the Mechanics' Institute, in Duke Street. The new front is an architectural design by Mr. Alfred Norman, of Devonport. It consists of a ground floor crowned by a complete Doric entablature; above which are two series of windows; and the elevation is terminated by a projecting bracketted cornice and eaves-roof. The façade has three windows in its width, the middle one of which on each floor consists of three openings. In the interior there is, upon the ground-floor, towards the street, a library 60 feet long by 15 feet high; the remainder of the floor is occupied by a class room and dwelling rooms. The whole of the upper floor in the new part of the building is occupied by the lecture hall, measuring 61 feet by 46, and 30 high, lighted on each side by six windows; this hall has an enriched frieze, cornice, and cove; and the ceiling is divided into compartments by carved beams.

At the west end of Ker Street, as represented in Cut No. 6, are three or four buildings which deserve a better locality; for though the street is quiet and well inhabited, it is not sufficiently a leading thoroughfare to show off the buildings to advantage. One of these buildings is the Town Hall; it presents a bold and chaste Doric elevation, and looks well when approached from the east. It contains a county meeting-room, 75 feet by 40, a watch-house, a temporary prison, and other offices. Another of this group of buildings is the Library and News Room, whose Egyptian front presents a marked though rather heavy appearance. Almost close to this is a chapel in the Saracenic style; or something between the Saracenic and the Hindoo; and close to this again is the Column, one of the few honorary testimonials which the two towns contain. It is a fluted column of the Doric order, 124 feet in height, erected in 1824, to commemorate the change in the name of the town from Plymouth Dock to Devonport. From the top of this column there is a charming view of the harbour, Mount Edgcumbe, and the surrounding objects.

Four of the names closely connected with the topography of Devonport—Damerel, Wise, Morice, and St. Aubyn—are those of four families who have held considerable properties in the neighbourhood. Devonport, although a large town, is not a parish of itself; it lies wholly in the parish of Stoke Damerel; and at the time of the Conquest, the whole of the present Devonport, Stoke, and Morice Town, were possessed by the Damerel family. By descent and marriage the manor came to the family of Wise, one of whom, Sir Thomas Wise, built a mansion on the elevation now known as Mount Wise. In 1667, the manor passed from the Wises to Sir William Morice, from whom Morice Town, near Keyham Steam Dock, was named. Lastly, the manor passed to the St. Aubyn family, by whom is at present possessed nearly the whole of the land which has not been purchased by Government. Besides a small number of good private streets within

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6.—TOWN-HALL AND LIBRARY, DEVONPORT.

the lines of Devonport, there are some fine terraces and ranges of houses, and a few elegant single dwellings, in the northern and eastern suburbs of the town, in Morice Town, and Stoke.

The walk from Devonport to Stonehouse and Plymouth brings to notice one matter which the townsmen ought to get rid of as soon as may be—that is, the toll over Stonehouse Creek. On descending the road from Devonport to the Creek, a bridge presents the means of crossing, where a ferry used formerly to be. A bridge is certainly far superior to a ferry, but then there ought to be no toll. The intercourse between two such towns ought to be as intimate and close as possible, not checked even by a halfpenny toll. It is understood that the toll has paid for the bridge many times over; and it seems to indicate some want of public spirit that such a bridge should still remain the private property of the lords of the respective manors, the St. Aubyns on the one side and the Edgcumbes on the other. However, our halfpenny paid, and this bridge crossed, we come into Stonehouse,—a flat, regular, quiet town, with few objects to attract the attention. The main artery of communication through the town from east to west, Union Street, is open, cheerful, and well built, and there are a few other good streets. The Government establishments, such as the Victualling Yard, the Marine Barracks, the Navy Hospital, &c., are the chief buildings in Stonehouse.

Plymouth, as we have before said, has more of the bustle of a town than either of the other members of the triad. Its Government establishments have been briefly described, and so has the Hoe. Mill Bay, on the west side of the Hoe, has a few manufacturing establishments on its shores, and works have been commenced for a series of commercial docks in the Bay; but the luckless history of the South Devon Railway has thrown a temporary mistrust on everything connected with it. Nature has, however, done so much at Mill Bay, by giving an admirable boundary to this deep inlet, that we may look for some bold engineering works on the spot at some time or other.

Plymouth presents such a maze of crooked streets, that it requires some art for a stranger to steer a course through it. As for a direct artery east and west, or north and south, through the town, that is out of the question. The streets are thoroughly independent of geometrical arrangement, and look as if they had been dropped in their places, each without much regard to its neighbours. They are packed together with great closeness in the centre and towards Sutton Pool; and those which lie nearest to the water have a Wapping smell, and a Wapping look, and Wapping associations of every kind. But as Plymouth is advancing onward in prosperity, it is evident that there must be suitable residences for the prosperous merchants. Such there are in various parts of the margin of the town: near the Hoe; northward towards Stoke and Tamerton; north-east on the Tavistock-road; and eastward towards the Plym. In

some of the best streets there are splendid shops, successfully vying with the plate-glass brilliances of the Metropolis.

There is a considerable variety among the public buildings of Plymouth. One of the most striking buildings is that which contains the Theatre at one end, and the Assembly-room, and the Royal Hotel, at the other; it is an elegant Ionic pile, 275 feet in length, which presents two fine fronts to view. It was built by the Corporation in 1811, at an expense of £60,000; and we presume the Corporation is paid by the rental of the different parts of it. The Athenæum, or building for the Plymouth Institution; the Public Library; the Freemasons' Hall; the Mechanics' Institute; the Natural History Society's Rooms; the Medical and Law Libraries; the Room of the Botanical and Horticultural Societies; the Commercial and the Mechanics' News Room—all indicate by their names that there is considerable activity in Plymouth in respect to science and literature. Commerce is represented by the Custom and Excise Offices, the Exchange, the Chamber of Commerce, the Post-office, the ample and well-supplied Market, and the maritime buildings of various kinds. The shipping arrangements, wholly unconnected with Government, are large and important. Large vessels are engaged in the American, Baltic, and Mediterranean trades. The number of vessels belonging to Plymouth is said to be nearly 400, of about 30,000 tons. The emigrant system has become now one of great importance to Plymouth. The number of ships which leave this port for Australia, carrying full loads of emigrants, is becoming larger and larger every year; and however short may be the time that these vessels remain in the port, their presence is sure to benefit the town commercially. There is an emigrant dépôt, near the eastern foot of the citadel, where a Government agent renders kindly services to those who are about to depart for foreign lands; and on a small quay or wharf near the dépôt, many a group of intending emigrants may be seen taking a turn in the open air, during their temporary sojourn at Plymouth. It is a scene not without its touching features; but it is gratifying to think that such persons are no longer abandoned, as they formerly were, to the sharking knaves who used to rob them under various pretences during their short stay at the shipping ports.

Steam navigation, too, has taken a certain footing at Plymouth. The Irish steamers always call here on their way to and from London; and there is, in addition, steam communication with Liverpool, Falmouth, Torquay, and the Channel Islands. Besides the quays and shipping arrangements in Sutton Pool, there is a pier on the east-side of Mill Bay, at which ships can land and receive passengers and goods at any state of the tide. Manufactures, too, are carried on to some considerable extent. Soap-works, starch-works, sugar refineries, spirit distilleries, breweries, &c., have all been established here since the termination of the war.

Antiquities we must not look for in these towns. St. Andrew's Church, in the centre of the town, is among the oldest of existing buildings but its interior has undergone great alterations. Of the churches and chapels, the hospitals and asylums of Plymouth, there are not many that would attract attention by their architectural beauty: their excellences must be sought for in other directions.

MOUNT BATTEN; MOUNT EDGEUMBE.

When we cross the Catwater and the Lara, we get beyond the limits of the three towns. Green fields and scanty houses point to a new neighbourhood. We have spoken more than once of the eastern side of Plymouth Sound being terminated northward by a jutting promontory called Mount Batten, which narrows the channel whereby the Catwater enters the Sound. This Mount Batten is a singular spot, and the way thither from Plymouth is not without interesting features. After crossing Catdown, a steep descent leads to the æstuary of the Plym or Lara, where this river expands into the Catwater; and at this part the whole edge of the Down is quarried away: a few houses here and there being occupied by quarrymen and boatmen. Crossing by the ferry to Oreston, and passing the large merchant vessels which are always lying at anchor there, we come to a spot whence the stone was obtained for the breakwater; and after a walk of about a mile, through a village of quarrymen and boatmen, and along some fields which occupy the neck or isthmus of the promontory, we come to Mount Batten. This elevation is surrounded by water on three-fourths of its circumference, and has a wild and rugged appearance. The Catwater, Catdown, Plymouth, the Citadel, the Hoe, Mill Bay, Cremill Point, Mount Edgeumbe, Drake's Island, the Sound, the Breakwater—all are visible from it. Our Steel Plate gives one of the views obtained from this height. On the top of Mount Batten is a tower, desolate and unused; whether it would remain desolate and unused if there were wars or rumours of wars, military engineers must determine; but the spot seems admirably fitted for defensive purposes of some kind or other.

As we advance along the eastern margin of the Lara towards the road which leads to Totness and Ashburton, a very beautiful stretch of country opens upon the view. A fine bridge has been built over the Lara. It was constructed in 1827 by Mr. Rendel; it is of cast-iron, about five hundred feet in length, with five arches, the centre one of which is a hundred feet span. The Earl of Morley built the bridge, and other parties built an embankment to connect this bridge with the level of the common roadway. This gives rise to the oddity of a twofold toll—one for the embankment, and one for the bridge. Advanced to the embanked portion, a toll-keeper civilly demands a modicum of copper from you; and having progressed a little farther, where the territories of the bridge succeed those of the embankment, another dribble has to flow from your pocket. Why on earth

should such a cumbrous system be kept up? The tolls in amount are humble enough; but why not compound or share in some way? It reminds one of the Customs' duties on the frontiers of the petty German principalities, before the formation of the German Customs' Union. However, strangers have no right to be captious, if the townsmen are content; so we walk over the bridge to Saltram. This is a beautiful mansion belonging to the Earl of Morley, surrounded by still more beautiful grounds. A liberal amount of permission to view the house and grounds is given by the noble proprietor; and many a pleasant picnic is made thither in the summer season, often by boat, from Mill Bay or Sutton Pool, to a water-side lodge at the margin of the grounds. The house contains a fine collection of pictures, rich in the works of the Italian masters; and there is also a small but choice cabinet of sculpture, including a Hebe by Canova. The grounds are extensive, and laid out with great taste.

There are many other pleasant spots in the immediate vicinity of Plymouth, on the east and north-east. One of these is Plymstock, on the road to Dartmouth; another is Plympton, on the Totness Road. Plympton was an ancient stannary and borough town, and formerly the baronial seat of the Earls of Devon. There are yet a few remains of the ancient castle, sufficient to give an idea of its magnificence when in its prime. The fosse, portions of the walls, and the artificial mound on which the keep was built, still remain; but all else is gone. Near the parish church of Plympton St. Mary, are a few remains of Plympton Priory, at one time among the richest in the county. Northward from this point, or following the course of the Plym for a short distance, we arrive at Boringdon House, where is deposited a valuable collection of works of art, open at certain times to visitors. The northern margin of Plymouth and Devonport contains also many spots which entice to a ramble. Lipson, Egg Buckland, Compton Gifford, Milehouse, Weston Peverell, and St. Budeaux, are all villages around which picturesque scenes may be met with; so likewise are those which bear the odd names of Knaekers' Knowl, and Penny-come-quick.

But Mount Edgeumbe (Cut, No. 7) is, *par excellence*, the most lovely spot in the immediate vicinity of the three towns. It is a gracefully formed hill, laid out in pleasure-grounds so as to command the finest views and to present the finest effect. Poets of all grades have been in raptures with it; and foreigners have said that no place in England deserves better to be compared with the loveliest scenes of Italy. Carrington says,

“Oh! when the breath
Of Spring is on thy renovated hill,—
When all the buds are leaping into leaf,
And the fair sheets of earlier foliage clothe
Anew thy waste of boughs,—delicious 'tis
To look on thy peninsula!”

And he then paints the more warmly-tinted scene which autumn presents,

Mount Edgcumbe House, placed on the slope of the hill so as to be best seen from Devonport, was built in 1550; but it has undergone many alterations which have taken away somewhat of its Elizabethan character. The interior, as may be supposed, contains some splendid apartments; but it is not rich in paintings or works of art. The grounds are much more attractive than the mansion. The Italian garden, the Doric conservatory, the French garden, the cenotaph to the memory of the late Countess of Mount Edgcumbe, the English garden, the pavilion, the ruins of the block house, Thomson's seat, the amphitheatre, the temple of Milton, the Gothic ruin, the cottage, the great terrace, the archway, the zig-zag walks, the valley of Picklecombe, the Hoe Lake valley, the White Seat, have all been the objects of especial description in the local guide-books; of which that by Mr. H. E. Carrington, son of the Devonport poet, is a good deal superior to the general level of guide-books. It is said that when the Spanish Armada was about to visit England, the Duke of Medina Sidonia, admiral of the Spanish fleet, cast a longing eye on Mount Edgcumbe, and stipulated that it should come to his share in the anticipated spoliation of England. The don's taste is to be admired, though his aspirations proved to be hollow. As in many other similar places, the natural beauties of Edgcumbe are superior to the artificial. The pavilion, the temple of Milton, the artificial Gothic ruin, the artificial chapel ruin, might be dispensed with without much loss; but the beauty and grandeur of the Mount; its trees and verdure; and the glittering waters by which it is bounded on three-fourths of its circumference; these have been objects of admiration for many centuries, and will be probably for centuries to come.

THE RAILWAY.

We have hitherto kept within the limits of the three towns of Plymouth, Devonport, and Stonehouse, or in their immediate vicinity. But it is part of our plan also to take a hasty glance at a belt of country situated somewhat farther distant; to notice, in fact, a few of the wild scenes of Dartmoor, and of the beauties of the rivers Tavy and Tamar; and to conduct the reader across the Tamar to one of the nearest of the Cornish mines. But first a word or two about the Railway, and the general course of the route between Plymouth and Exeter.

It is quite refreshing at times to take up some old book of touring or travelling, to remind us in what manner former generations of men got over the ground. Joseph Baretti, foreign secretary to the Royal Academy, made a journey from London to Falmouth, and thence to Italy, in 1760; and the narrative of his journey, in two portly quartos, affords us an amusing insight into the travelling arrangements ninety years ago. Unless we forget for a moment the present seven hours' whirl from London to Plymouth, we shall hardly be able to do justice to our friend Baretti.

He started from London on the 14th of August. He found himself in a coach with five other travellers; and the six formed a pleasant party: "three women on one side, and three men over against them." These were an elderly aunt and her two nieces, an English gentleman, a Scotch officer, and Baretti. The Scotchman talked largely about the nobility of Argyleshire; "but the Englishman and I," says Baretti, "employed our time to better purpose, chatting as fast as we could with the nieces, both modestly talkative and modestly pretty, yet the good aunt was not so deeply sunk into genealogy [with the Scotch officer] as her partner would have her; but turned to us from time to time, and encouraged her girls to be cheerful and sing songs, which they often did in such a manner as to please even an Italian. So agreeable a company I shall probably not find in the remainder of our journey; as it is but seldom that poor travellers are so lucky as to meet with such good-natured aunts, and with girls so pretty, so sprightly, and so obliging."

On the second day of their travelling they reached Salisbury; and as Baretti had heard of the cathedral, and wished to see it, he "alighted and ran like a fury through the town," admiring the market-place and the street canals (since arched over) in his way. On the third day they dined at Honiton, "where they make a good deal of that lace so much admired by Italian ladies, that goes with them by the name of *merletti d'Inghilterra*." This fact, of Honiton lace having been a favourite material in Italy ninety years ago, is a little bit of manufacturing history not without interest. Lace has been made at Honiton ever since; and many persons might make the same observation as Baretti does: "I wonder why lace is not made everywhere, as those who make it are neither philosophers nor conjurers, but poor ignorant women." There is such a thing as having a *name*, which determines many such matters. But to return. After dinner the Englishman and Baretti walked out of the town, "to stretch their legs," (imagine such a licence at Swindon or Wolverton) and to see the ducking-stool. The coach overtook them, and soon afterwards the damsels and their aunt alighted. "The separation seemed grievous to us all; we kissed and parted." He then gives a little of the philosophy of kissing, as comparing Italians with English; he thinks men kissing men, and women kissing women poor work; and promises to introduce the English custom when he gets back to his own country.

His coach went no farther than Exeter, in which town he spent a day. He states that the "houses are generally built in such a style of architecture, that Palladio would have hanged himself for vexation if he had seen them;" he heard a sermon in the cathedral against the vanity of fine-dressing, but did not think the Exonians looked smart enough to require the reproof; he comments on the fifty alto-relievo figures, with fifty broken noses, on the front of the cathedral; and he gives a line to the fine elevated walk, called the Northern Hay, "much frequented by women."



7.—MOUNT EDGCUMBE.

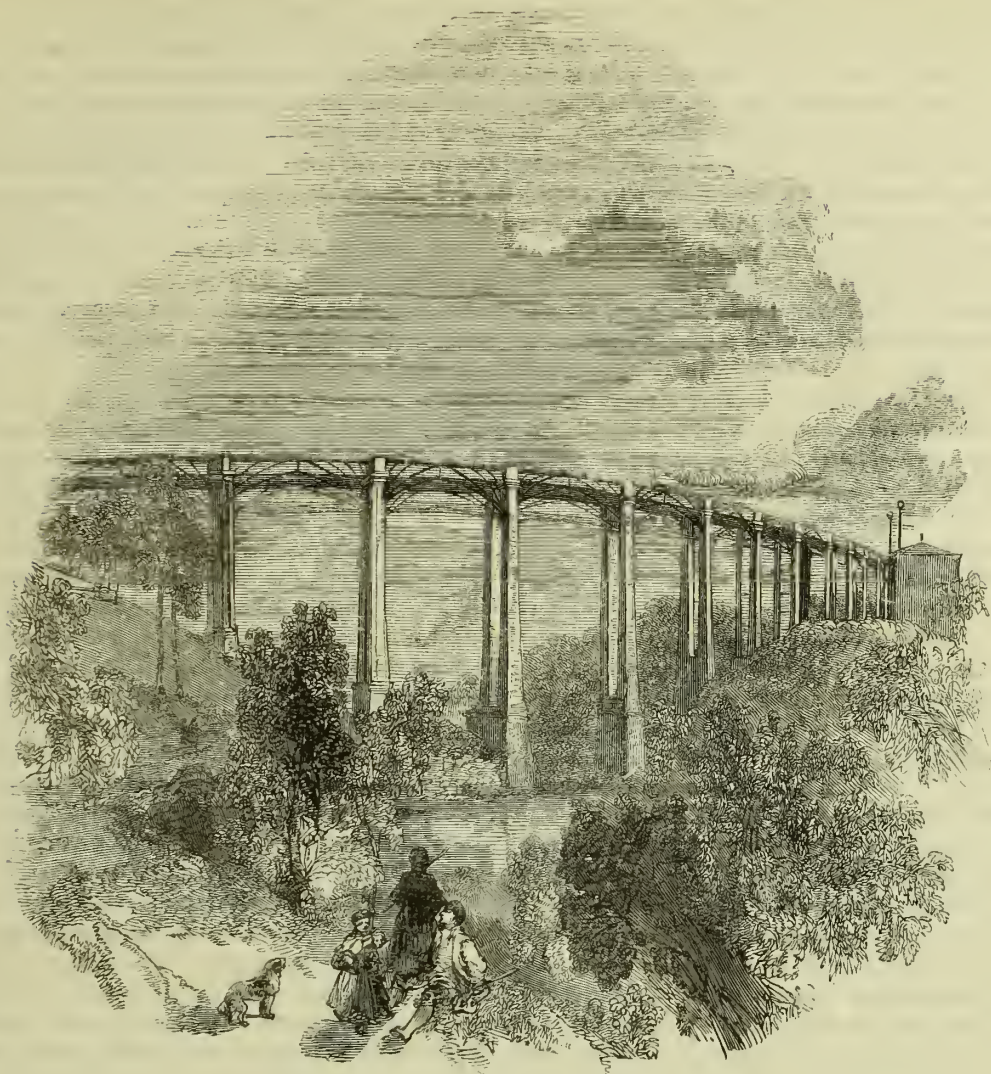
On the 18th, four days after leaving London, he sent on his trunk to Falmouth by wagon, and started for Plymouth by post-chaise, with the English gentleman as a travelling companion. He reached Plymouth on the same night, congratulating himself on retaining "a whole neck," so swift did he deem the journey.

When Mrs. Bray, in her delightful 'Letters on the Tavy and the Tamar,' comments on this tour of Baret's, she compares it with the wonderful journey from London to Plymouth in twenty-seven hours, by the well appointed mails. Her book is quite a modern one, and yet what a change. Take off the twenty from the seven-and-twenty, and we have the length of time which suffices for the matchless 'Express' of the broad gauge. This express was noticed in a former paper, ('Exeter and the South Eastern Coast of Devon,' Vol. iii. p. 57); in which also a good deal of the country between Exeter and Plymouth is described. After the railway has passed Totness, it takes a western course to South Brent, and comes at Ivy Bridge to a junction with three turnpike-roads, one to Exeter, one to Plymouth, and one to Tavistock. This is a very beautiful spot (Cut No. 8), and the timber viaduct whereby the railway crosses a valley—at a great height and with a considerable curve—is among the best specimens of the railway picturesque (for there is such a thing, though artists and archæologists are slow to admit it) that we have

met with. The railway passes through an undulating country from Ivy Bridge to Plymouth, where there is some heavy cutting in hard rock; and it finally arrives at a station in Stonehouse, admirably situated in the centre of the three towns, and almost close to Mill Bay. An extension to the Hamoaze is authorised, but has not yet been commenced; it will not be wanted unless the Cornwall Railway be constructed with a railway floating bridge over the Hamoaze. It is grievous to think that this fine railway—for with all its atmospheric blunders, the South Devon is certainly a fine railway—should be in such a deplorable financial position as it is at the present time.

DARTMOOR; THE TAVY.

Dartmoor extends about thirty miles from north to south, and fourteen from east to west. It was made into a forest by King John; and Edward III. gave it to his son the Black Prince when he invested him with the title of Duke of Cornwall. It is a rugged region of somewhat above a hundred thousand acres, covered with bleak heights and lofty tors or hills, and presenting numerous circles of stones, cairns, and cromlechs. Its granite tors, consisting of piled masses of huge fragments, are perhaps its most striking features. The Dart, the Teign, the Tavy, the Plym, and many rivers of less note, take their rise in this wild region, where



8.—IVY BRIDGE.

chasms and contorted rocks often give birth to waterfalls, sometimes presenting picturesque beauty, sometimes rude grandeur. Except in a few instances, Dartmoor is totally barren of trees. The soil is for the most part of a deep black colour, formed of decayed vegetable matter; fine pasture is yielded in summer; and at certain spots bog-peat furnishes a supply of fuel for the winter.

Of the few and scattered inhabitants of this wild district, Mrs. Bray, in one of her letters to Southey, gives a curious account. They are among the most primitive dwellers, perhaps, in our island; possessing characteristics of all its early dwellers. They are a hardy and inoffensive race; and at no distant period were looked upon as little better than savages—perhaps for want of being properly known. They are almost unintelligible to all except themselves; their speech being made up of such a singular mixture of British, Celtic, Saxon, Cornish, and other words. They often use sods in building their huts, which are

generally composed of loose stones, peat, and mud. “Imagine,” says our authoress, “a hut, low and irregular, composed of the materials above-named, and covered with a straw roof, or one not unfrequently formed with green rushes, so that at a little distance it cannot be distinguished from the ground on which it stands. Near the hut there is often seen an outhouse or shed, for domestic purposes, or as a shelter for a cart, if the master of the tenement is rich enough to boast such a convenient relief to his labour in carrying home peat from the moor.” But it is not often that he is so rich; he more frequently avails himself of the services of a poor, patient, shaggy-looking donkey, on whose back a *crook* conveys peat and a multitude of other things.

The moor was once a haunt for wolves and other wild animals; but these have long since been hunted down; and many of the moorlanders still claim a sort of vested right in the sod and peat, as a return for the services of their ancestors in this matter. The moor,

too, was once a haunt for bandits and robbers; but these in like manner have disappeared. The moor still is, however, what it has always been in the memory of man, a haunt for mists and showers and rains of all kinds and degrees of intensity. It sometimes rains a thick sort of Scotch drizzle for weeks together. The extremes of heat and cold are great; many a poor creature, missing the few paths in a misty winter's day, has been frozen to death; while on a cloudless July day, the heat is most oppressive, shade and shelter being so sparingly obtainable.

If the reader would know what the hand of man has effected in Dartmoor, in respect to cairns and other relics of antiquity, we would refer him to Mrs. Bray's volumes, where he will find all these matters treated in an agreeable way by one who well knew the district. Circles, cairns, cromlechs, rocking or logan stones, barrows, kistvaens or sepulchral stone cavities, obelisks, traces of very ancient stream tin works—all are here to be met with.

Dartmoor is an inexhaustible magazine of granite, which is used not only in the immediate neighbourhood, but is conveyed by railway down to the sea at Plymouth, where it is shipped in large quantities. If the marble were fairly quarried from the stores supplied by nature, all would be well; but the ancient druidical and other remains are treated in rather a ruthless way. "We may find in Dartmoor," says the lady writer, from whom we have lately quoted, "masses of granite, buried under the earth, and resting upon its surface—here lying close to the road, and there impeding the culture of its soil. Surely it would be better to serve the purposes of commerce from sources like these, than to despoil (as they are now doing) the summits of its eminences—of those very tors that give beauty and majesty to the desolation of the moor. The cairns, the obelisks, the circles, and the poor remains of British huts, might be permitted to last out their day, and to suffer from no other assaults than those which are inevitable—time and tempest." In another passage she says:—"I have often heard my father say, that there were stones enough in Dartmoor to build all the cities of Europe. I am almost afraid to mention it, lest the suggestion might be adopted."

It is among these wild scenes that the Tavy takes its rise, in a small spot called Cranmere Pool. The Dart and the Taw take their rise almost from the same spot. The Tavy passes between lofty tors to two villages, or small towns, called Peter Tavy and Mary Tavy, passing on its way through Tavy Cleave—a deep chasm through which the river flows with impetuous force. There is a joke prevalent in this vicinity, that on one occasion of a trial in which these villages were concerned, the judge gave them a personal, instead of a local meaning, and summoned Peter and Mary Tavy into court. Near Peter Tavy is a rustic mill, surrounded by scenery of such beauty, that artists of all ranks, from academicians to humble aspirants, have sketched it. The wheel and the splashing stream,

the thatched gable and the ivied walls of the mill, a little bridge crossing the stream opposite the cottage door, the cascade of water coming down from a shelving rock, the aged and picturesque firs over the mill, the cottages seen between the trees, a neighbouring church tower with Gothic pinnacles, the cottagers and children, the horses and ponies, the donkeys and pigs, the cocks and hens—we can imagine how a painter must love the spot.

The Tavy reaches Tavistock (named from it) while yet a small river. This very ancient town lies in a valley surrounded by hills, abundantly supplied with springs and rivulets, clothed with beautiful verdure, and studded with a luxuriant growth of trees. It could once boast of its abbey—a beautiful and majestic mass of buildings. This abbey was founded in the tenth century. Leland describes its church as having been a hundred and twenty-six yards in length, exclusive of a lady-chapel at the end; it had a groined chapter-house, containing thirty-six arched stalls. In 1539 the abbey, the borough, the town, the tithes, and the patronage of the vicarage—all became by patent the property of Lord John Russell, afterwards Duke of Bedford: in the Russell family these possessions still continue. The greater portion of the abbey was taken down in 1670, but fragments of it still remain, occupied in various ways; among these are the refectory, now used as a Unitarian Chapel; the Still House; Betsy Grimal's Tower; a gateway over a vaulted passage; and portions of the old battle-mented walls: most of these fragments are rendered additionally picturesque by being wholly covered with ivy. Tavistock was once of far greater note than at present. A little woollen manufacture is still carried on, but with none of the celebrity which was once given to it by the 'Tavistock Kersey': this cloth used to command a high price in the London market.

Lidford or Lydford, with its cascade, its bridge, and its castle, is among the sweetest spots around Tavistock. Somewhat below the town, the river Lid forms a beautiful cascade, or rather a series of cascades, not remarkable for the height or the body of water, but for the picturesque scenes which bound it. Lidford Bridge, built over a very deep chasm, is noticeable for the suddenness with which the effect is produced; for a traveller comes almost upon the bridge before he is aware that either bridge or river is near him. Camden says that "the water is not to be seen, but only the murmur heard;" and Risdon says: "It maketh such a hideous noise, that, being only heard and not seen, it causeth a kind of fear to the passengers, seeming to them that look down to it a deep abyss, and may be numbered amongst the wonders of the kingdom." But when a certain or rather uncertain percentage of exaggeration is taken from these accounts, enough remains true to indicate the remarkable character of the spot. Many tales are associated with the history of the bridge; as of a suicide, whose horse refused to leap the parapet; a traveller who crossed the bridge on horseback in the dark, unaware that a chasm had just

before been rent in the bridge; and so forth. Lidford itself, though now merely a pretty little village, was once an important place, sending members to Parliament, coining money, and having a substantial castle. Within this castle (a few vestiges of which still remain) a court of justice was once held: the judgment-seat having been last occupied by one who is always named in England as having been the least worthy among judges—Jefferies. Browne, a Tavistock poet of the early part of the seventeenth century, gives the following picture of the judicial proceedings at the castle:

“I’ve ofttimes heard of *Lidford law*,
Where in the morn they hang and draw,
And sit in judgment after.”

Within the castle was the prison for offenders against the stannary; he gives the castle as bad a character as he had given to the Lidford law itself:

“To lie therein one night, ’tis guess’d,
’T were better to be stoned and press’d,
Or hang’d—now choose you whether.”

One of the most beautiful scenes between the Tavy and the Tamar is that which is presented by the Morwell Rocks. A tolerably straight road of three miles leads from Tavistock on the Tavy to Newbridge on the Tamar; and just northward of the last named village, on the left or eastern bank of the Tamar, is a lovely assemblage of woods and downs, bearing the general name of Morwell. Through this scene the Duke of Bedford has cut a new road, so planned as to render accessible all the chief beauties of the place. The Duke’s Road, as it is called, leads over the summits of all the loftiest portions of the rocks; and on every side are very varied combinations of wood, rock, down, valley, and verdure—the Tamar marking with its silvery thread a tortuous course between the rocks. About a quarter of a mile from Morwell Rocks is Old Morwell House; it was anciently the hunting seat of the abbots of Tavistock, in the days when abbots went hunting; but it is now a farm-house—so much of it, at least, as is left: and there are many venerable scraps of architecture about its ruins.

A little northward, but still in the immediate neighbourhood of Morwell, is Endsleigh Cottage—a very ducal cottage truly. The skill of Sir Jeffrey Wyatville was brought into requisition in its construction; and what with natural beauty and princely fortune, a result has been produced which gives to the word ‘cottage’ a meaning somewhat tantalising to folks to whom the stars have been less propitious. The walks and rides about it are so varied and pleasant that, independent of the cottage itself, it is quite a holiday place for visitors. The Duke has cut no less than forty miles of roads and paths around the grounds. The dairy and the alpine garden of Endsleigh are celebrated far and wide.

One of the most striking objects in this neighbourhood is Brent Tor, supposed to mean the Burnt Mountain. It has a conical shape, and its mass shows

indications of long-extinguished volcanic action. On its very summit is a tiny church, one of the smallest in England; it is only 37 feet by 15 wide; it consists of a single aisle, with an oak ceiling, and a peal of three bells. On a tablet is the inscription “And upon this rock will I build my church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it.” It is not known when or by whom the church was built; but there is a tradition that it was erected by a merchant who, being overtaken by a storm at sea, vowed that, if preserved, he would build a church on the first land he might be permitted to see; Brent Tor was the first land he saw: he entered Plymouth Sound, and built the church soon afterwards.

The banks of the Tavy, from Tavistock to the junction with the Tamar, are full of interest. Cromdale, the birthplace of Sir Francis Drake; Buckland Abbey, the favourite residence of the great navigator; the valley of Grenofen; the junction of the Walkden with the Tavy—all are points for the artist to select. Of Buckland Abbey very little is left, although a few relics of Drake are preserved; the building has been almost rebuilt in modern times.

THE TAMAR; THE FLOATING BRIDGE.

The Tamar flows down southward almost from the promontory of Hartland Point in the Bristol Channel. It follows a moderately direct route, accompanied in a good part of its course to Launceston by the Bude Canal, and receiving a few small rivers in its way. After passing Endsleigh the Tamar becomes more tortuous in its course; and this circumstance gives rise to those bends which form so important a feature in river scenery. It is at Morwellham, where the Tavistock Canal joins the Tamar, that the finest part of the river begins; this canal is short, but its engineering is of a bold character, owing to the varied levels of the country through which it has been formed. Most of the valuable minerals worked near Tavistock are brought down to the Tamar by this canal, and thence to Plymouth Sound.

From Morwellham to Cothel there is so deep a bend in the Tamar, as to afford numberless picturesque scenes: now a pretty headland, now a deeply embayed recess; here a bald and bold rocky height, there a gentle slope clothed with trees or verdure to the summit. Harewood, the house and grounds of Sir William Trelawny, occupies a charming spot here; and the pretty village of Calstock, with its church standing on the summit of a high hill overlooking the Tamar, is well situate.

The finest spot in this neighbourhood, perhaps, is Cothel House, owned by the noble proprietor of Mount Edgecumbe. The building is composed chiefly of granite and was erected by Sir Richard Edgecumbe in the reign of Henry VII.; it presents somewhat the appearance of a feudal castle, with its embattled walls and massive archways. On passing through the bold gateways we find ourselves in a large quadrangular

court, surrounded by buildings. The hall is in true baronial style, decked with implements of war, spoils of hunting, and armorial bearings; while the various state apartments are kept up as nearly as may be in accordance with their original character, with tapestry and massive old furniture. In one of the rooms, Charles II. passed several nights. At some short distance from the house, on the banks of the Tamar, is a small Gothic chapel, the history of which is given by Carew as follows:—"Sir Richard Edgecumbe was driven to hide himself in those his thick woods, which overlook the river, at that time being suspected of favouring the Earl of Richmond's party against King Richard the Third; he was hotly pursued and narrowly searched for, which extremity taught him a sudden policy—to put a stone in his cap, and tumble the same into the water, while these rangers were fast at his heels; who looking down after the noise, and seeing his cap swimming thereon, supposed that he had desperately drowned himself, gave over their further hunting, and left him liberty to shift away, and ship over into Brittany;—for a grateful remembrance of which delivery he afterwards builded in the place of his lurking a chapel." The mansion of Cothelc is far more interesting than that of Mount Edgecumbe; and the grounds are only a little less beautiful.

A little lower down the Tamar, the Gothic pinnacles of Pentillie Castle meet the view; but this will not stand the test of examination: it is a modern castle, built in our own days, and therefore, however correct as an imitation, must be regarded as a pretender—no rightful claimant to our regard. We do not live in times when battlemented private houses are wanted; and we must content ourselves with admiring the grounds of Pentillie, but not the castle. Between Cothelc and Pentillie is the loveliest part of the Tamar; there are few spots even on the Wye to excel it. Still farther down, the mansions of Moditonham and Maristow, and the villages of Cargreen, Botus, Fleming, Beer Ferris, Warleigh, Tamerton, and St. Budeaux, give diversity to the banks of the river. At Saltash the river suddenly contracts to a width much less than that which it has maintained below the junction of the Tavy; and at this point a ferry is established. Saltash is an ancient borough-town; and the corporation still possess considerable privileges in respect to the Hamoaze and the Sound. Some of the buildings in Saltash are very ancient; and the steep slope of the street towards the river, gives to the town considerable boldness of effect.

Below Saltash, the Tamar widens to such magnificent dimensions, that we may consider the Hamoaze or harbour to commence here. The eastern or Devonshire side of the Hamoaze is not marked by many attractive spots; but the western or Cornwall side has many deep inlets, bounded by scenes of great freshness and beauty. The largest of these inlets is called the Lynher, or St. Germain's Creek, up which many boating parties take a trip in the proper season. Among the many objects within a short distance of this

side of the Hamoaze, are Trematon Castle, Anthony House, Shillingham House, the domain of Ince, the old church of St. Germans, and Port Eliot House. Trematon Castle is supposed to have some Roman work about it; at any rate it is exceedingly ancient, and was one of the former seats of the Earls of Cornwall. The massive embattled circular wall; the donjon keep on a lofty mound; the ivy-covered walls of the keep; the three stone arches of the gateway, and the square tower over the gateway—all point this out as a worthy specimen of Cornish feudal architecture. Anthony House, Shillingham House, and Port Eliot House, are modern mansions. In the midst of the Lynher is a small island called Beggar's Island, which tradition connects with the history of the notorious Bamfylde Moore Carew. The domain of Ince was garrisoned by the Royalists during the civil war, and was taken by the Parliamentarians. St. Germans, once an influential borough, but now a very small and unimportant place, contains one of the oldest churches in the west of England. It is said to have been built by King Athelstan; by which we must understand probably that the present structure succeeded one erected by that Saxon monarch. It was once the cathedral of the western diocese; but on the removal of the seat of the bishopric to Exeter, the manor was divided between the bishop and the prior of the convent of St. Germans. The most interesting features of the old church are the Norman doorways at the entrance, and the western towers.

Towards the lower part of the Hamoaze, just before reaching the dockyard of Devonport, we encounter the Steam Ferry Bridge—a curious and ingenious arrangement, due to the skill of Mr. Rendel. More than half a century ago a ferry was established over the Hamoaze at this spot, from New Passage to Torpoint; but in 1843 this was superseded by the twin-steamboat. As the Hamoaze is half a mile wide at high water, no fixed structure was permissible; while on the other hand the strong tide and current rendered it desirable to have some kind of check to the lateral disturbance of a steamboat. On referring to Vol. I, p. 18, the reader will find a description of a similar steam bridge at Portsmouth, constructed after this at the Hamoaze. The same description, in its main characters, will apply to both. Mails, stage-coaches, omnibuses, market-carts, horses, cattle, sheep, pigs, peers, peasants—all float over by its means, and mayhap at the same time; and a more easy, more economical, and less dangerous mode of crossing a wide æstuary, we can hardly conceive.

CARADON MINES; THE CHEESEWRING.

If we had promised ourselves, or the reader, anything like an extensive tour in Cornwall, our limited space would look sadly. But it is only a trip across the Hamoaze, to visit one of the nearest of the copper-mines of that interesting county, that we shall attempt.



9.—THE CHEESEWRING.

Devonshire is itself by no means without its mineral riches. Were it not for its more famed neighbour Cornwall, it would present important claims to attention. Dartmoor abounds in lodes or veins of copper and tin. Several of the tin lodes have been productive from time immemorial. It is said that grains of gold used in former times to be occasionally met with in the Dartmoor streams; and that it was not uncommon for the miner to carry in his pocket a quill in which to deposit them. There are met with, in particular spots, remains which some of the Devonshire archæologists do not scruple to affirm are the last vestiges of Phœnician smelting-houses; the Moorlanders call them Jews' houses; and in one of them, near the source of the Dart, was found in 1832 a block of smelted tin, supposed (if the Phœnician theory be correct) to be the most ancient in existence. One of the most celebrated of the Dartmoor mines is Huel Friendship, near Mary Tavy; its riches are copper ores, and fine steam-worked machinery has been applied to their extraction. Near Calstock, on the Cornish side of the Tamar, is the 'Gunnis Lake Mine;' near Brent Tor, a manganese mine; near Beer, silver and lead mines; near Buckland, the 'Virtuous Lady's' mine; and many others are strewn over the wide expanse of the moor. It was related a few years ago, on the authority of Mr. Pearce, a surgeon of Tavistock, that the superstition of the *divining rod* has not yet died out from among the Dartmoor miners. This divining rod is a means whereby, through the occult powers of some unmentionable spirit, the existence of metallic veins can be predicted or discovered. Some thinkers, preserving a middle state

between scepticism and credulity, advance an opinion that there really may be some kind of magnetic influence developed, when a pointed rod is directed towards a mass of buried metal; but be this as it may, in 1829 a 'dowser,' or diviner, was brought from the west of Cornwall to Stickelpath, near Oakhampton, by a party of mining adventurers, for the purpose of determining whether there was a rich lode beneath. His auguries were favourable; but, unfortunately, they failed of realisation.

When we have crossed the Tamar into Cornwall, the copper and tin treasures become exhibited more abundantly. From Callington in the east, to St. Just in the west, the copper and tin mines are spotted nearly all over the county. Let us take one of the nearest mines to Devonshire, that of South Caradon, and see what is going on there.

The steam floating bridge carries us across the Hamoaze from New Passage to Tor Point, and we thus set foot on Cornwall. Tor Point has nothing to attract; but when we get beyond the limits of the village, towards the west, some very pretty scenery speedily presents itself, deriving its chief charms from the deep inlets on the west bank of the Tamar. Sometimes the road winds along close to the beach; sometimes it takes a higher level and sweeps round the brow of a hill at a considerable elevation. The road passes through a few villages; and at a distance of eighteen miles from Devonport we find ourselves in Liskeard, an old-fashioned town which was once a place of considerable importance. It once had its castle, of which the site only now remains; it had once, too, its nunnery of the sisters of St. Clare, but this has

been converted into dwelling-houses. Altogether, Liskeard is not a place that we could willingly devote much time to. All its present importance depends on its vicinity to the mines, of which those of Caradon are the chief. Southward, the country declines gradually to the sea at East and West Looe; eastward a distance of eight or ten miles brings us to Callington, itself the centre of a mining district; westward we have the high road leading to Bodmin and Lostwithiel. But it is in a northern direction that the points of interest lie with which we have to do; and thither the reader will accompany us.

Immediately northward of Liskeard the ground begins to rise, until we reach the vast granite quarries of the Cheesewring, and the copper mines of Caradon. Villages are few and far between, but some of them are remarkable. St. Neots, four or five miles from Liskeard, contains one of the finest parish churches in Cornwall; it was built of granite, about the year 1480, and its nave, arches, its windows, and its carved roof, are all elegant. It is said to occupy the site of a monastery which existed so far back as the time of Edward the Confessor.

A railway leads upwards from the sea-side at Looe, past Liskeard to Caradon and the Cheesewring, serving as a means of conveyance for the copper of the one and the granite of the other. This railway has no locomotives: horse traction in some parts, and rope-traction in others, suffice; but still it is a very good specimen of a mining railway; and as we ascend the slope of the hills by its means, we obtain a commanding view over the neighbouring country, which exhibits granite summits in every direction. Caradon comes into view first, and after we have passed this, the railway takes us on towards the Cheesewring.

This Cheesewring is in every respect a singular spot. It is a granite hill of considerable elevation, with a summit as wild as can well be conceived. Huge fragments of granite are strewn about in every direction—sharp and shapeless. It is the same with Kilmarth Tor, Sharp Point Tor, and the Cheesewring: all near each other. The most reasonable conjectures respecting these rude clusters is, that they were used in some way as Druidical temples: but that their formation and position are due to natural causes. The hills being rocky, and the storms of ages having washed the earth from their crevices on the summit, have left them to stand alone, piled up into fantastic shapes. Besides many other singular groups, the one which has given the name of Cheesewring to the granite hill on which it stands, is shown in Cut No 9. It is about twenty-four feet high; and seems to have presented itself to the eyes of the Moorlanders as if a number of cheeses had been placed one on another. Some of the stones overhang the base many feet. There are first three or four stones resting one on another; then one of smaller size; then one of enormous dimensions, ten or twelve feet in diameter; and three or four other large masses above it. It is difficult at first to reconcile us to the idea of this being a

natural arrangement; but as this granite is of the earliest and hardest kind, and as we know the power of air and water in gradually crumbling all except the excessively hard rocks, the theory becomes credible.

The clink of the quarryman's tools is almost the only sound heard in this wild region. The eastern slope of the hill has been extensively quarried, and fragments of granite are scattered far and wide. The stone is of beautiful texture, and glitters brightly in the sunshine. It is curious to see how the quarrymen separate huge blocks. Three or four of them stand in a row, each provided with a long sharp-pointed pick. With these picks they make holes, an inch or two in depth in the surface of the stone; this is done by a long continued series of blows, the men following with their blows in exact succession, so as to keep up a musical rhythmical ringing, by the contact of the hard steel with the hard granite: each pick yields its own musical note. When several holes are thus made in a row, a few inches apart, strong thick nails or wedges are forcibly driven in by means of heavy hammers; and in a few minutes a fissure is formed along the line of holes, extending down to the bottom of the layer into which the granite naturally divides; for there are horizontal planes of cleavage which greatly facilitate the separation of the granite into blocks and slabs.

But to return to Caradon. There are two lofty hills, West and South Caradon, between which a small stream flows into a deep and beautiful valley. In the depth of this valley, and on the slopes and summits of the two hills, are the banks of the Caradon Mines; and a singular scene it presents. The buildings are scattered about in all directions; the stream is diverted so as to supply water-power to the works; and the 'above-ground' workpeople are speckling the scene here and there. The women and girls have such a love for bright red and yellow handkerchiefs, shawls, and gowns, that their dresses give quite a liveliness to the picture. True, it is not pleasant to see females hammering lumps of ore, and grubbing about in a stooping posture among stones and dirt; but if lots of finery can make amends, here we certainly find it.

THE MINES AND THE MINERS.

As far as a few short paragraphs can explain the mode of working these mines, we will attempt it. The copper ore extends beneath the valley from side to side, and is richest at the deepest part. There are several lodes or veins of ore; and the shafts for descending to them are situated on the hill side. In some districts of Cornwall there are improved modes of descending the mines; but at Caradon the old and fatiguing method by a succession of nearly vertical ladders is adopted: a method which almost baffles the courage and endurance of a stranger visitor. The underground works consist of numerous excavated passages, vertical, horizontal, and inclined; some for getting access to the lodes, some for wheeling out and

drawing up the ore, and some for pumping out water from the mine. The miner's tools are such as will enable him to penetrate the hardest rock—the gad, the pick, the sledge-hammer, the borer, the elaying-bar, the needle, the scraper, the tamping-bar, the shovel—these are his chief tools, together with the cartridge tool for blasting with powder. His powder-horn, fusees, slow-match, kibble or corve, and wheelbarrow, complete his apparatus. When, by the observation of the mining engineer, it is pretty well known where copper may be found, the miner perforates the granite or other hard stony mass, in various directions, until he arrives at the lode. Those who dig all the shafts and galleries are called *tut-workers*; those who extract the ore are styled *tributers*. The *tut-workers* are paid so much a cubic-fathom for the rock which they excavate, according to agreement, which is based on the hardness of the rock and the depth of the working. The *tributers* are paid by a certain share of the ore which is raised; many of them club together to form a working gang; they thoroughly examine the work to be done, and agree with the proprietor as to what share of the produce they will be content with, in payment for the whole labour of bringing the ore to light. Sometimes when the lode turns out worse than they expected, the money value of their share is miserably inadequate to the labour bestowed; but sometimes it is so rich, that their earnings become much larger than those of any other body of operatives in the kingdom. This system gives wonderful acuteness both to the proprietors and to miners; because it is to the interest of both parties to obtain as exact a knowledge as possible of the true richness of the lode to be worked. Many well-wishers to the working-classes have asked whether something like this *tributer* system might not be introduced in other branches of industry: its effect on the Cornish miner is generally considered to be beneficial.

The ore is dug out of the vein in any sizes which it may happen to attain, and is brought up to the surface in baskets. At the surface or above-ground works, various processes are carried on for bringing the ore to as clean and fine a state as possible. It presents a somewhat brassy hue, being composed of a small per centage of copper with a great variety of earths in mixture. No heat is employed in any of the surface operations, so that nothing like smelting is carried on. The ore is broken, first by hammers and then by stampers worked by water power; it is sorted into different qualities; it is thoroughly washed, to free it from all earthy impurities which water can remove. Men, women, boys, and girls, are all employed in this work. Children of four or five years of age have tact enough to separate the small bits of ore into heaps of different qualities; women break the ore; boys sift and wash it; while men undertake the work which requires either greater strength or greater skill. The agreement between the proprietor and the *tributers* is so strictly understood, that disputes seldom occur. Most of the boys and girls are employed and

paid by the *tributers*, as their undertaking is to bring the ore into a certain saleable state: and most of the portable working tools are provided by them; the heavier works and the fixed machinery being furnished by the proprietors.

The mode of disposing of the copper ore is curious. Almost the whole product of the county is purchased by six or eight firms, whose operations are on a scale of great magnitude. These firms have for the most part smelting-works near Swansea in South Wales. Cornwall yields no coal, and it would be too costly to bring coals from Wales to smelt the ore. Instead, therefore, of bringing the coals to the ore, they take the ore to the coals; and it is thus that almost every fragment of Cornish copper ore is smelted in Wales. There are four great outbursts of granite in Cornwall, which determine the localities of the great mining districts, and these again determine the market towns where the ore is sold. We may call these districts the Caradon, the St. Austell, the Redruth, and the Penzance districts. The principal markets for the copper ores are at Truro, Redruth, and Poole. There are certain days, called *ticketing days*, on which the agents from the several mines meet the agents from the eight or ten smelting firms; the ores are sampled and assayed, and the parties agree upon a price which depends on the richness of the ore. The ships belonging to the smelters convey the ore to Swansea, and bring back coals for the use of the steam-engines and for smelting tin. As the number of purchasers is limited, there is no great amount of competition. The quality varies so greatly that the price varies from £2 to £20 per ton. At about £5 per ton, the ore may contain say one-twelfth of its weight of pure copper. The arrangements on these *ticketing days* are so systematic that £20,000 worth of ore may be sold in an hour or two. The average quantity of copper ore sold at the Cornwall *ticketings* during the last sixteen years has been about 150,000 tons per annum; and the average price during that period has been somewhat under £6 per ton.

Cornwall was celebrated for its tin long before its copper ores were known; but now the copper is of far more commercial importance than the tin. There are, we believe, about seventy to eighty tin mines, and ninety or a hundred copper mines. A rough estimate has been made, which gives an average value to the tin raised of £400,000, and to copper of £900,000; but the quantity and the quality of the ores vary so greatly, that these estimates are of little importance. In the tin mines, the tin ore is found in lodes or veins, in horizontal layers, and in large isolated bunches; but the richest stores are in the *stream works*, as they are called; here the tin is found among the alluvial deposits from the hills, through which a stream generally takes its course. In a stream-work the soil is washed, and the ore taken from it; but in the lode or vein tin, the ore is subjected to processes very similar to those applied to copper ore. The tin ores raised in Cornwall are always reduced or smelted on the spot—

in accordance, we believe, with one of the peculiar stannary laws of that district. The vessels which transport the copper ore to Swansea, bring back coal for smelting the tin ore. The tin smelting works do not generally belong to the proprietors of the mines, but to other parties who purchase the ore from them. The assay, which is preliminary to the purchase, is very carefully managed: when several bags of ore, of nearly uniform quality, are taken to the smelting works a small sample is taken from each, and these samples after being blended together, are mixed with a little coal, and smelted in an assay-furnace: the ratio between the quantity of tin obtained, and the quantity of ore employed, determines the value of the ore. The purchase being completed, the smelting commences. *Vein-tin* is smelted by mixing it with culm, and placing it upon the highly heated hearth of a reverberating furnace, in which pit-coal is used as fuel; *Stream-tin* is smelted in a blast-furnace, called a blowing-house, wood charcoal being used as fuel. When the separation of the tin from the earthy impurities is effected, the molten metal is ladled into moulds, so as to form it into large blocks, or ingots. These ingots are not without admixture of small quantities of other metals and chemical substances, which the smelting has failed to remove; and the further process of *refining* is necessary to effect their removal, effected by a careful application of heat in a furnace differently shaped from the one before employed. After refining, the tin is poured into granite moulds, to form blocks weighing about three cwt. each. Until 1838 all these blocks were stamped, and a duty paid on them to the Duchy of Cornwall; but the mode of raising the duty being found inconvenient, an Act of Parliament was passed, whereby the duty was commuted for a perpetual annuity, equal to the average produce of the duty for ten years previous to the Act coming into operation. The market price of tin ore per ton is much greater than that of copper, arising in part from the much larger percentage of pure metal in the former than the latter; some of the tin ore of Cornwall contains more than half its weight of pure metal.

We have described the Caradon mine because it is not far distant from the scene which forms the subject of our present paper; and we might have stopped still nearer to Devonshire,—at Callington, to view a tin mine. But whoever would see the system of Cornish mining in perfection, should go farther westward. Around St. Austell, around Camborne and Redruth, and around Penzance, the scene is most striking. Near Camborne and Redruth especially, the whole of the surface of the country is dotted with mining works and

miners' cottages, while underneath the ground is completely honeycombed. Mr. Redding ('Cornwall in the Nineteenth Century') says, "Upon emerging from the bowels of the earth, the miner goes into the changing-house, a place appointed for the purpose, washes, and takes off his woollen working dress; then, if the mine was not deep, and his labour too great, on repairing to his cottage he cultivates his acre or two of ground, which he obtains on lease upon easy terms from the heathy downs, for three lives, at a few shillings rent. There by degrees he has contrived to build a small cottage, often a good part of it with his own hand, the stone costing him nothing; or it may be he has only taken land for the growth of potatoes, to cultivate which he pares and turns the ground, and rents a cottage at fifty or sixty shillings a year, with a right of turf fuel, which he cuts and prepares himself. Many miners have tolerable gardens, and some are able to do their own carpentry work, and near the coast others are expert fishermen."

Some of the mines are truly grand undertakings. The Consolidated Mines, the largest of the Cornish group, employ upwards of 3,000 persons. One of its engines pumps water from a direct depth of 1,600 feet; the weight of the pumping apparatus alone being upwards of 500 tons; the pump-rod is 1740 feet long; and it raises about 2,000,000 gallons of water in a week, from a depth equal to five times the height of St. Paul's. These are indeed wonders to marvel at! The Consolidated and the United Mines, both belonging to one company, are stated to have used the following vast quantities of materials in a year: coals, 15,270 tons; candles, 162,144lbs.; gunpowder, 82,000lbs; leather for straps, &c., 13,493lbs.; pick and shovel handles, 16,698 dozens. Sir Charles Lemon has estimated that in the whole of the Cornish mines, £13,000 worth of gunpowder is used annually; that the timber employed in the underground works equals the growth of 140 square miles of Norwegian forest; and that 37,000,000 tons of water are raised annually from the depths of the mines. The mines in the western half of the county are the oldest, and, taken in the aggregate, are far the richest; but the eastern mines of Fowey Consols, Par Consols, and Caradon, are comparatively recent, and very rich.

Here we conclude. Between the Tavy on the north, and the Eddystone on the south; between Ivy Bridge on the east, and Caradon and the Cheesewring on the west,—Plymouth possesses a multitude of interesting spots, which may be included or not among its environs according to the meaning which we may choose to give to that word. A good Rambler always makes his "environs" wider than a bad one.

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WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

GENERAL HISTORY.

PERHAPS the highest development of art is that which, in its effect on the mind, approaches the nearest to the sublimities of nature. The emotions, for instance, raised on seeing for the first time the sea, that broad expanse of waters which the skies alone seem large enough to encompass, or in gazing once in a lifetime on the hills of the Alps, towering upwards till they are lost in the clouds, and connecting to the eye of imagination earth with heaven, are evidently kindred in their nature to the impressions produced on walking under similar novelty of circumstance through the long-drawn aisles of a great cathedral: we have the same sense of wonder, admiration, and awe; the same elevation of spirit above the ordinary level; and the same consciousness how still inadequate are our powers to measure the spiritual heights and depths of the mysterious grandeur before us. And in whatever shape art delights to manifest itself, whether in the poem, the picture, or the oratorio, its loftiest creations may be always tested by the presence and intensity of this power; but to architecture alone is it given to exercise it with almost universal sway. In poetry, painting, and not unfrequently in music, the perception of true sublimity is perhaps, to all but highly instructed minds, the last mental operation of the reader, spectator, or listener; in architecture it is the first. It were absurd to place 'Prometheus' or 'Lear'—the Cartoons or the paintings of the Sistine Chapel—before an uneducated rustic, or, except in peculiar cases, to endeavour to make him appreciate suddenly the music of the 'Messiah;' but take the same man, with no other idea of an abbey than as a something vastly bigger than his own parish church, and place him in the edifice before us, dark indeed must be his soul if, as he looks around, a divine ray does not enter into it; if he feels not, in however imperfect and transitory a manner, the influence of the sublime.

The early history of all these structures bears a strangely harmonious relation to their aspect. What we now look upon almost as miracles of human genius were in the days of their foundation really esteemed as works in or connected with which a higher than human agency was visible; and it is for that very reason perhaps that so little of their glory was attributed to the architects, and that the names of the latter have been allowed—"willingly" for aught that appears—"to die." Their antiquity, again, is so great as to take us back into the period when the boundaries of history and fable were but as yet very imperfectly understood by our historians; although the admitted facts of the former might well have been sufficient to

save them from any such additions. The cathedrals of England are the great landmarks of the progress in this country of the grandest scheme of regeneration ever revealed to man; almost every step of which they illustrate. In Canterbury Cathedral you tread upon the foundations of what is maintained by some to be the first Christian church ever erected in this country, whilst the Cathedral itself dates from the time of Augustine, who may be said to have really established Christianity among us: in Worcester you behold the memorial of the extension of the new religion into another of the great kingdoms of the Heptarchy, Mercia, and its reception by the Kings; whilst in Westminster you are reminded of the activity of Dunstan, and the period when the different and contentious kingdoms had all been consolidated into one, acknowledging generally the Christian faith.

From the tangled web of fact and fiction which our records of the foundation of Westminster Abbey present, it is hopeless to attempt to learn the simple truth. Sporley, a monk of the Abbey, who lived about 1450, describes it as erected at the period when King Lucius is said to have embraced Christianity, about the year 184. He adds that, in the persecution of the Christians in Britain, during the reign of the Roman Emperor Dioclesian (about the beginning of the fourth century), the Church was converted into a Temple of Apollo. But John Flete, a monk of the same Abbey of a much earlier date, from whom Sporley is understood to have derived his materials, seems, in the following passage, to refer the erection of the Temple of Apollo to a later era, to the fifth or, perhaps, the sixth century, when the Saxons poured in their hordes upon the devoted islanders. He says, "The British religion and justice decaying sensibly, there landed in all parts of Britain a prodigious number of Pagan Saxons and Angles, who at length overspreading the whole island, and becoming masters of it, they, according to the custom of their country, erected to their idols fanes and altars in several parts of the land, and overthrowing the Christian churches, drove them from their worship and spread their Pagan rites all around the country. Thus was restored the old abomination wherever the Britons were expelled their place; London worships Diana [on the site of St. Paul's], and the suburbs of Thorney offer incense to Apollo." So that even to this hour the foundations of the Pagan shrine may lie below those of the Christian. Flete adds to the statement given, that the temple was overthrown and the purer worship restored by Sebert, with whose name the more undoubted history may be said to commence. Yet even Sebert is so much a matter of question, that, whilst some old writers call him a

citizen of London, others say—apparently with truth, from the care taken of his tomb through all the rebuildings—that he was King of the East Saxons in the beginning of the seventh century, and nephew of Ethelbert. Mellitus was then Bishop of London, and encouraged, if he did not instigate, Sebert to the pious work; which, indeed, has been attributed wholly to him. The place—a “terrible” one, as an old writer calls it—was overrun with thorns, and surrounded by a small branch of the Thames; hence the name Thorney Island. Here the Church or *Minster*, was built, *West* of London, from which circumstance the Abbey and the district now derive their appellation. It was to be dedicated to St. Peter; and the preparations were already made for that august ceremony, when, according to the relation of several writers, whose fidelity we leave our readers to judge of, the Apostle himself appeared on the opposite bank of the Thames, and requested a fisherman to take him over. There he was desired to wait while St. Peter, accompanied by an innumerable host from heaven singing choral hymns, performed the ceremony of dedication to himself; the church, meanwhile, being lighted up by a supernatural radiance. On the return of St. Peter to the astonished fisherman, he quieted the latter's alarm, and announced himself in his proper character; bidding him, at the same time, go to Mellitus at daybreak to inform him of what had passed, and to state that, in corroboration of his story, the Bishop would find marks of the consecration on the walls of the edifice. To satisfy the fisherman, he ordered him to cast his nets into the river, and present one of the fish he should take to Mellitus; he also told him that neither he nor his brethren should want fish so long as they presented a tenth to the church just dedicated; and then suddenly disappeared. The fisherman threw his nets, and, as might have been expected, found a miraculous draught, consisting of the finest salmon. When Mellitus, in pursuance of the Apostle's mandate, went to examine the church, he found marks of the extinguished tapers and of the chrism. Mellitus in consequence contented himself with the celebration of mass. We may smile now at such a story; but there is no doubt whatever that for ages it obtained general credibility. Six centuries after, a dispute took place between the convent and the parson of Rotherhithe, the former claiming a tenth of all the salmon caught in the latter's parish, on the express ground that St. Peter had given it to them; eventually a compromise was agreed to for a twentieth. Still later, or towards the close of the fourteenth century, it appears fishermen were accustomed to bring salmon to be offered on the high altar, the donor on such occasions having the privilege of sitting at the convent table to dinner, and demanding ale and bread from the cellarer.

From the time of Sebert to that of the Confessor, the history of the Abbey continues still uncertain. There are in existence certain charters which, could they be depended upon, would give us all the information we

could reasonably desire. The first of the charters is one granted by King Edgar, 951, directing the reformation of the monastery by Dunstan, which had been previously destroyed or greatly injured by the Danes, and confirming privileges said to have been granted by King Offa, who, after the decay of the church consequent on the death of Sebert, and the partial relapse of the people into heathenism under the rule of his sons, had, says Sulcardus, restored and enlarged the church, collected a parcel of monks, and, having a great reverence for St. Peter, honoured it by depositing there the coronation robes and regalia. Another charter by Edgar, one of the most splendid of supposed Saxon MSS., among a variety of other particulars agreeing with the account we have given, ascribes Sebert's foundation to the year 604. This, and a charter by Dunstan, are preserved among the archives of the Abbey. Dunstan's charter names Alfred among the benefactors to Westminster. According to William of Malmesbury and another writer, the church having at this period been restored, Dunstan brought hither twelve (Benedictine) monks, and made one of his favourites, Wulsinus, a man whom he is said to have shorn a monk with his own hands, abbot.

Still the Abbey church and buildings were but small, and comparatively unworthy of the distinguished honour which St. Peter had so condescendingly conferred; and the monks no doubt pondered over the means by which a more magnificent structure might be obtained. An opportunity at last offered in the reign of the Confessor. Whilst Edward was in exile during the Danish usurpation, he vowed a pilgrimage to Rome, if God should please to restore him to his crown. He was restored; and then, mindful of his vow, assembled his principal nobility soon after his coronation, and declared his purpose. By them, however, he was persuaded to send an embassy to Rome to procure absolution from the vow. The embassy was successful; and the Pope merely enjoined that the King should spend the sums intended for his journey in the foundation or reparation of some religious house dedicated to St. Peter. It was precisely at the time these particulars got abroad that a monk of Westminster Abbey, named Wulsinc, a man of great simplicity of manners and sanctity, had a remarkable dream. Whilst asleep one day, St. Peter appeared to him, to bid him acquaint the King that he should restore his (Wulsinc's) church: and, with that noticeable minuteness which characterises unfortunately only those stories of our early times which we are most disposed to doubt, we have the very words of the Apostle recorded:—“There is,” said he, “a place of mine in the west part of London, which I chose, and love, and which I formerly consecrated with my own hands, honoured with my presence, and made illustrious by my miracles. The name of the place is Thorney; which, having, for the sins of the people, been given to the power of the barbarians, from rich is become poor, from stately low, and from honourable is made despicable. This let the King, by my command, restore and make a dwelling of monks, stately build, and amply

endow: it shall be no less than the house of God and the gate of heaven."* The dream was, no doubt, just the thing for the credulous monarch, who might have been otherwise puzzled where to bestow his benefactions, and he immediately commenced his task in an earnest and magnificent spirit. Instead of confining himself to the expenditure enjoined, he ordered a tenth part of his property of every kind to be set apart for the new abbey; he enlarged the number of monks; a new and no doubt grander style of architecture was adopted—Matthew Paris says it was built *novo compositionis genere*; and, when the whole was finished, bestowed on it a set of relics which were alone sufficient in the eleventh century to make the fortune of any monastery, and which must have rendered Westminster the envy of most of the other religious houses of Britain. "They comprised," says Dart, in his history of the Abbey, "part of the place and manger where Christ was born, and also of the frankincense offered to him by the Eastern Magi; of the table of our Lord; of the bread which he blessed; of the seat where he was presented in the Temple; of the wilderness where he fasted; of the gaol where he was imprisoned; of his undivided garment; of the sponge, lance, and scourge with which he was tortured; of the sepulchre, and cloth that bound his head; †—and so on, through not only Christ's own history, but, in a lesser degree, through that of his mother, his apostles, and the most famous abbots and saints. Of the Confessor's building we have fortunately an interesting and perfect remain in the Pix Office and the adjoining parts against the east cloister and the south transept. (Cut, No. 1.) As we may here perceive, the architecture is grand in its chief features, but strikingly plain in details, with the exception of the capitals, which are handsomely sculptured. The original edifice was built in the form of a cross, with a high central tower. When the work was finished, Edward designed its consecration under circumstances of unusual splendour. He summoned all his chief nobility and clergy to be present: but, before the time appointed, he fell ill on the evening of Christmas-day. By this time his heart was greatly set upon putting the seal to his goodly work in the manner he had designed; so he hastened his preparations; but, on the day appointed, the Festival of the Innocents, he was unable to leave his chamber, consequently Queen Editha presided at the ceremony. He died almost immediately after, and was buried in the church.

From the death of the Confessor to the reign of Henry III. the history of the Abbey is chiefly confined to the lives and characters of its Abbots, on whom our space will not allow us to dwell.

To the king just named we are indebted for the greater portion of the existing cathedral. From a boy he seems to have been interested in the place; for whilst yet but thirteen years old we find him called

* Translation from Ailred of Riveaulx, in Neale's 'Westminster Abbey.'

† Dart's 'Westmonasterium.'

the founder of the Lady Chapel (on the site of the present Henry VII.'s Chapel), and the first stone of which he laid on Whitsun Eve, 1221, in the abbacy of Humez. Twenty-five years afterwards Henry commenced more extensive works; he pulled down, according to Matthew Paris, the east end, the tower, and the transept, in order that they might be rebuilt in a more magnificent style. The lightness, beauty, and variety, as well as the grandeur, of pointed architecture, recently introduced, was now to take the place of the comparatively cumbrous and simple impressiveness of the Anglo-Norman edifice. Crokesley became abbot in 1246, and about that period great progress was made. The king, among other benefactions, directed his goldsmith Fitz Odo, to make a "dragon, in manner of a standard or ensign of red samit, to be embroidered with gold, and his tongue to appear as continually moving, and his eyes of sapphires, or other stones agreeable to him, to be placed in the church against the king's coming thither." Two years later the keeper of the Exchequer is ordered to "buy as precious a mitre as could be found in the City of London for the Abbot of Westminster's use; and also one great crown of silver to set wax candles upon in the said church." In addition to his own direct assistance, and the assistance of his nobles, impelled by his example, the king, no doubt at the suggestion of the Monastery, adopted a curious mode of stimulating the popular excitement on the subject, and we should suppose with the most satisfactory results. In 1247, on St. Edward's Day, he set out with his nobles in splendid procession towards St. Paul's, where he received the precious relic which had been sent for him from Jerusalem by the Masters of the Temple and the Hospitallers, and which he munificently designed to deposit in the Abbey of Westminster: this was no less than a portion of the blood which issued from Christ's wounds at the Crucifixion. It was deposited in a crystalline lens, which Henry himself bore under a canopy, supported with four staves, through the streets of London, from St. Paul's to the Abbey. His arms were supported by two nobles all the way. Holinshed says, that to "describe the whole course and order of the procession and feast kept that day would require a special treatise; but this is not to be forgotten, that the same day the Bishop of Norwich preached before the king in commendation of that relic, pronouncing six years and one hundred and sixteen days of pardon granted by the bishops there to all that came to reverence it." We need hardly add that those who did come were seldom empty handed. To give still greater distinction to the ceremony, Henry, the same day, knighted his half-brother, William de Valence, and "divers other young bachelors." This was one mode, and, if he had faith in the essentials of the act performed, it was as cheap and efficacious as it was unobjectionable. But we cannot say so of his next act of beneficence to the Abbey. In 1248 he granted, evidently with the same object, a fair of a very extraordinary kind to the abbot, to be held at Tut or Tot Hill, at St. Edward's



1.—THE PIX OFFICE.

tide, when all other fairs were ordered to be closed, and not only them but all the shops of London, during the several days of its continuance. The object was to draw the entire trade of London to the spot for the time; and although the citizens and merchants were much inconvenienced, the fair succeeded so well as to be repeated in 1252; "which thing, by reason of the foul weather chancing at that time, was very grievous unto them (the citizens); albeit there was such repair of people thither, that London had not been fuller to the judgment of old ancient men never at any time in their days to their remembrance." By all these different methods, a sum of nearly £30,000—an enormous sum, if reckoned at its present value—was raised, and applied to the rebuilding of the Abbey, in about fifteen years: when it was still unfinished.

Crokesley was succeeded by Ware, who brought from Rome the materials of the beautiful mosaic pavement which lies before the altar in the choir of the Abbey. During his abbacy Henry was constrained to seek a peculiar kind of assistance from the edifice he had so enriched. Two years after the battle of Evesham, when the Earl of Gloucester seemed inclined to play by himself the game which he had helped to spoil in De Montfort's hands, the king borrowed the shrines and other jewels and relics of the Abbey, and pledged them to certain merchants. It was a dangerous act. But the king, who had so often broken faith in political matters, even when the church had strengthened the

engagement by the performance of the most solemn and awful rites, kept faith with the church itself, and honestly redeemed and replaced the treasure.

It may be useful to see with precision how far the Abbey had now advanced, which we may easily do by an examination of the building. It will then appear that Henry erected the chapel of the Confessor, which forms the rounded end of the choir, and is properly the apsis of the building, the four chapels in the ambulatory which encompasses the apsis, the choir to a spot near Newton's monument, the transepts, and probably the Chapter-house. In the reign of Edward I. a portion of the nave was completed. Edward was too busy with his Welsh and Scottish wars, we suppose, to accomplish more, though he exhibited his favour to the Abbey in a marked manner by bringing hither the most precious spoils of his warfare. In 1285, during the abbacy of Wenlock, he gave a large piece of our Saviour's cross which he had met with in Wales; and in 1296, or in 1297 as Stow has it, he offered at St. Edward's shrine the chair, containing the famous stone, sceptre, and crown of gold, of the Scottish sovereigns, which he had brought from the Abbey of Scone. In this reign two events disturbed the even tenor of the monastic life: a fire, which destroyed some of the domestic buildings, in 1293, and the robbery of the king's treasure deposited in the cloisters in the care of the convent in 1303, when the abbot and forty-eight monks were sent to the Tower,

where some of them were kept for two years. In 1349 Simon Langham was elected abbot. He contributed so largely to the wants and revenues of the convent, that the entire amount of his benefactions was estimated at £9,000 or £10,000. Part of this, we presume, was expended in carrying forward the building of the Abbey, which, in the time of his successor Litlington, received large additions; as the famous Jerusalem Chamber, the Hall of the Abbey (where now dine the boys of the Westminster School), and the abbot's house; whilst the south and the west sides of the great cloister were finished. The riches of the interior were also increased by this abbot, who added many ornaments of plate and furniture. Litlington's abbacy, however, is chiefly memorable for an incident that occurred in it of no ordinary interest connected with the privilege of sanctuary, which is supposed to have been granted by Edward the Confessor, in one of whose disputed charters the grant is found. The story is one of those romances of history which fortunately has not yet been disputed, partly, perhaps, from the careless way in which later writers (Pennant for instance) have mentioned it, omitting the most interesting features.

At the battle of Najara, during the Campaign of the Black Prince in Spain, two of Sir John Chandos's squires, Frank de Haule and John Schakell, had the good fortune to take prisoner a Spanish nobleman of distinction, the Count of Denia, who, according to the custom of the time, was awarded to them as their rightful prize by Sir John Chandos and the Prince himself. They took the Count to England, who whilst there, being greatly desirous to return to Spain in order to collect the ransom-money demanded, was allowed to do so on his placing his eldest son in their hands. Either the Count forgot his son or was unable to raise the money, for years past without news of him, and then he was dead. About this period the Duke of Lancaster was promoting, by all the means in his power, his claim to the throne of Castile, and, knowing these two squires held prisoner the Count's son, now the Count, he induced the king, Richard II., and his council, to demand him from them; expecting, no doubt, to make important use of him in the advancement of his objects. The squires refused to give him up, unless the ransom to which they were justly entitled was paid; and, as the prisoner could not be found, Haule and Schakell were committed to the Tower. From thence they escaped, and took sanctuary at Westminster. Determined not to be baffled, John of Gaunt ordered the Constable of the Tower, Sir Alan Boxhull, and one Sir Ralph Ferrers, to pursue them with a band of armed men even into the sacred inclosure. At first they endeavoured to get them into their power by fair promises, and, with regard to Schakell, "used the matter so with him that they drew him forth" and sent him once more to his prison. Haule, however, refused to listen, and would not allow them to come within reach. They then prepared for force, when the brave but devoted squire drew a short sword

from his side and kept his enemies at bay, with great address and spirit, even whilst they drove him twice round the choir. At last they got round him, and one of the assailants clove his head by a tremendous blow from behind, when the completion of the murder was easy. At the same time they slew one of the monks who interfered. All this took place in the midst of the performance of high mass. The prisoner, however, was still concealed in spite of all the efforts made to discover the place of his confinement; and partly, perhaps, from that circumstance, and partly from the odium attached to the affair by the violation of sanctuary, it was eventually agreed to pay Schakell, for his prisoner's ransom, 500 marks in ready money and 100 marks annually for his life. We give the conclusion, in the words of Holinshed:—"This is to be noted as very strange and wonderful, that when he should bring forth his prisoner, and deliver him to the king, it was known to be the *very groom that had served him all the time of his trouble* as an hired servant, in prison and out of prison, and in danger of life when his other master was murdered. Whereas, if he would have uttered himself, he might have been entertained in such honourable state as for a prisoner of his degree had been requisite; so that the faithful love and assured constancy in this noble gentleman was highly commended and praised, and no less marvelled at of all men." The church was closed for four months in consequence of this profanation, and the subject brought by Litlington before Parliament, which granted a new confirmation of its privilege. Boxhull and Ferrers had to pay each a fine.

We have dwelt somewhat upon the early history of the Abbey, not only because it is the most interesting portion of that history, but more particularly on account of the harmonious connection, before alluded to, which exists between it and the structure. Look at the cathedrals of England, and at the simplicity and comparative inefficiency of the mechanical aids at the disposal of their builders, and then, on the other hand, at our best modern churches, erected under circumstances admitting of every conceivable mechanical advantage; what is the meaning of the melancholy contrast presented? The answer will be found in our previous pages. It is not that we are poorer, or that we want apprehension of architectural grandeur, least of all that our faith is less pure than that of our forefathers; it is that we have less faith in our faith: we are more worldly. The miracles, and relics, and processions, and offerings, and privileges, that form so considerable a portion of the early records of Westminster Abbey, are no doubt absurd enough to the eye of reason; but it were still more foolish to think of them as evidences of the credulity only of our ancestors. When the artisan came and offered his day's labour once or twice in every week without remuneration, and his wife parted gladly with her solitary trinket; when the farmer gave his corn, and the merchant his rich stuffs; when the noble felled his ancestral oaks, and the king decimated his possessions; when, in short, persons of

all classes aided, each in the best way he could, the establishment of the new abbey or minster, and bishops might be seen in the position of the hewers of wood and drawers of water—circumstances all of more or less frequent occurrence in the history of such houses—was it the mere vague sense of wonder and profitless admiration of miracles, relics, and processions, which moved the universal heart?—or was it not the fervour and entire devotion of men's spirits unto God, of which credulity was then but a natural, indeed inevitable, accompaniment?—Religion in the middle ages was of "imagination all compact;" and, although such a state of things could not, ought not to be permanent, we are experiencing the truth of *his* remark who overthrew it. As Luther propped us on the one side, we have fallen on the other; when shall we obtain the true balance and elevation?

Litlington was succeeded by Colchester, during whose abbacy, which extended through the reigns of Richard II., Henry IV., and Henry V., steady progress was kept up with the west end of the church, as also during the subsequent abbacies of Harweden, Estney, in whose time the roof of the nave and the great west window were completed, and Islip, in whose abbacy the works stopped, on the completion of Henry VII.'s chapel (the history of which will be noticed elsewhere), although the main and west towers were still unbuilt. The latter Wren supplied in a manner that, to say the least of it, does not add to his reputation; the former is wanting to this hour: its square base, just appearing above the body of the building at the intersection of the transepts, provoking an unsatisfactory inquiry. Two highly interesting incidents mark the history of the Abbey during the rule of Estney and his predecessor, Milling. On the defeat of Edward IV., in 1470, his Queen, Elizabeth Woodville, took shelter in the sanctuary, where, "in great penury, forsaken of all her friends," she gave birth to the unfortunate Edward V. Here, again, on her husband's final success, she received him in all the flush of victory, and presented the child for the first time to his father's arms; and here, lastly, when Edward was dead, took place those melancholy scenes in which the Protector Gloucester endeavoured, and successfully at last, to induce her to give up her children to his care. On one of these occasions More describes her as sitting "alow on the rushes" in her grief, to receive the embassy. The other incident to which we allude is the residence in some part of the Abbey—Stow says in the chapel of St. Ann's, which was pulled down during the erection of Henry VII.'s building—of the great printer, Caxton, who established here the first English printing-press during the time of Abbot Estney. In his 'Cronicles of England' we read as the place of its production "th' Abbey of Westmynstre." He subsequently moved into the Almonry; and an interesting advertisement of his for the sale of some type "good cheap" is still preserved, dated from the "reed pale" there. Bagford says he also had a place in King-street adjoining.

At the Reformation Benson was abbot, a man who will be remembered for his remark to Sir T. More, if for nothing else. The great Chancellor was placed, for a short time, in his custody, when Benson endeavoured to turn him from his purpose of preserving a pure conscience, by showing that he must be in error, since the council of the realm had so determined. This little revelation of the abbot's mind may explain the favour shown to the Abbey at the period so dangerous to all such institutions. The Abbey was changed into a Cathedral, with a Bishop, Dean, and twelve Prebendaries, and a revenue of at least £586 13s. 4d.,* the old revenues amounting to £3,977 6s. 4½d. according to one authority, or £3,471 0s. 2½d. according to another. Benson, the late Abbot, was made Dean, the Prior and five other monks were made Prebendaries, four brethren became Minor Canons, four others were made king's students in the universities, and the remainder were dismissed with pensions. Thirlby received the bishopric, which, however, he resigned in 1550, when it was suppressed, and the Cathedral, the following year, was included within the diocese of London.† We have not yet done with the settings-up and pullings-down of the old religion at Westminster. On Mary's accession, the abbey was restored, with Feckenham at its head, who set to work with great zeal in his new vocation. He repaired the shrine of the Confessor, provided a paschal candle weighing three hundred pounds, which was made with great solemnity in the presence of the master and warden of the Wax Chandlers' Company; he asserted the right of sanctuary; and made the processions as magnificent as ever. It was but for a brief period. Mary died, and Elizabeth restored in effect the cathedral foundation of her father, with the exception of the bishopric. William Bill was the new Dean. Among his successors have been Lancelot Andrews; Williams, who took so active, and to the court unpalatable, a part in the great Revolution, during which time the abbey was several times attacked by the mob, and considerable injury done; Atterbury, the literary friend of Pope, who was so deeply implicated in the conspiracies against George I., and in consequence deprived of his dignities and banished; Pearce, Horsley, &c.

THE ABBEY EXTERIOR.

As we approach from Parliament-street, the exquisitely beautiful and most elaborately pannelled and pinnacled architecture of the rounded end of Henry VII.'s Chapel meets the eye over the long line of St. Margaret's Church; into the burial-ground of which we step, in order to pass along the northern side of the Abbey. About the centre we pause to gaze

* Widmore's 'History of the Church of St. Peter, Westminster;' Stryce says £804.

† In the arrangements that now ensued, some portion of the property of the Abbey (St. Peter's) passed to St. Paul's: whence the popular remark—robbing Peter to pay Paul.

on the blackened exterior of the front of the north transept, in which, however, many of the most delicate beauties of the sculpture, as well as all the bolder outlines of the tracery and the mouldings, are distinctly and happily marked by the light colour of the projecting edges, (Cut, No. 2.) Time was when this front had its "statues of the twelve apostles at full length, with a vast number of other saints and martyrs, intermixed with intaglios, devices, and abundance of fret-work;" and when it was called, for its extreme beauty, "Solomon's Porch;" and now, even injured as it is, the whole forms a rich and beautiful façade. The rose window, thirty-two feet in diameter, was rebuilt in 1722. Beyond the transept, the new appearance of a part of the exterior of the nave shows how extensive have been the reparations of recent years; and we may add, the remainder shows how necessary it is to go on. As we pass round the corner towards the west front, one can hardly resist the fancy that Wren, seeing how badly the Abbey needed its deficient towers, had taken a couple from some of his city churches, and placed them here. And who could for a moment mistake the ornaments of the clock for a part of a genuine Gothic structure? At the right-hand corner of the western front, half concealing the beautiful decorations of its lower part, is the plain-looking exterior of the Jerusalem Chamber, forming, with the Hall, Dean's house, &c., a square, partly resting against the nave on the southern side of the Abbey, partly projecting beyond it. Passing along the exterior of these buildings, a gateway leads into the Dean's yard, a large quadrangle, where the modern houses contrast strangely with the ancient ones, lower portions with upper, large windows with green blinds and small rude ones scarce big enough to put one's head through, painted wooden doorways and arches so old and decayed one scarcely even ventures to guess how old they may be. From the Dean's yard we can again approach the Abbey,—the doorway in the corner, at the end of the pavement on our left, opening into a vaulted passage leading directly to the cloisters. From the grassy area of the latter you obtain a view, and we believe the only one, of the south transept, or rather of its upper portion. Passing along the south cloister, where the wall on your right is also the wall of the ancient refectory, to which the first doorway led, at the end you have on the right a low vaulted passage, which is considered a part of the Confessor's building, and where, in a small square called the Little Cloisters, stood the Chapel of St. Katherine, in which took place the scene between the Archbishops of York and Canterbury, so dramatically described by Holinshed, and on the left the East Cloister, with the low and well-barred door leading into the chamber of the Pix, and the exquisitely beautiful but much-injured entrance to the Chapter-house. To this building, now used for the custody of records, and visited only by express permission from the Public Record Office, Chancery-lane, we might devote more pages than we have words to spare: so sumptuous were its

architecture and its decorations, and so interesting yet are the remains. The pavement, with its coloured tiles in heraldic and other devices, and the wall almost covered apparently with paintings, deserve even closer investigation than they have yet received. It is also rich in its curiosities: here is, perhaps, the most valuable ancient historical document possessed by any nation in the world, the Domesday Book, in such exquisite preservation, and its calligraphy so perfect, that it scarcely appears as many years old as it is centuries. The large gold seal appended to the treaty between Henry VIII. and Francis is not only interesting for its associations, but for its intrinsic merit. The sculptor was no other than Cellini. Passing through the Chapter-house, and turning round to look at the exterior of the building we have quitted, the most melancholy-looking part of the Abbey is before us; and it is that which is necessarily the most seen, standing as it does against the entrance to Poets' Corner. The magnificent windows bricked and plastered up, two or three smaller ones being formed instead in the hideous walls which fill them, and the dilapidated, neglected aspect of the whole, are truly humiliating. And what a contrast to the visitor who has just passed Henry VII.'s Chapel! It is fortunate we can so soon forget it, and all other jarring associations: a few steps—and we are in the Abbey, and—out of the world.

POETS' CORNER.

"Poets' Corner!"—We could wish, most heartily, we knew the name of him who first gave this appellation to the south transept of the Abbey, and thus helped, most probably, to make it what it is,—the richest little spot the earth possesses in its connection with the princes of song: such a man ought himself to have a monument among them. And, though he may have never written a line, we could almost venture to assert he must have been a kindred spirit, so exquisitely applicable is his phrase;—so felicitously illustrative of the poet, who, with all his exhaustion of old worlds and creation of new, is generally most deeply attached to some one of the smallest corners of that on which he moves;—so characteristic is it of the personal relation in which we, his readers, stand toward him: not in the pulpit, the senate, or the academy, does he teach us, but in the quiet corner by the winter fire-side, or in the green nook of the summer woods. In a word, we might have sought in vain for any other appellation that would have expressed, with equal force, the *home-feeling* with which we desire, however unconsciously, to invest this sumptuous abode of our dead poets, or that would have harmonised so finely with our mingled sentiments of affection and reverence for their memory.

But, though we do not know who gave the name, we are at no loss with regard to those whose burial here first suggested it. If, immediately we enter, we turn to the right, and gaze on the monuments on the wall by



2.—FRONT OF THE NORTHERN TRANSEPT.

our side, we perceive one standing out from the rest in hoar antiquity, a fine old Gothic piece of sculpture, that, though in reality not three centuries old, seems at the first glance to be coeval with the building itself; that is the tomb of Chaucer, the first poet buried in the Abbey, and the first true poet England produced. It is, in other respects, one of the most interesting memorials of the place. Caxton, who, among his numerous claims to our gratitude, adds that of having sought out and made permanent by printing the manuscript of the *Canterbury Tales* (one of the editions of which he published under circumstances peculiarly honourable to himself,) placed the original inscription here, which he obtained from a learned Milanese. This remained till Brigham, a student in the university of Oxford, took upon him, as a labour of love, the erection of a monument to the illustrious poet's memory. The present tomb was accordingly placed here in 1555. As we pause to gaze on its decayed and blackened front, and to examine, with an interest that finds little to repay it, the remains of the poet's effigy, a kind of melancholy similarity between the fate of Chaucer's reputation and that of his memorial suggests itself: what Spenser calls "black oblivion's rust" has been almost as injurious to the first as to the last, and has caused one of

the greatest, and, as far as qualifications are concerned, most popular of poets, to be the most neglected or unknown by the large majority of his countrymen. There is a rust upon his verses, it is true, that mars, upon the whole, their original music (such as we find it breaking out at intervals where time has not played his fantastic tricks with the spelling and pronunciation), and which, for the first few hours of perusal, somewhat dims also the brilliancy of the thoughts,—but that is all; he who devotes one day to *studying* Chaucer will be delighted the next, and on the third will look back with amazement on his ignorance of the writer who, all circumstance of time and position considered, can scarcely be said to have had yet a superior, unless it be Shakspeare. Such was the first poet buried in the Corner. The next was a worthy successor, Spenser, the author of the '*Faerie Queen*.' If poets, in the words of Shelley, are "cradled into wrong," or begin the world with suffering—so, alas! too often do they end it. Ben Jonson thus briefly records, in his conversation with Drummond of Hawthornden, the frightful circumstances that attended the last days of England's second great poet:—"The Irish having robbed Spenser's goods, and burnt his house and a little child new born, he and his wife escaped; and,

after, he *died for lake of bread* in King-street, [Westminster,] and refused twenty pieces sent to him by my Lord of Essex, adding, 'he was sorry he had no time to spend them.'" This story sounds altogether terribly like truth; yet, as doubts have been thrown upon it, we are glad to think it possible that there may be some mistake, or at least exaggeration. This great poet had great patrons: Sir Philip Sidney, Raleigh, Essex, and Queen Elizabeth; so hunger, we may hope, was not by the poet's death-bed. Spenser was buried where he had desired to be, near his great predecessor, Chaucer (but on the other side of the entrance), in 1598-9, at the expense of the Earl of Essex. It has been recorded that several of his poetical brethren attended, who threw epitaphs, and elegies, and panegyrics on his works, into his grave, "with the pens that wrote them." "Gentle Willy" (Spenser's own designation of Shakspeare) we may be tolerably sure was among these mourners. The short but beautiful inscription on the monument runs thus: "Here lies, expecting the second coming of our Saviour Christ Jesus, the body of Edmund Spenser, the prince of poets in his time, whose divine spirit needs no other witness than the works which he left behind him." This was the second inhabitant of Poets' Corner.

The third was Beaumont: how was it that we cannot add, with whom rests Fletcher? So thoroughly have their lives become incorporated in the incorporation of their writings and fame, that one feels as though Beaumont himself were not all here, entombed thus alone. Most touching and beautiful of friendships! In all the works of these great writers there is no incident half so romantic as their own undivided lives; for, as Aubrey has shown us in his recorded gossip, their literary connection was but the natural manifestation not merely of kindred tastes and talents, but of an ardent affection for each other, that was as plainly seen in the house where they lived together, and had the same clothes, and most probably a common purse, as in the theatre, where their separate writings were undistinguishable, and where, if one were really greater than the other, they kept the secret to themselves so effectually, that to this hour the best critics have been baffled in their attempts to assign to each his due merit. How great that merit is, may be judged by those not familiar with their works from Schlegel's remark upon them. He says—"They hardly wanted anything but a more profound seriousness of mind, and that sagacity in art which observes a due measure in everything, to deserve a place beside the greatest dramatic poets of all nations." Beaumont was buried before the entrance into the first of the chapels here (St. Benedict's), immediately beyond Chaucer's monument, where he lies without memorial or inscription.

Drayton followed Beaumont in 1637, and was followed six years after by his great contemporary and panegyrist, Ben Jonson. Near Spenser's memorial these few words strike every visitor to Poets' Corner—

"O rare Ben Jonson!"—inscribed beneath a tablet with a head in relief of the poet. His remains do not, however, rest in this part of the Abbey, but in the north aisle of the nave, near Killigrew's monument, where the quaint epitaph was first "done," says Aubrey, "at the charge of Jack Young (afterwards knighted), who, walking here when the grave was covering, gave the fellow eighteen pence to cut it." The stone, very unnecessarily, was taken away at the late relaying of the pavement.

Under the date of 1607, Evelyn writes, "Went to Mr. Cowley's funeral, whose corpse lay at Wallingford House, and was thence conveyed to Westminster Abbey in a hearse with six horses, and all funeral decency, near a hundred coaches of noblemen and persons of quality following; among these all the wits of the town, divers bishops and clergymen. He was interred next Geoffrey Chaucer, and near Spenser. A goodly monument since erected to his memory." The Latin inscription declares Cowley the Pindar, Horace, and Virgil of England. The monument was raised by George, Duke of Buckingham, the literary opponent of the great poet next buried here, and whose monument we find adjoining Cowley's, with a noble bust and the simplest of inscriptions, to "J. Dryden." This was not placed here till twenty years after the poet's death; when his friend and patron, Sheffield, Duke of Buckingham, reminded, by Pope's intended epitaph on Rowe, of the "nameless stone" that covered the remains, caused a monument to be erected with an admirable bust by Scheemakers. If one could desire change in an inscription which is so refreshing for its simplicity and freedom from panegyric, it would be in order to introduce Pope's couplet:—

"This Sheffield raised: the sacred dust below
Was Dryden once; the rest who does not know?"

But, after all, the truest taste in such matters would be, we think, to banish everything but the plain name, where that name was such as Dryden's: the longer inscriptions might then be left for the use of those who feared that the virtues or genius of their deceased friends would not be sufficiently known without.

Among the remaining poets buried in the Corner there are three whose memorials attract the attention of the ordinary visitor—those of Rowe, Prior, and Gay. The first and the last are side by side in the corner behind the screen which faces the doorway, whilst Prior's stares you in the face from the screen, as you enter, as if eager to thrust itself upon your notice before your attention is occupied by the greater memorials of the place. Rowe's monument is by Rysbrack, and is chiefly noticeable for a beautiful inscription by Pope, concluding with the following allusion to his widow:—

"To these so mourn'd sin death, o loved in life,
The childless parent and the widow'd wife
With tears inscribes this monumental stone,
That holds their ashes, and expects her own."

To the poet's excessive annoyance, it is said, the

widow sympathised so little with the expectations of the monument, that she married again, and thus destroyed at once half the beauty of the thought. Rowe died in 1718. Three years after Prior was buried in "that last piece of human vanity" which was erected at his own desire, and for which he left a bequest of £500. This certainly was a summary way of deciding the amount of his own reputation; but posterity likes to have its own opinion on these matters, and that opinion, we fear, in spite of the showy monument, is not very favourable to Matthew Prior. The memorial, in the shape of a winged boy holding a medallion portrait, of him who, in the words of Pope's inscription, was

"Of manners gentle, of affections mild,
In wit a man, simplicity a child,"

suggests more interesting recollections. The author of the most popular of English musical pieces, the 'Beggar's Opera,' and of one of the best of English ballads, 'Black-eyed Susan,' the favourite correspondent of Pope and Swift (how touching are the laments of the latter over his death!) and the almost idolised inmate of the eccentric but benevolent Duke and Duchess of Queensbury, rises always to the memory as one of those poets for whom, if we have not any uncomfortable amount of awe and veneration, we have a great deal of genuine love. The worthless couplet—

"Life is a jest, and all things show it;
I thought so once, but now I know it"—

the mere expression of a mood of the poet's mind, should never have been placed on the monument, and it were an act of kindness to Gay's memory to erase it. There remain to fill up the list of the strictly-poetical inhabitants of the Abbey only Denham, the author of 'Cooper's Hill,' who lies buried beneath the pavement in front of Dryden's monument; and Macpherson, the author—as there is now little doubt but he was—of the poems ushered into the world under such peculiar circumstances as the productions of Ossian, whose resting-place is marked by a plain blue stone and brief inscription, near the centre of the transept. As to the memorial to Milton, remarkable for a piece of vile taste, perpetrated by him who erected it, and who in consequence has been pilloried in the 'Dunciad,'

"On poets' tombs see *Benson's* titles writ;"

Shakspeare's, to which Milton's lines may be applied with peculiar force, even by those who do not quite agree with the poet in holding any monument unnecessary:

"Dear Son of Memory, great heir of fame,
What need'st thou *such* weak witness of thy name?"

Phillips's, with its profile effigy, and wreath of laurel and apple-leaves, in illustration of his poem on Cyder, which was rejected by Dr. Sprat on account of its allusion to Phillips's uncle, Milton, a name, in the bishop's opinion (himself a small poet), too detestable to be read on the walls of a building dedicated to devo-

tion;—Butler's bust;—Gray's, with its figure in relief of the Lyric Muse holding a medallion of the poet, by Bacon;—Thomson's, Mason's, Goldsmith's, and Southey's;—they are all but so many instances of the poets' monuments which have no poets reposing beneath them, that Addison alludes to in one of his papers in the 'Spectator,' and which should be carefully dissociated from those that have. This is so little attended to in the Abbey, that a visitor finds it impossible to determine from the mere sight of the tombs or inscriptions, except in one or two cases, which of the great poets were really buried here. Although but a mere honorary memorial, the one we last mentioned, Goldsmith's, is interesting from an incident connected with it. This great poet, essayist, and novelist, who was in himself sufficient to prove Johnson's theory, that genius is but a mind of large general powers accidentally determined in some particular direction—for, whilst Goldsmith's powers were directed in numerous directions, he excelled in all,—this admirable writer, who wanted but one of the commonest of qualities, prudence, to have been also one of the most admirable of men, was intended to have been buried in the Abbey, with a magnificent ceremonial, until the knowledge of his numerous unpaid debts caused the withdrawal of the scheme; when the body was interred in the Temple churchyard. A tablet, however, it was decided should be raised to his memory in the Abbey; Reynolds chose the place, immediately over the doorway of the chapel of St. Blaize (adjoining Gay's memorial), and Johnson undertook to prepare the inscription. What followed lives, no doubt, in the memory of most of our readers. Johnson wrote the inscription in Latin, and presented it for the approval of his companions, when they one and all disapproved of it, and subsequently prepared a round robin of names, begging him to celebrate the fame of an English author in the language in which he wrote. Johnson flatly refused, saying he would never consent to disgrace the walls of Westminster Abbey with an English inscription: and so we have before us the Latin inscription; unintelligible perhaps to ninety-nine out of every hundred visitors of the Abbey who have enjoyed 'The Deserted Village' and 'The Vicar of Wakefield,' and who are naturally interested in knowing what his friend Johnson would say about him.

The Poets' Corner is not, however, solely confined to poets; divines, philosophers, actors, musicians, dramatists, architects, and critics have found place among them. Barrow, whose life almost justifies the inscription which speaks of "a man almost divine, and truly great, if greatness be comprised in piety, probity, and faith, the deepest learning, equal modesty and morals in every respect sanctified and sweet,"—Barrow, whom Charles II. used to call an "unfair preacher," inasmuch as that he left nothing for others to say after him on the topics he handled,—Barrow lies here, with a tablet and bust over his remains: the latter has the appearance of being a faithful likeness.

In another part, beneath the pavement before St.

Blaize's Chapel, lie the remains of Johnson, with those of his friend and early associate, when the world was all before them both, and the paths were yet to choose—Garrick,—on the one side, and those of Sheridan on the other. Why the monument raised to Johnson's memory should have been placed in St. Paul's, instead of over or near his remains in the Abbey, is one of those mysteries that we may expect to solve when we have learnt why Nelson—whose memorable words at the battle of the Nile, "Victory or Westminster Abbey!" so peculiarly marked out the proper place of his destination—was interred at St. Paul's. With regard to Johnson's monument, however, we are too glad at not seeing in the Abbey the classical monstrosity which is absurdly said to commemorate *him*, to care very much about the cause. Garrick's monument, erected at some distance from his remains, on the opposite wall of the transept, is to us chiefly remarkable from the circumstance that it betrayed one of the most tolerant of spirits into something very like intolerance. When Charles Lamb says he would "not go so far, with some good Catholics abroad, as to shut players out of consecrated ground," he does go far enough to afford fresh fuel to the unjust opinion of the actor's art that has so long prevailed in the countries where Shakspeare and Molière each trod the stage—an opinion as unjust as to depreciate the profession, it has in a thousand ways helped to lower the characters of the professors: thus making the evil, of which it can with the greatest show of reason afterwards complain. Again, he speaks of the "theatrical airs and gestures" of the monument, not simply from any deficiency of the sculptor's skill to make them natural, but as objecting evidently to anything that could remind us of the theatre. There is a short way to test the truth of all this. At the left-hand corner of the same wall on which is Garrick's monument is that to Handel, in which the musician is represented surrounded by the materials and accessories of *his* art—the organ in the background, a harp in the hands of an angel above, and an effigy of himself in the act of composition, and as if suddenly inspired, in front. No one speaks of theatrical or orchestral gestures in connection with this great work. If, then, Charles Lamb did not overlook the immense difference that there must be between the productions of H. Webber, the artist of the one, and those of Roubiliac, the artist of the other, his animadversions will be found strictly to mean that the theatre is, in the abstract, so much less exalted an instrument of enjoyment and instruction than the orchestra, as to make the memory of the one painful to us in the presence of the dead, when the other rouses no such sensations: a conclusion to which we respectfully demur, remembering, what the truest lovers of Shakspeare seem often to forget, how grand a mission has been given to the stage:—"To hold, as 'twere, the mirror up to nature, to show virtue her own feature, scorn her own image, and the very age and body of the time his form and pressure." If it does not do this,

it ought; and may be made—when those who have influence over it raise their own minds to its natural level.

Above the monument just referred to, Handel's, is a tablet which reminds us of an interesting event in the history of the musical art in this country, the commemorations, which took place within the Abbey walls on several different occasions during the last century, and once during the present, in 1834.

The chief remaining memorials of Poets' Corner may, perhaps, be best noticed in the order in which they meet the eye from the entrance-door. By the side of Prior's monument is a tablet, by Chantrey, to the great friend of the negroes, Granville Sharp; who was led to make the first attempt towards their emancipation by a little personal incident worth remembering, were it only for the mighty contrast between the end achieved and the beginning. Walking one day through the streets of London, he beheld a poor negro shivering with cold, hunger, and sickness. He was a slave from Virginia, abandoned by his master in this country on account of illness brought on by the change of climate. Sharp caused him to be conveyed to St. Bartholomew's Hospital, where he recovered, and went to a situation provided for him by his benefactor. Immediately these circumstances reached the master's ears, he had the hardihood to throw poor Somerset, his late slave, into prison as a runaway. The matter was then brought before the chief magistrate of the city of London, who declared the man free. The master, however, violently seized him, and endeavoured to get him on board his ship, which was about to sail. There was no time to be lost. Somerset was brought by *habeas corpus* before the twelve judges, who, after several hearings, declared unanimously, in words forever memorable, that "as soon as any slave sets his foot upon British ground, he is free." It is only necessary to add, in order to show how deep a debt of gratitude we owe to Granville Sharp, that he nearly exhausted his fortune in carrying this case to its important issue; and that he had the gratification of living to see the good work he had commenced progress to the point of the formal abolition by the legislature of the slave-trade in 1807. Near Sharp's memorial is the bust of St. Evremont, the French wit, and that of Shadwell, the hero of Dryden's tremendous satire—Mac Flecknoe, and who had his revenge in seeing the great poet turned out of the laureateship on the accession of William and Mary, and himself put in his place. On the column at the end of the screen, a tablet records the memory of the witty author of the 'New Bath Guide,' Christopher Anstey. At the back of the screen, near Shakspeare's monument, is Mrs. Pritchard's, an actress of whom Churchill says, comically enough, considering it forms part of a panegyric on a really great artist, that "her voice" was

"As free from blemish as her fame."

On the other side of Bishop Blaize's Chapel, the sumptuous monument of the great Duke of Argyll, as

he is generally called, strikes the eye alike by its size and beauty. It is as allegorical, and therefore almost as unmeaning, as usual in the chief thought; the Duke is dying at the base of a pyramid, with sorrowing figures of History, Minerva, and Eloquence around him. But the execution is most masterly. Canova is said to have remarked of the figure of Eloquence, "That is one of the noblest statues I have seen in England." On the floor, between the monuments of Handel and Barrow, is the full-length statue (on a circular pedestal) of one whose writings give a peculiar interest to his burial in the Abbey. The visits of the 'Spectator' are ever things to be remembered, and here, as he has himself told us, he was frequently to be found. "When I am in a serious humour," says he, in the first of his papers on the subject, "I very often walk by myself in Westminster Abbey, where the gloominess of the place, and the use to which it is applied, with the solemnity of the building, and the condition of the people who lie in it, are apt to fill the mind with a kind of melancholy, or rather thoughtfulness, that is not disagreeable." In another passage he says, "When I see kings lying by those who deposed them,—when I consider *rival wits placed side by side*,—or the holy men that divided the world with their contests and disputes,—I reflect with sorrow and astonishment on the little competitions, factions, and debates of mankind." Did Addison, we wonder, think how applicable these remarks might be, but a few years later, to his own case? One feature of his death-bed is well known—his sending for the young Earl of Warwick to see how a Christian could die; but another, and to our minds more touching incident, was his conduct to Gay, at the same period. He sent for the poet to his bed-side, and begged his forgiveness for an injury which he had done him (Gay knew not what, but supposed Addison referred to some obstruction he had thrown secretly in his path, whilst endeavouring to obtain court favour), and promised him, if he lived, to make amends. He did not live, but Gay, we are sure, with all his heart forgave him; and we can look on the memorials of the "rival wits," here buried beneath the same roof, and reflect with satisfaction that these at least did not wait for the grave to point its usual moral. Addison, we must remark, is not interred beneath Westmacott's statue, but in the north aisle of Henry VII.'s Chapel.

Beneath the pavement, near Addison's statue, the remains of Cumberland, the dramatist, essayist, and excellent classical scholar, are interred; and near him those of Henderson, an actor, who, equally great in Falstaff and Hamlet, might, in Garrick's absence, have reached almost Garrick's reputation. As it was, he was overshadowed by the mightier genius, and consequently few now remember the excellence of John Henderson. Passing on, our eyes again directed upwards, we perceive the memorials of the learned Casaubon, a black and white marble monument erected by Stone, and of Camden, which exhibits a half-length figure, book in hand, of the great antiquary.

Camden was master of Westminster School; and looks in his effigy, which has something of a prim, pedagogueish look about it, as though he is still thinking of the school, and wondering whether he has got any of his pupils around him in his new abode. Yes, there is one, and the one who, if tradition be true, it must best please the antiquary's shade to see in such a place—Ben Jonson, the boy whose talents he had so early noticed, and whom he subsequently relieved from the degrading position of a bricklayer's labourer by obtaining for him the office of tutor to Raleigh's son. Crossing now to the wall or screen of the choir we have to the right of the entrance the beautifully sculptured monument of Dr. Busby, master of Westminster School, and its rigid ungraceful-looking rival (both being similar recumbent figures), that of the eminent divine, Dr. South, by its side. In the papers before referred to we find Addison and Sir Roger standing before Busby's memorial; when the knight exclaims, "Dr. Busby! a great man: he whipped my grandfather;—a very great man! I should have gone to him myself, if I had not been a blockhead;—a very great man!" The poet Congreve, we may here add, is buried in another part of the Abbey; why, it would be difficult to say. Lastly, interred below the pavement, are—Gifford, the critic of the 'Quarterly,' whose nod was so long fate in the literary world; Chambers, the architect of Somerset House; Adam, the builder of the Adelphi, "O rare Sir William Davenant!" Old Parr, half an immortal himself, and therefore, we suppose, among the poets; and Sheridan, whose death in poverty under an arrest for debt, and almost regal funeral show, even more brilliantly than usual, that kind of antithesis which the world has so long been accustomed to look on but as a necessary part of the history of men of genius, and which if it missed for any length of time, would, we verily believe, make it begin to look about, and button up its pockets carefully, suspicious that all was not as it should be.

As we turn our eyes away from the inscription on the plain blue stone at our feet, which has suggested these melancholy but unavoidable reflections, they fall upon *Dryden's* stately stone instead of bread; then again upon the memorials of the Prince of Poets, with the horrible doubt that belongs to it; on Goldsmith's, who, after all that has been said of his extravagance, perhaps scarcely received for the whole of his works the amount of three years' salary of a minister of state; on Johnson's, whose early struggles in London must be in every one's memory: in short, turn where we will, bounding our vision to the walls of the Abbey, or looking beyond them, we see still the same unnatural disparity between the instruction and enjoyment given, and the reward received; too often little more than "Poets' Corner."

THE MONUMENTS IN THE NAVE AND CHAPELS.

The author of the 'Sketch-Book,' after a visit to

the Abbey, remarks, "I endeavoured to form some arrangement in my mind of the objects I had been contemplating, but found they were already falling into indistinctness and confusion. Names, inscriptions, trophies, had all become confounded in my recollection, though I had scarcely taken my foot from off the threshold." This passage describes but too truly the general effect, even on the most intelligent minds, of a first or occasional visit to the Abbey memorials. And the causes, no doubt, are to be found partly in the very multiplicity of the objects that meet the eye, but much more in the entire absence of any systematic arrangement. Indeed, whilst there are two features in particular which invest Westminster Abbey with an interest and a value that belong to no other English structure, the one of universal character,—the burial in it of so many of our great men; the other limited to the lovers of art,—the knowledge that it presents an unbroken series of examples of the history of sculpture for five or six centuries;—these are precisely the features which are the least attended to in the Abbey, and which therefore appear with the least possible effect. The Englishman, proud of his country, comes here to gaze upon the last resting-place of the men whose achievements have given him cause for his pride; but finds not only that remarkable men of every degree of intellectual power, of every variety of occupation and period, are confusedly mingled together, with the addition of a sprinkling of those remarkable only from the circumstance that their remains should be here at all, but that in reality he cannot discover, with anything approaching to general accuracy, the great men who were really buried in the Abbey from those who have merely had honorary memorials erected to them. The student's case is still more hopeless: what instruction can he possibly derive from the visible history of art, however rich, where the facts or monuments of which it is composed are dispersed throughout a vast building, in such order that, if their respective positions had been decided by lot, they could hardly have presented a greater chaos:—here the colossal statue of Watt, in the beautiful little chapel of St. Paul's, and by the side of the Gothic tomb of Henry V.'s standard-bearer;—there the effigies of some of the ancient abbots, on their altar-tombs, overshadowed by the gigantic pile of masonry erected to an able seaman of the last century, who, we suspect, would have been in no slight degree astonished if he could have foreseen that he would be stuck up here in effigy in the garb of a Roman soldier. The Abbey, too, suffers sadly from these circumstances. We may enjoy the grandeur of its architecture, may gaze, and gaze till we resign ourselves to that feeling which Coleridge so finely describes—unconsciousness of the actualities around, and expansion of the whole being into the infinite,—may listen whilst

"every stone is kiss'd

By sound, or ghost of sound, in mazy strife;
Heart-thrilling strains that cast before the eye
Of the devout a veil of ecstasy;"

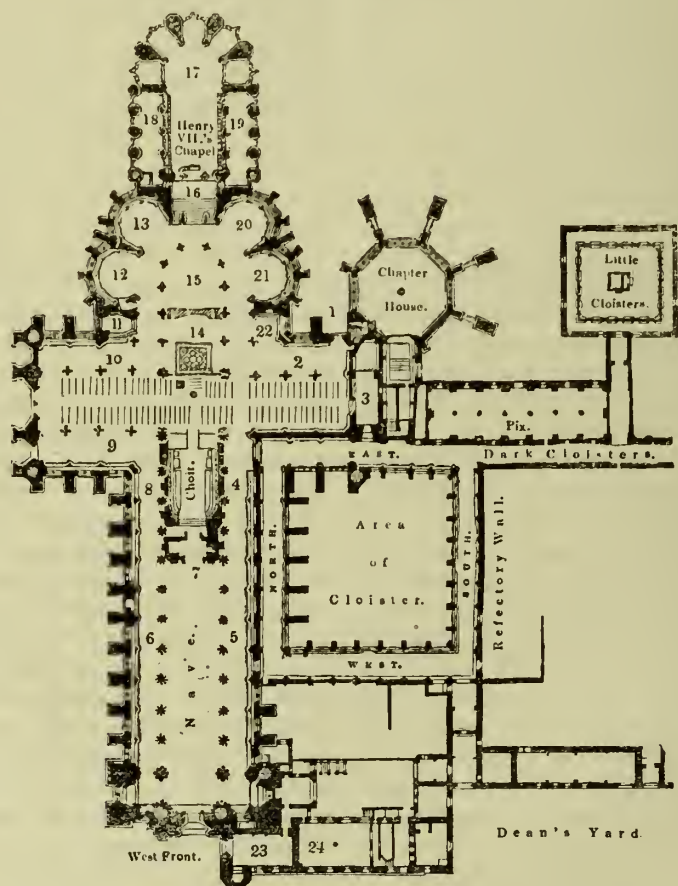
may, in short, leave the heart and soul to wander where and how they please whilst we notice nothing individually: but the moment we attempt to luxuriate in the details of the building, which are only less wonderful than the whole, the "actualities" of the Abbey become too much for us. What senses of sublimity and devotion can withstand the sudden appearance of some preposterous effigy, connected generally with some still more preposterous pile such as you are liable to meet with in almost every part of the Abbey—transepts, ambulatory, chapels, and nave—everywhere but in the choir, and in the chapel of the kings? But it is not such monuments only that injure the grand harmony of the structure; with the exception of Westmacott's Duke de Montpensier, in Henry VII.'s Chapel, we do not remember a single monument placed in the Abbey, for a century or two past, that would not be again removed from it, if the purity of architectural taste which existed when the Abbey was built should be ever thoroughly revived. And the chief cause of such wholesale exclusion may be found, we think, in the very circumstance that sculptors have most congratulated themselves upon—the raising the effigies of the dead from their former recumbent position. But in this, as in many other cases in which we have departed from the practices of our ancestors, we live to find, after a long period of complacent indulgence, that we did so through ignorance of the principles upon which they worked. Let any one walk through the chapel of the kings, or along the ambulatory, and he cannot but notice how the tombs, even the stateliest and most gorgeous, harmonise with, nay enhance, the effect of the Abbey; let him then look upon later monuments, and his most favourable judgment will be that, where they have not an absolutely injurious effect, they have at least a negative one. Is there any secret in this most important difference? Surely not. In the one class you are seldom reminded of anything but the life, or the mere circumstance of its close; in the other you can never forget that the end of all has come, and that king, prelate, warrior, statesman, and courtier, have alike forgotten the vanities of the world, in this kind of beautiful and touching communion with their Maker, which they are contented to share in common with their lowliest fellow-creatures. Their deeds may be recorded on their monuments by grateful hands for *us* to read and think of, but even then we see that *they* think only of God. This it is that makes the old monuments of the Abbey essentially a part of the Abbey: they exhibit the same magnificence, the same repose; they inculcate the same impressive lesson. Would we then banish from churches all monuments that have not recumbent effigies?—That were to be guided by the letter rather than the spirit. We should certainly be glad to see the rule systematically enforced that only monuments of an unmingled and unmistakeable devotional character should be received into the Abbey; and if that result can be obtained in better or in more various ways than of old, it is very desirable such modes should be adopted. The sculptors are even

more interested than the public in this matter. Their skill in monuments of a different class is in a great measure wasted here, wanting the charm of fitness: the Abbey is as unsuitable for them as they for the Abbey. Lord Mansfield's monument in the chief court of English judicature, Canning's in the halls of parliament, and Watt's in the meeting-place of the merchant-princes of England, would be so impressive as to raise the art itself at once to a high level: we should begin as a people to feel, what for centuries as a people we have not felt, the importance of the sculptor's mission. As to the memorials for which no particular public situations are marked out by the characters of the men they commemorate, they might be erected with the happiest effect (as has recently been observed) in the localities made memorable by their lives; and then what is to prevent us from having our

Walhalla, as the Germans call their national temple near Ratisbon, instead of our present imperfect and unsystematic method of honouring the illustrious dead, and in buildings so unsuitable as St. Paul's and Westminster Abbey.

Under the circumstances we have indicated, the best mode, perhaps of examining the Abbey memorials is, except in peculiar cases, to fix our attention chiefly upon those which relate to the illustrious dead who have been interred here. And for that purpose we shall follow the route marked by the sequence of the figures in the plan (which is, with slight exceptions, the exact reverse of that pursued by the guides in the Abbey), in order that we may, as far as the circumstances permit, pass over the great mass of the modern monuments at the commencement of our walk through the Abbey, and end with the more ancient ones.

3.—PLAN OF THE ABBEY.



EXPLANATION.

1. General Entrance.
2. Poets' Corner.
3. St. Blaize's Chapel.
4. South Aisle of Choir.
5. South Aisle of Nave.
6. North ditto.
7. New Screen.
8. North Aisle of Choir.

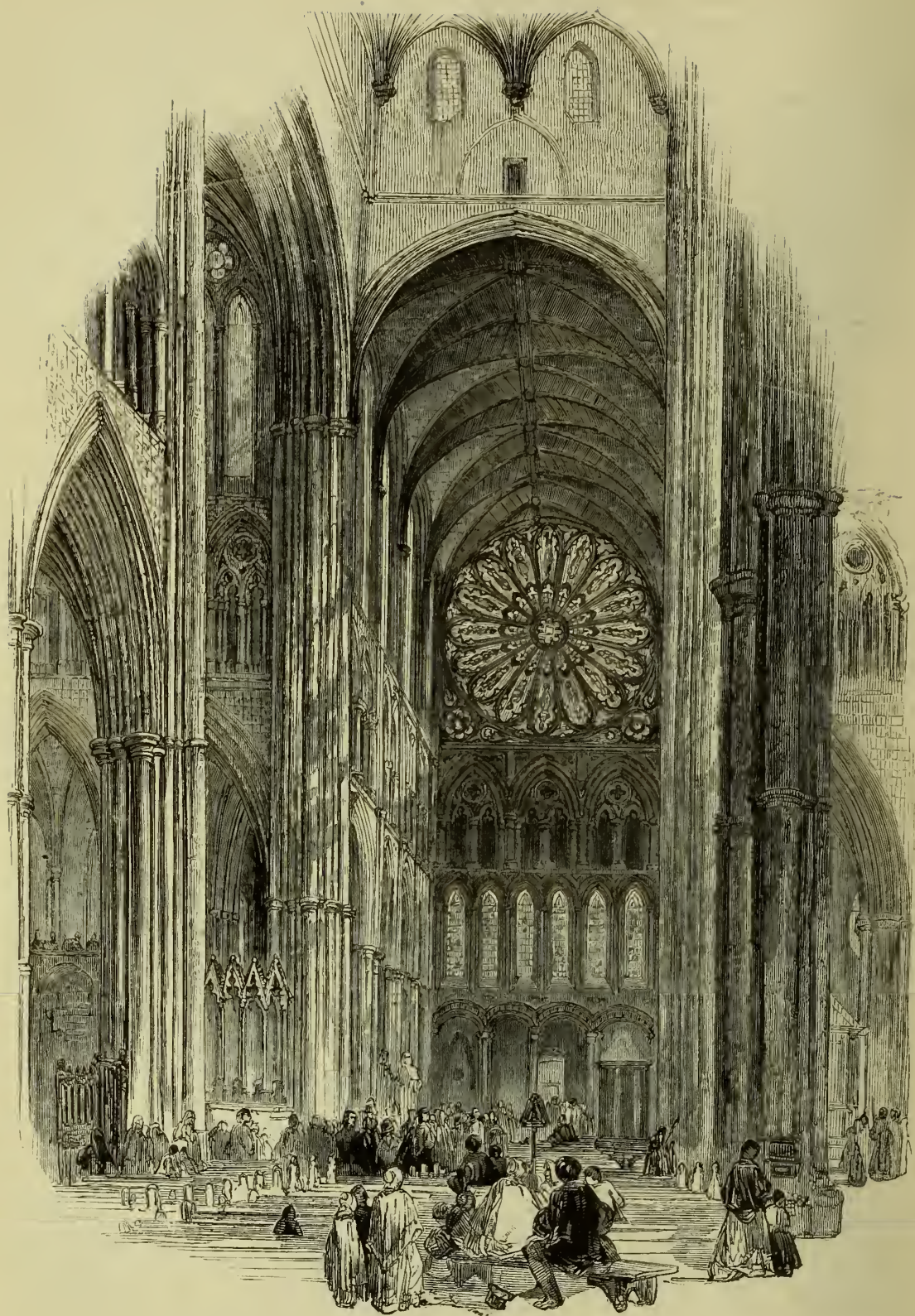
9. West Aisle of North Transept.
10. East Aisle of North Transept.
11. Islip's Chapel.
12. St. John the Baptist's Chapel.
13. St. Paul's Chapel.
14. Abbot Ware's Mosaic Pavement.
15. Edward the Confessor's Chapel and Shrine.
16. Porch to Henry VII's Chapel.

17. Henry VII's Tomb.
18. North Aisle of Henry VII's Chapel.
19. South ditto.
20. St. Nicholas's Chapel.
21. St. Edmund's Chapel.
22. St. Benedict's Chapel.
23. Jerusalem Chamber.
24. College (formerly Abbey) Dining Hall.

We pause a moment in Poets' Corner to gaze upon what may be called the finest interior view of the Abbey, including as it does the two transepts, with

the rich painted rose window in the one opposite to us, the choir, and a portion of the nave. Important alterations have been here made, chiefly with the view

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4—THE INTERIOR, FROM POETS' CORNER.

of affording increased accommodation for those who attend Divine service. The transepts are now open from end to end, right across the choir, and are nearly filled with seats. The stalls in the choir have been thrown a little farther back; they also extend quite to the organ gallery, and to Mr. Blore's screen in the direction of the nave. The organ has been rebuilt, and greatly improved and elaborated. It is now in three divisions, and is worthy of the Abbey, and of the form in which the musical portions of the service are performed. A new and magnificent painted glass window has been put up in the southern transept, at a cost of between £2,000 and £3,000. This window was seven years in preparation. The Abbey was re-opened in its present form on Easter Sunday, 1848. (Cut, No. 4.)

And now, taking a brief glance at the interesting paintings in the Chapel of St. Blaize, we move along the southern aisle of the choir towards the nave, observing as we pass Sir Cloudesley Shovel's monument, the constant butt of our wits, and the pious and learned Dr. Isaac Watts's, whom Johnson calls "the first of the Dissenters who courted attention by the graces of language," on the left; and Behnes' bust of Dr. Bell, the founder of the Madras system of education, and Thynne's monument, with its bas-relief representing the assassination of that gentleman in Pall-mall, on the right. Among the earliest memorials that attract us in the nave is that to the unfortunate, but certainly not innocent, Major André, whose remains were interred here many years after his death on the scaffold. An interesting bas-relief, showing André as a prisoner in the tent of Washington, with the bearer of a flag of truce come to solicit his pardon, has been the mark of much and very pertinacious ill-usage, such as the knocking off the heads of the principal figures: new ones, consequently, have been several times put on. Charles Lamb could not resist the opportunity, when writing to Southey, that this afforded of a hit at his friend's change of political opinions. Having called the mutilation "the wanton mischief of some schoolboy, fired, perhaps, with raw notions of transatlantic freedom," he adds, most innocently, "the mischief was done about the time that *you* were a scholar there. Do you know anything about the unfortunate relic?" It is said the circumstance caused a temporary severance of their intimacy. Beyond André's monument, and filling up the breadth of the spaces between three successive windows, are the monuments, by Roubiliac, of Lieut.-General Hargrave, where Time has overthrown Death, and broken his dart, and the dead is rising in resurrection; of Major-General Fleming, where the wisdom, prudence, and valour of the dead warrior are represented by the emblems of those virtues which Minerva and Hercules are binding together; and of the well-known Marshal Wade, who signalled himself in the rebellion of 1745, and which, like all Roubiliac's works, shows how that great artist was accustomed to think for himself within the bounds which the taste of

the period marked out, if he did not go to any remarkable degree beyond it. In Wade's monument, Time endeavours to overthrow the soldier's memory, typified by a pillar decorated with trophies of warfare, but is successfully opposed by Fame, who drives him back. In this part of the nave a door opens into the cloisters where lie four of the early abbots,—Vitalis, Crispinus, De Blois, and Laurentius,—with some distinguished men of a more recent era. Here, for instance, repose Barry, the famous actor; Sir John Hawkins, the historian of music; the lady dramatist of Charles II.'s time, Aphra Behn, whose numerous comedies show the truth of Pope's line,

"The stage how loosely does Astrea tread;"

Mrs. Bracegirdle, Congreve's friend and favourite actress; Lawes, the original writer of the music of 'Comus,' and Milton's friend; with a host more of actors and actresses, as Betterton, of whose interment so interesting an account is given in the 'Tatler;' Foote, Mrs. Cibber, Mrs. Yates, &c. &c. To the Cloisters also were brought the body of Sir Edmond-bury Godfrey, after its strange discovery on Primrose-hill, and consequent public exposure in the city. The funeral was remarkable. Seventy-two clergymen marched in front of the procession, whilst above a thousand persons of rank or distinction followed it. At the service two strong able-bodied divines stood in the pulpit, on the believed, or pretended, necessity of guarding him from the violence of the Papists, who, it was presumed, had committed the murder. Here, lastly, rests "the genius of the graphic art," to use the words of the poetical inscription, Vertue, the Engraver; and near that monument, with the musical score of the "Canon by two-fold augmentation," Benjamin Cooke, its author, deputy-organist of the Abbey at the age of twelve years, subsequently organist, and one of the true masters in that school of music about which the people of this country almost seem to know the least—the English.

Returning into the nave, we perceive, extending over Dean Wilcock's monument, with its view of the Abbey, Dean Sprat's, the poet, and friend of Cowley and Buckingham (the last he is said to have assisted in the famous 'Rehearsal'), and Sir L. Robinson's, a work by Roubiliac's pupil, Read, which perhaps, excites more notice than any of the master's own; not, however, for its excellence, but its outrageous absurdity. Turn we now to a memorial of a different kind—that to the dramatic writer Congreve, with his bust in high relief, wearing the full-bottomed wig of his time, which here, as in the portraits of Congreve, sits not ungracefully. No doubt, the author of the wittiest comedies in the language achieved the much dearer object of his ambition, and was the fine gentleman he desired to be thought. The inscription on the tomb records that he lies near the place, and that it was set up by Henrietta Duchess of Marlborough, as "a mark how dearly she remembers the happiness she enjoyed in the sincere friendship of so worthy and honest a man," &c. Con-

grave may be said to have paid ten thousand pounds for this inscription (for he left the Duchess, who did not want his property, the whole, and his ancient and embarrassed family nothing), and no doubt thought it cheap at the money. Congreve died in 1728. His body, after lying in state in the Jerusalem Chamber, was removed with great pomp into the Abbey, noblemen bearing the pall. Among the noticeable personages buried in this part of the nave, without any memorials, are Dean Atterbury—the place was his own previous choice, as being “as far from kings and Cæsars as the space will admit of,” as he tells Pope, in one of his letters in 1722—and Mrs. Oldfield, the actress, who was buried in a very fine Brussels’-lace head-dress, a Holland shift with a tucker and double ruffles of the same lace, a pair of new kid gloves, &c.; circumstances which Pope has made the most of in his lines,—

“Odious! in woollen! ’t would a saint provoke!
(Were the last words that poor Narcissa spoke.)
No, let a charming chintz and Brussels lace
Wrap my cold limbs, and shade my lifeless face;
One would not, sure, be frightful when one’s dead!
And—Betty—give this cheek a little red.”

This was, perhaps, a fair mark; but, generally speaking, we could imagine no more startling commentary than might be made on the works of most satirists by a mere statement of the exact facts they have referred to, whether in praise or condemnation. At the end of the wall of this aisle, for example, is the statue of James Craggs, with an inscription by the author just mentioned, Pope, who speaks of his deceased friend as a statesman

“Who broke no promise, served no private end”—

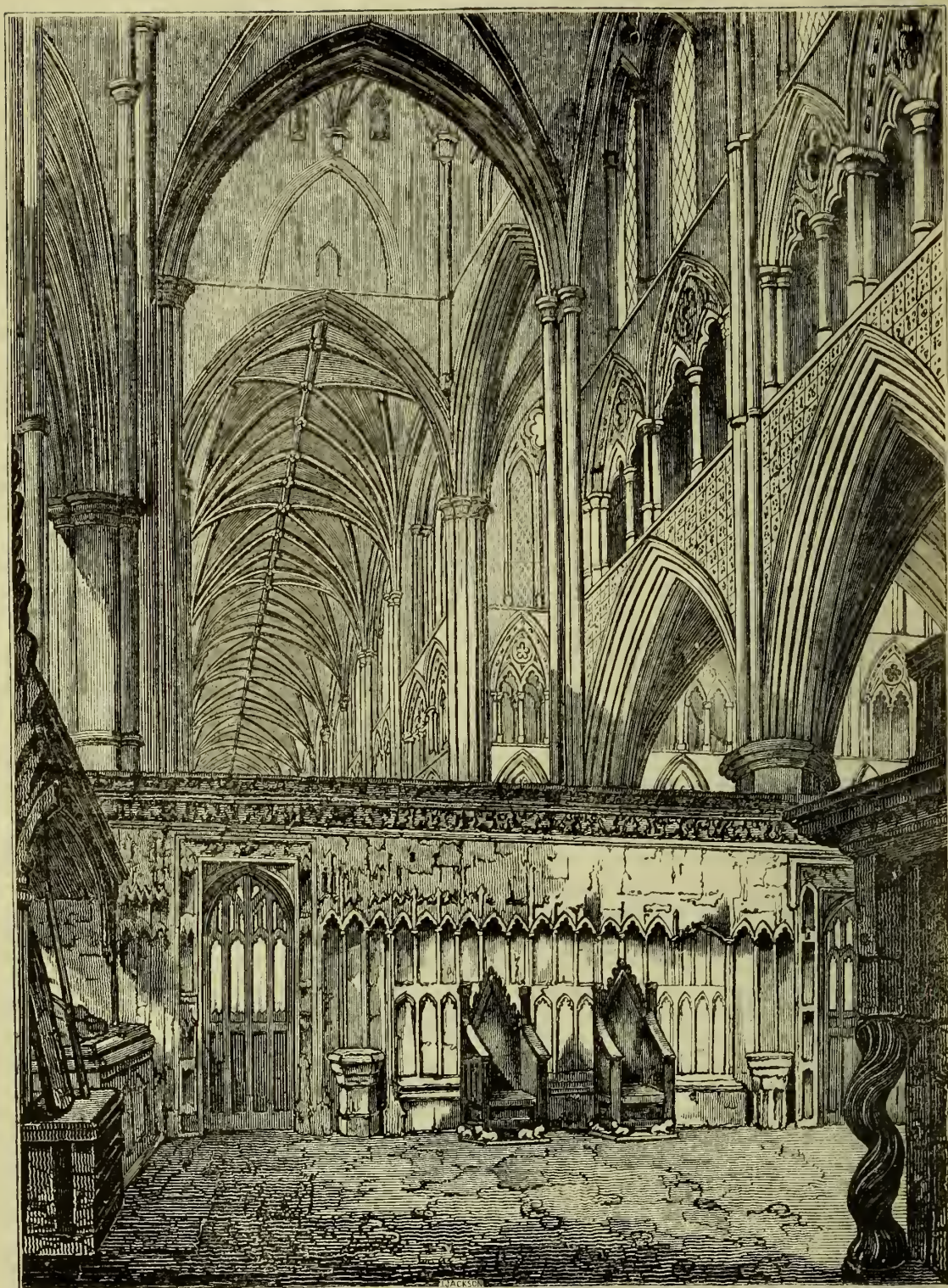
the said James Craggs being the Secretary of State whose name was down on one of the swindling subscription-lists of the South Sea scheme for the fictitious sum of £659,000, and who died, it was said, from the small-pox, but really, it was thought, from mental anguish, during the parliamentary examination into the affair. As we now stand by the door of the great Western entrance to the Abbey, we perceive that the injury done to the latter by the memorials placed in it, has not been confined to the mere incongruities before pointed out. Two beautiful screens stood here, against the base of the west towers; that on the south till 1750, and that on the north down to the present century, when they were pulled down, to make room for the immense military memorials which now occupy their places, recording exploits utterly forgotten, and names that fail to rouse a single interesting association. Half hidden among memorials of this kind that occupy the western end of the northern aisle, to which we now cross, are those to the eminent critical geographer, Major Rennell, who lies buried here; to Tierney, the well-known orator; and to the great painter, greater wit, and most sublime coxcomb, Sir Godfrey Kneller, which has an inscription by Pope, showing that Nature must have been in a very critical position altogether with regard to him, for—

“Living, great Nature fear’d he might outvie
Her works; and dying, fears herself to die.”

One would think the poet had determined to beat the painter even in his own rich vein of extravagance. Kneller lies at Twickenham with Pope, having objected to be buried in the Abbey, because “they do bury fools there.” Passing along the wall of the aisle eastward, which, like the one we have just quitted, is covered from end to end with memorials, we need only pause to notice the monument to Mrs. Jane Hill, the one antique work among a wilderness of modern ones; the monument, nearly above, to Spencer Perceval, with an alto-relievo representing the circumstances of his assassination by Bellingham; and the scroll, held in the outstretched hands of Time, on which is written a very beautiful Latin inscription by Dr. Friend to a youth, Philip Carteret: the Doctor, we may observe, has, with each of his friends and rivals, Woodward and Mead, an honorary memorial in the nave. Before entering the north aisle of the choir, we must pause a moment to examine the beautiful screen which has been erected here by Mr. Blore. It is in the same decorated style as the architecture immediately around it, which forms the continuation of Henry III.’s building by his son Edward. On each side of the screen are large monuments, of which the principal is that to Sir Isaac Newton. If this were a much greater work than it is, it would suffer from our remembrance of Roubiliac’s noble statue of the philosopher at Cambridge, where the loftiest speculations are suggested by the simplest and purest means; but when we add that this, although cut by Rysbrack, is Kent’s design, we need hardly say more. Here, too, we may fitly pause an instant to gaze on the stained glass windows of the western front, with its rows of Jewish patriarchs, glorious in their brilliant dyes of amber and purple, the work of comparatively recent times, and the smaller windows in the towers at the sides, which are ancient, and seem to have lost something of their original splendour, (Cut, No. 5.)

This will be a fitting place to give the dimensions of the Abbey, which are generally as follows:—Extreme length, including Henry VII.’s Chapel:—exterior 530 feet, interior 511; extreme breadth (across the transepts), interior 203 feet; height of the western towers, 224 feet. Of the chief parts of the structure we may observe that the extreme breadth of the nave and aisles is 71 feet, the choir 38, the transepts and aisles 84; the extreme length of the nave, 166 feet, of the choir 155, of each transept 82. Henry VII.’s chapel measures in length (the nave) 103 feet, in breadth, with aisles, 70, in height 60. We have said but little hitherto, and we do not intend to say much more as we proceed, on the architecture of the Abbey, for we believe such descriptions are very useless in works of a general character; the worst engraving or the briefest visit will give a more accurate idea of a building than many pages of letter-press. We therefore leave the architectural wonders of the nave, as of the other parts of the Abbey, undescribed (seeing, too, that our engravings will make our readers

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5.— THE NAVE, LOOKING WEST FROM ST. EDWARD'S CHAPEL.

tolerably familiar with the architectural styles), merely remarking that it is the loftiest in England, measuring 102 feet, and at the same time one of the most graceful. Without entering into the vexed question of the origin of pointed architecture, or overlooking the difficulties that attach to the hypothesis of finding in nature the type of what is but the last of a series of architectural changes and improvements, rather than the first, which no doubt all the chief styles are, it is still, it seems to us, impossible to pace along this centre aisle of the nave, and look up, without being reminded of the extraordinary similarity of its expression to that of an overarching avenue of trees. We have an avenue now in our memory formed of very tall and stately, but not aged trees, where the trunks ascend as regularly and gracefully upwards as these pillars, and where, as their tops meet over the middle space, you can detect the branches running across and interweaving, in a thousand capricious but all beautiful forms, which the groined roof appears but tamely to imitate. All this may be, as architectural writers tell us, accidental; but certainly the accident is harder to believe than the improbabilities of the opposite opinion.

The north aisle of the choir, or the space extending from the north aisle of the nave to the north transept, contains several monuments worthy of notice; some for their amusing character,—as Dame Carteret's, where a dancing figure is, we are told, a Resurrection; and some for their deeper interest, as Wilberforce's memorial by Joseph, which is original enough at all events; and Sir Stamford Raffles's, by Chantry; but this part should be sacred to all lovers of music, as a kind of musicians' corner,—for here lies Purcell, with one of the most striking epitaphs ever penned, and which is said to have been by Dryden. It runs thus: "Here lies Henry Purcell, Esq., who left this life, and is gone to that blessed place where only his harmony can be exceeded." He was interred in November, 1695, and, according to the picturesque old custom, at night, with a magnificence suitable to the burial of the greatest English musician; and, as was most fitting, in the Abbey where he had been appointed organist at the age of eighteen, and where his sublime anthems had been so often heard. His memorial is against one side of a pillar on the right of the aisle; on the other side of the same pillar is the memorial to Samuel Arnold, another organist of the Abbey in which he is interred, and a worthy successor to Purcell. Opposite to these, on the left wall of the aisle, is the memorial of Blow, who, according to the inscription, was the "master of the famous Mr. Henry Purcell," although it is now established that Purcell owed much more to another musician, Captain Cook, than to Blow: the latter, however, had claims of his own to entitle him to respect and commemoration. Beneath Blow's memorial is his pupil's, Dr. Burney, Hawkins's rival historian, with an inscription that does little credit to the taste of his daughter, the authoress of 'Evelina;' whilst, lastly, close by their side, is the bust, in all the

majesty of full-bottomed wiggism, of Dr. Croft, who in ecclesiastical music is said to have had no superior. He also held the situation of organist to the Abbey; and his death was brought on here (during, we presume, the performance of his duties) at the coronation of George II. He now lies near the most illustrious of his predecessors.

The north transept is rich in great names of another kind, chiefly of those connected with the business, or offices, of the state. Occupying the entire space between two of the pillars dividing the western aisle of the transept from the centre, is Flaxman's noble monument of Mansfield; taken altogether perhaps the noblest of modern sculpture. The illustrious judge is seen in the judgment-seat elevated to a considerable height, with figures of Wisdom and Justice attending, whilst behind, on the base of the monument, immediately below the circular chair, is the beautifully sculptured figure of a youth: what he is intended to represent seems to be a matter of some doubt, for Mr. Brayley says it "is a personification of Death, which is represented, agreeably to the idea of the ancients, by the figure of a youth, partly prostrate, and leaning upon an extinguished torch;" whilst Mr. Peter Cunningham, in his excellent little 'Hand-book,' describes it as a "recumbent youth, a criminal, by Wisdom delivered up to Justice." Lord Mansfield is buried beneath his memorial. In the central portion of the transept repose Chatham, Pitt, Fox, Castlereagh, Canning, Wilberforce, and Grattan—a rich and wonderful neighbourhood, to which Byron's lines may apply with a wider application than to the mere graves of Pitt and Fox:

"a few feet
Of sullen earth divide each winding-sheet:
How peaceful and how powerful is the grave
That hushes all!"

Of their memorials we need only observe that Chatham's lofty pile, by Bacon, representing the statesman at the top in the act of speaking, is against the end of the left-hand wall; Canning's statue, by Chantrey, nearly opposite; Fox's memorial, by Westmacott, showing the orator dying in the arms of Liberty, attended by Peace and a kneeling negro; and Pitt's, over the great western door of the nave, where a work, costing £6,300 of the public money, is entirely beyond the reach of public appreciation: it is by Westmacott. To these Lord Castlereagh's monument has just now been added. Among other politicians who have been honoured by statues here, are Fowell Buxton, Horner, and Sir W. Follett. Turning from the military and naval memorials, which here too, as in the nave, thrust themselves forward on all sides (Roubiliac's to Sir Peter Warren and Banks's to Sir Eyre Coote are, however, deserving of the attention they demand), we are attracted by an exquisite piece of sculpture in the western aisle, near John Kemble's statue, dedicated to the memory of Mrs. Warren and child: this is also by Westmacott, and perhaps the artist's most beautiful work. Two monuments, differ-

ing much in character, but agreeing in having each a beautiful inscription, are also deserving of notice—the one is the sumptuous tomb of the Duke and Duchess of Newcastle, on which the duchess thus beautifully speaks of her family:—“Her name was Margaret Lucas, youngest sister to the Lord Lucas of Colchester: a noble family, for all the brothers were valiant, and all the sisters virtuous;” and the other, a plain tablet, close by, to Grace Scot, who died in 1645, which says,

“He that will give my Grace but what is hers,
Must say her death hath not
Made only her dear Scot,
But virtue, worth, and sweetness, widowers.”

Was this “dear Scot” the Colonel Scot who was executed on the Restoration for his share in the king’s death, and who died so bravely under the revolting atrocities to which he and his companions were exposed during execution? If it was, Grace Scot died not too soon.

The eastern aisle of the transept is shut out from the principal space by the monuments which have closed up the inter-columniations; it was formerly also subdivided into three chapels by screens of a very rich character. Here we find two of the most remarkable works in the Abbey; the first, on the floor, to the right as we enter, consisting of a low basement on which lies Sir Francis Vere’s effigy, with four kneeling knights at the four corners supporting a plain canopy or table over the dead warrior, on which are his helmet, breastplate, and other martial accoutrements. Roubiliac, whilst engaged in the erection of the work of which we are about presently to speak, was seen one day, by Gayfere, the Abbey mason, standing with his arms folded, and gazing intently on one of these knights: “Hush!” said he, pointing to the figure as Gayfere approached, “he will speak soon.” This is the true spirit of genius; and that Roubiliac was a man of high genius this famous Nightingale monument before us proves. In one respect it may be said to be unique. Roam through the Abbey often as you will, examine every one of the immense variety of works by distinguished men that line its walls, and still there shall be the same sudden startling, as it were, of the heart, when you reach this; the same equally novel and refreshing emotion experienced. It is not the grim monster starting from the depths below, and just about to launch the fatal dart, that affects us, terrible as is the truth of the representation; it is the agonized figure of the husband, clasping his dying wife with the one hand, and endeavouring with the other to ward off the irresistible attack, that at once appeals, as sculpture seldom can appeal, to the feelings of the spectator. The wife, too, so touchingly, droopingly beautiful, is an exquisite performance: “Life,” as Allan Cunningham observes, “seems slowly receding from her tapering fingers and her quivering wrist.” This was Roubiliac’s last work. He died the year after its erection, 1762. In the same aisle is Baile’s colossal statue of Telford, the famous engineer,

who was buried here; Campbell’s statue of Mrs. Siddons; and numerous other interesting works which our space compels us to pass over. Between the end of this aisle and the dark but beautiful little chapel known as Islip’s, and which has quaint rebuses of his name carved over it (a man slipping from a tree—*I-slip*, &c.), is the immense monument, by Wilton, to General Wolfe, with a spirited bas-relief on its base of the landing at Quebec. We now reach the Chapel of St. John the Baptist, where, in a corner, lies a tomb with a design on a brass plate to Sir Thomas Vaughan. Here, too, is the monument to Lord Hunsdon, Queen Elizabeth’s Chamberlain, which, as it forms but one of a numerous class spread through the other chapels of the Abbey, we may as well describe, so far at least as a few words will enable us to do so. It consists of a pile built up story upon story, so as almost to reach the ceiling of the chapel (which is of great height), and consists chiefly of recesses, pillars with gilded Corinthian capitals, sculptured obelisks, &c., whilst the lower part is filled by an enormous sarcophagus; the whole of marble, and profusely decorated. With but comparatively unimportant alterations this brief account would apply to a dozen other works of the greatest pretension in the Abbey, and which we may therefore pass over through the remainder of our walk. The ponderous tomb of the Earl of Exeter, in the same chapel, obtains more attention than it deserves, from the story connected with it. By the earl’s effigy lies that of his first wife, on one side, whilst the other was left vacant for his second, who, it is said, left express directions in her will that her effigy should not be placed there: the noble blood of Chandos could not brook the left-hand position under any circumstances. Between this chapel and the ambulatory—their canopies forming the original screen—are the tombs of Abbots Colchester and Fascet, with Millyng’s stone coffin on the latter, brought from some other part. Between these abbots’ memorials is a similar one to Bishop Ruthall, whose end is attributed to one of the oddest of circumstances. He had drawn up a book on state affairs, to be laid before Henry VIII., but unfortunately sent instead an *inventory of his treasure*. What a delicious joke must this have appeared to bluff Hal and his court! With what zest must they have turned over those precious pages! Their sport, however, was death to the unhappy bishop. Shakspeare, it will be remembered, has used this incident in connection with Wolsey’s fall.

It is in the Chapel of St. Paul that we meet with the contrast before mentioned—Watt’s colossal statue, big enough to lift the roof off, if it should by any accident stand up; the very incarnation of that principle of active, busy, worldly occupation, to which its owner has given such gigantic impulses; and, half-concealed behind it, the beautiful Gothic monument of Lord Bouchier, Henry V.’s standard-bearer at Agincourt, with its low broad arch opening into the ambulatory; whilst the view of the sumptuous chantry of Lord Bouchier’s lord, beyond, is still more com-

pletely intercepted. The noble inscription to the philosopher of the steam-engine is by Lord Brougham. Among the other monuments—some of them very large and stately—Sir Giles and Lady Daubeney's, in the centre, should be mentioned for the peculiar decorations of their recumbent effigies, in accordance with the style of the beginning of the sixteenth century; and Sir John and Lady Fullerton's, for the punning inscription:—He died "*fuller* of faith than of fear, *fuller* of resolution than of pains, *fuller* of honour than of days."

Three other chapels yet remain: those of St. Nicholas's, with its large open stone screen; St. Edmund's, with its wooden one; and St. Benedict's, behind Dryden's monument in Poets' Corner. The fine effigies of the father and mother of James's favourite, Buckingham, on a lofty table-monument in the centre—the admirably-preserved effigies in brass, on the floor, of Sir Humphrey Stanley—and the old freestone tomb and effigy of Philippa, Duchess of York, wife of Edmund Langley, fifth son of Edward III.,—are the least showy, but most interesting, of the monuments in the chapel of St. Nicholas.

In the next we have, on the right immediately we enter, the tomb of William de Valence, Earl of Pembroke, and half-brother to Henry III., with an oaken effigy on an oaken chest, the former covered with thin plates of copper, and the latter originally decorated with thirty small statues in niches. This must have been a work of great beauty. On the pillow and round the belt there yet remain portions of the ornamental surface, arranged in small delicate patterns, the colours brilliant to this day. On the other side of the entrance lies John of Eltham, son of Edward II., with an alabaster effigy, supported at the head by guardian angels, and having numerous statues, or the ruins of them, around his tomb. To judge of the workmanship of these statues, one should stoop down in the corner at the end of the monument, where there are one or two nearly perfect, and exhibiting considerable refinement of expression in the face. Equally excellent, in another material, is the brass effigy of Eleanor de Bohun, wife of Thomas of Woodstock, youngest son of Edward III. That king has still nearer connections lying in the Chapel of St. Edward. On a little tomb are the curious alabaster effigies of two of his children, measuring only about twenty inches long. With a glance at Stone's figure of Frances Holles, which Walpole admired for its antique simplicity and beauty, and at the Chapel of St. Benedict, where repose the remains of the famous Langham, Archbishop of Canterbury, among other personages of less importance, we now, finally, direct our steps towards the Choir.

THE CORONATION CHAIR.

In accompanying a group of visitors to the Abbey, along the usual route of inspection, one may easily see where lies the chief object of attraction. Not in Poets' Corner,—that they have had plenty of time to

examine previously;—not in the antique-looking chapels, with their interesting tombs, of the Ambulatory;—not even in the "world's wonder," Henry VII.'s Chapel, for the very extent and multiplicity of its attractions render any attempt to investigate them during the brief period allowed ridiculous;—no; but as we are whirled along from object to object, the victims apparently of some resistless destiny, in the shape of a guide which allows us nowhere to rest, and the mind, at first active, eager, and enthusiastic, endeavouring to understand and appreciate all, has at last ceased to trouble itself about any, and left the enjoyment, such as it is, to the eye, we are suddenly roused by the sight of one object, the Coronation Chair. We are at once rebellious to our guide, or would be, but that he, with true statesmanlike craft, knows where to yield as well as where to resist: here he even submits to pause while questions are asked and answered, old memories revived, historical facts and fictions canvassed to and fro,—till, in short, we achieve in this single instance the object we came for with respect to the entire Abbey. And the few and the many are alike interested: whilst the last have visions of the most gorgeous pomp and dazzling splendour arise before them in connection with the coronation ceremony, the first are insensibly led to reflect on the varied character and influences of the many different sovereigns who have, in this place, and seated in that chair, had the mighty English sceptre intrusted to their hands. The very contrasts between one occupant and the next, through the greater part of the history of our kings, taken in connection with their effects on the national destinies, would furnish matter for a goodly kind of biographical history,—a book that should be more interesting than ninety-nine out of every hundred works of fiction. Recall but a few of these contrasts: the great warrior and greater statesman, Edward I., and the contemptible favourite-ridden Edward II.; the conqueror of Cressy, with French and other sovereigns prisoners at his court, and the conquered, without a battle, of Bolingbroke, acknowledging allegiance to his born subject; the pitiful Henry VI. and the pitiless Richard III.; the crafty but not cruel Henry VII., and the cruel but scarcely crafty Henry VIII.; the gentle Edward, and the bigoted Mary; the masculine-minded Elizabeth, and the effeminate-minded James; the gay irreligious Charles, and his gloomily pious brother: one could really fancy, as we look over the list of sovereigns, that there has been but one principle upon which they have been agreed, and that is, that each of them would be as little as possible like his or her immediate predecessor. If the history of the chair extended no farther back than to the first of these monarchs, Edward I., who placed it here, it would be difficult to find another object so utterly uninteresting in itself, which should be so interesting from its associations; but in its history, or at least in that of the stone beneath its seat, Edward I. appears almost a modern. Without pinning our faith upon the traditions which our forefathers found it not at all difficult

to believe in—traditions which make this stone the very one that Jacob laid his head upon the memorable night of his dream—or without absolutely admitting with one story, that this is “the fatal marble chair” which Gathelus, son to Cecrops, King of Athens, carried from Egypt into Spain, and which then found its way to Ireland during a Spanish invasion under Simon Brek, son of King Milo; or with another, told by some of the Irish historians, that it was brought into Ireland by a colony of Scythians, and had the property of issuing sounds resembling thunder whenever any of the royal Scythian race seated themselves upon it for inauguration, and that he only was crowned king under whom the stone groaned and spake—without admitting these difficult matters, we may acknowledge the possibility of its having been brought from Ireland to Scotland by Fergus, the first king of the latter country, and his coronation upon it some 330 years before Christ, and the certainty that from a very early period it was used in the coronation of the Scottish kings at Dunstaffnage and Scone. It was carried to Scone by Kenneth II. when he united the territories of the Picts and the Scots in the ninth century, where it remained till the thirteenth. After the weak attempt by or for Baliol to throw off the English yoke in 1296, Edward poured once more upon the devoted territories an irresistible army of English soldiers, and so overawed the Scottish nobles by the decision and rapidity of his movements, that his progress became rather a triumph than a campaign; the entire country submitting almost without a second blow after the sanguinary defeat by Earl Warenne. It was at this period Edward committed the worst outrage perhaps it was in his power to commit on the feelings and hopes of the people of the country in the removal of the famous stone, which was strongly connected by superstitious ties with the idea of national independence; it then bore, according to Fordun, the Scottish chronicler, an inscription in Latin to the following effect:

“Except old saws do fail,
And wizards’ wits be blind,
The Scots in place must reign
Where they this stone shall find.”

In consequence of this belief, the Scotch became apparently quite as anxious for the restoration of their stone as for that of their king; indeed, between the two, Baliol and the stone, we question whether they would not have willingly sacrificed the former to secure the latter. And when they were again ruled by a Scottish monarch, they did not relax in their exertions to obtain for him the true kingly seat. Special clauses were proposed for it in treaties; nay, a special conference was on one occasion held between the two kings, Edward III. and David I., and ultimately mandates issued for its restoration. Some antiquarian misbelievers will have it that the stone was in consequence returned, and that the one before us is an imposture: a piece of gratuitous misgiving which our readers need feel no anxiety about, imply-

ing, as it does, imposture without object on the part of the reigning monarch, against the dignity of his own successors; and also that the Scots, when they got it back, were kind enough to destroy it, in order to keep up the respectability of our counterfeit. Failing to recover it, the people of the sister country appear to have very wisely changed or modified their views, and began to regard the prophecy as an earnest that *their* kings would reign over *us*: the accession of James I., though not exactly the kind of event anticipated by the national vanity, was still quite sufficient to establish for ever the prophetic reputation of their favourite “stone of destiny.” We need not describe the general features of the chair; but we may observe that the wood is, very hard and solid, that the back and sides were formerly painted in various colours, and gilt, and that the stone itself is a kind of rough-looking sandstone, measuring twenty-six inches in length, sixteen inches and three quarters in breadth, and ten and a half in thickness.

THE REGAL MAUSOLEUMS.

Arousing ourselves from the train of reflection inspired by the place, and the significant juxtaposition of the coronation-chairs* and the tombs of the chief of those kings who have occupied it, let us look around. We are in the innermost sanctuary of the temple, in a spot made holy by a thousand associations, but, above all, by the devout aspirations of the countless multitudes who have come from all parts, not only of our own but of distant lands, to bend before the shrine by our side, in which still repose the ashes of the canonized Confessor. Edward was at first buried before the high altar, and then removed by Becket to a richer shrine in its neighbourhood, probably in consequence of his canonization by Pope Alexander III. about 1163; but after the rebuilding of the church by Henry III., that king had a shrine made to receive the treasured remains, of so sumptuous a character, that the details almost stagger belief. We need hardly add, that it no longer exhibits any such blaze of wealth; time, and more mischievous agencies than time, have left it but a wreck of what it was. The upper portion is a mere wainscot addition, it is supposed, of the sixteenth century. Turning from the shrine in the centre of the Chapel to the screen which divides it from the Choir, we find this also has been dedicated to the memory of the Confessor. The very extraordinary and interesting frieze which decorates it contains no less than fourteen small but boldly sculptured groups or tableaux, representatives of the more remarkable events which signalized his reign.

From the time of the burial of the Confessor, in the new Abbey he had built, to that of Henry III., in the structure which owns him for its founder, the Kings of England were mostly buried on the Continent;

* The second chair (the one to the right) is supposed to have been first used at the coronation of William and Mary.

none of them in the Abbey of Westminster. Henry's tomb, which stands on the left of the paltry entrance into the Chapel from the Ambulatory, bears a striking resemblance to the lower part of that he caused to be erected for the Confessor: and, like that, was originally richly decorated. Two beautiful panels of porphyry still ornament the front and back, and the gilding is in parts also yet bright. The tomb was erected over the place which had been the grave previously of Edward, and where Henry was now buried; and it was standing upon the edge of that grave that the barons of England, and the Earl of Gloucester at their head, placing their hands upon the royal corpse, swore fealty to Edward I., then in the Holy Land. Some years after, the grave was opened, and the heart taken away, by the Abbot Wenlock, and delivered to the Abbess of Font-Evraud, in Normandy, to whom Henry had promised it during his lifetime. What a contrast to Henry's memorial is that of his son on the one side, or, to both monuments, that of his son's wife on the other. The tomb of Edward has an air of rude, almost savage dignity, which harmonises admirably with his character, and seems as though his executors had but fulfilled his own previously expressed wishes, or at least studied what would have been his tastes, when they left the historian to remark that his "exequy was scantily fynnyshed." But this applies only to the tomb; the manner in which they decorated his body with false jewels was neither plain and simple, nor rich and befitting kingly dignity. The exhumation of the corpse of the English Justinian (when this circumstance was discovered) is so interesting that we should gladly give a more detailed account than our space will admit. It was in 1744 that certain antiquaries obtained permission of the Dean to examine the body, which was done in his presence. It was enclosed first within a large square mantle of linen cloth well waxed, with a face-cloth of crimson sarcenet: these being removed, the great king was before them in all the ensigns of royalty, with sceptres in each hand, a crown on his head, and arrayed in a red silk damask tunic, white stole most elegantly ornamented, and a rich crimson mantle, the whole somewhat profusely decorated with false stones. The body beneath was covered with a fine linen cere-cloth, adhering closely to every part, including the fingers and face. The examination over, the coffin was most carefully closed again, but not before another of our antiquaries, according to Mr. D'Israeli, had exhibited the want of those sentiments which antiquarians above all others are so apt to pride themselves upon the possession of. Among the spectators "Gough was observed, as Steevens used to relate, in a wrapping great-coat of unusual dimensions; that witty and malicious 'Puck,' so capable himself of inventing mischief, easily suspected others, and divided his glance as much upon the living piece of antiquity as on the elder. In the act of closing up the relics of royalty there was found wanting an entire fore-finger of Edward I., and as the body was perfect when opened, a murmur of dis-

satisfaction was spreading, when 'Puck' directed their attention to the great antiquary in the watchman's great-coat; from whence, too surely, was extracted Edward I.'s fore-finger." Eleanor lies on the other side of Henry III., beneath a tomb of gray marble, on which is a gilded effigy, of a character that one hardly knows how to speak of with sufficient admiration. A more exquisitely beautiful work of its kind perhaps does not exist; the indescribable loveliness of the face, the wonderful grace and elegance of the hands, and the general ease, dignity, and refinement of the figure, seem almost miraculous in connection with the productions of what we are accustomed to call the dark ages. There it lies, not a feature of the face injured, not a finger broken off, perfect in its essentials as on the day it left the studio, whilst all around marks of injury and dilapidation meet you on every side: it is as though its own serene beauty had rendered violence impossible, had even touched the heart of the great destroyer Time himself. Only of late years has the name of the great—however unknown—artist of this work been made known; it was one Master William Torel—English, it is supposed, for Torelli, an Italian artist, to whom we are also indebted for the effigy on Henry III.'s tomb.

Going regularly round the Chapel, from the screen on the west side to the three tombs just mentioned on the north, then to the east, which is occupied by the magnificent monument of Henry V., which we pass for the present, we have lastly, on the south side, Philippa, Queen of Edward III., endeared to all memories by the story of Calais; next, her husband;* and lastly Richard II. and his Queen. Both Philippa's and Edward's monuments have suffered grievously; of the thirty statues and fret-work niches that formerly ornamented the first, there remains but a fragment of the niches. Edward's has been more fortunate, for the outer side, or that seen from the Ambulatory, has yet six small figures in good preservation. By this monument are two objects that almost divide attention with the coronation chair—the sword and shield which were carried before the king in his destructive French wars. Edward died in 1377—some years too late for his fame. It must have been a melancholy spectacle to see such a monarch spending his latter hours with a mistress too worthless even to wait patiently for their close, or to see him who had held powerful and undisputed sway over one great kingdom, and shaken others to their very centre, too weak and friendless to prevent his own attendants from plundering him almost in his sight.

The eye is attracted towards the tomb of Richard II. and his Queen by the rubbed surface of a portion of Richard's effigy, which shows the bright gilding that the dirt elsewhere conceals: this was erected by the king's own order in his lifetime. And here did the pious and generous care of Henry V., the son of his destroyer, soon after his accession, remove the mur-

* The second Edward was buried at Gloucester.

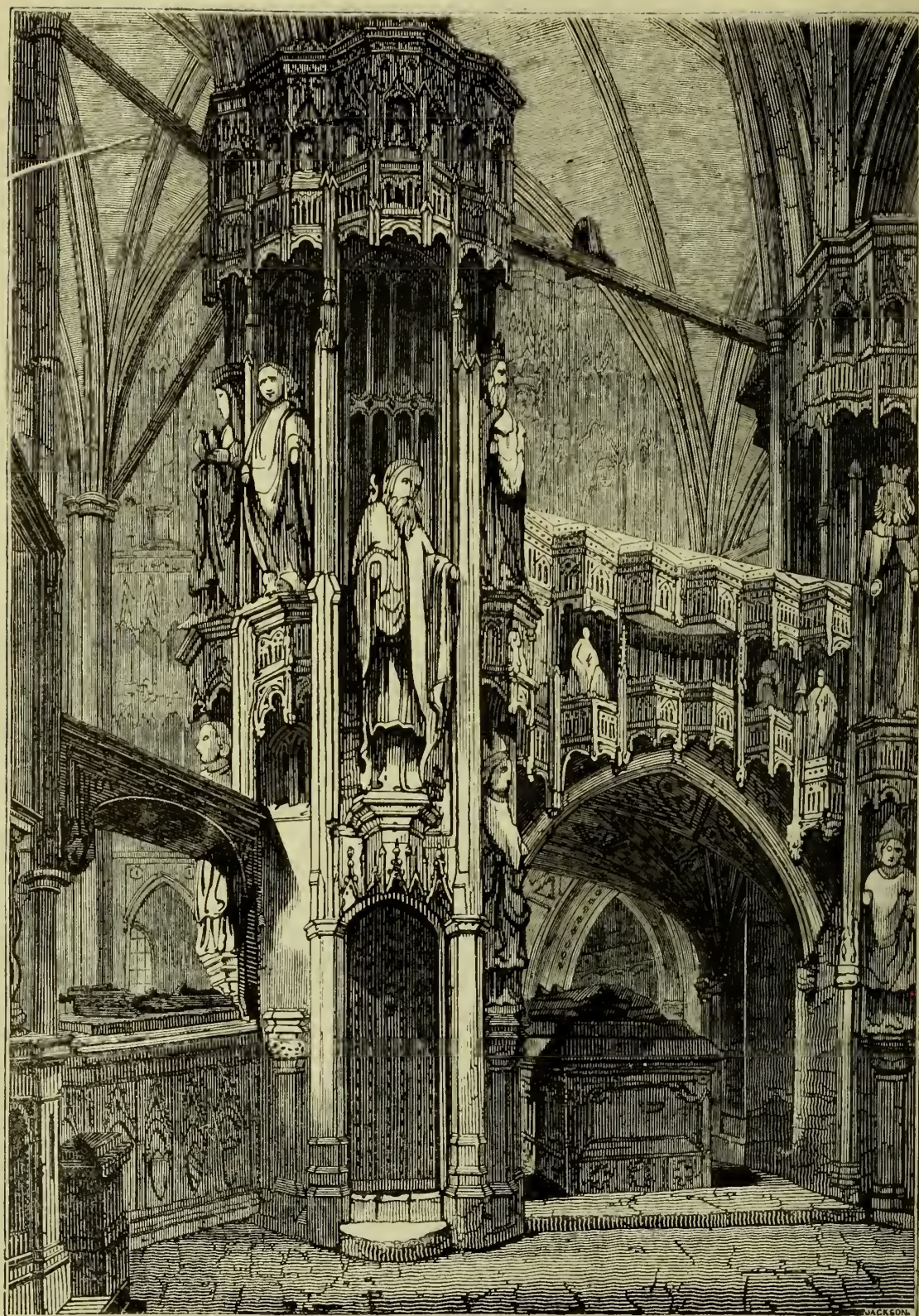
dered remains from Friars Langley, and place them by the side of the unhappy Richard's Queen. The whole subject of Richard's death has been as yet one of impenetrable mystery, and the examination of his corpse here, if it be his, has not enlightened us. Neither of the skulls within the tomb, on the closest examination, presented any marks of fracture or evidences of murderous violence. Above the effigies are paintings in oil, on the roof of the canopy. To Bolingbroke's (Henry IV.'s) death we have already incidentally referred—he was buried at Canterbury. His son's brief but brilliant reign ended in France, where he died in 1422. Seldom has monarch been more regretted than was Henry V. by his subjects. The body was carried in funeral state to Paris, thence through Rouen, Abbeville, and Boulogne to Calais, where a fleet waited to bear the remains across the Channel to Dover. As the long and melancholy procession approached the metropolis, a great number of bishops, mitred abbots, and the most eminent churchmen, attended by vast multitudes of people, went to meet and join it. Through the streets of London they moved with slow step, the clergy chanting the service for the dead, till they reached St. Paul's, where the solemn rites were performed in the presence of the Parliament of the nation. Then again the procession moved forward to the final resting-place, the Abbey.

The Chantry, beneath which he lies, and towards which we now turn, is, next to Henry VII.'s tomb, the most magnificent piece of mingled architecture and sculpture in the Abbey. (Cut, No. 6.) On high, at the back of the Chantry, is seen the helmet worn by Henry V., probably at Agincourt; two deep dents in it show at least that he has worn it in no trifling or ignoble contest. His shield and saddle are also preserved here. The headless effigy of Henry (the head was of silver, and therefore carried off by his namesake of church-stripping memory, and not, as the guides tell us, by Cromwell) lies within the deep and solemn-looking arch beneath, where you look over the tomb, and through the arch over the Ambulatory, and on through the still darker porch of Henry VII.'s Chapel into that palace of art, whither we next direct our steps: not forgetting to observe by the way that Henry's Queen, Katherine of France, was buried in the old Chapel of the Virgin Mary, and, in consequence, had to be removed when that edifice was pulled down by her grandson, Henry VII. By some unaccountable and most disgraceful neglect, the body, which was in a peculiar but extraordinary state of preservation, was left so exposed for between two or three centuries, that any influential visitor who wished could see it. Of course the eternal sight-seer Pepys was attracted. "Here," he says, "we did see, by particular favour, the body of Queen Katherine of Valois, and I had the upper part of her body in my hands, and I did kiss her mouth, reflecting upon it that I did kiss a Queen, and that this was my birthday, thirty-six years old, that I did kiss a Queen." In 1776 the body was buried in St. Nicholas's Chapel.

The first entrance into Henry VII.'s Chapel is an event to be remembered for a lifetime: the sight of "such a thing of beauty" becomes, indeed, "a joy for ever." And with what consummate art has the architect enhanced even the effect of his own marvellous production, by the solemn gloom that pervades the porch through which we pass into the interior. One moment we are in what may be almost called darkness; the next—having passed through the brazen open-worked gates—in a blaze of light and decoration. And, as we look around, what imagination but must own that even its own most brilliant and merely ideal creations are here surpassed in the expression stamped upon these solid stone walls, and windows, and roof. Did ever arches spring upward with such fairy-like grace?—or guide the entranced eye to a more surpassingly beautiful and almost miraculous roof? where, in the words of Washington Irving, "stone seems, by the cunning labours of the chisel, to have been robbed of its weight and density, suspended aloft as if by magic, and the fretted roof achieved with the wonderful minuteness and airy security of a cobweb." Then, again, the statues; the innumerable statues of patriarchs, saints, martyrs, confessors, and angels! (Cut, No. 7).

There must have been, after all, something truly magnificent in the king who could determine on the erection of such a place, select the genius that could erect it, and then give such unlimited scope to the development of the loftiest and most daring imaginings. And the artist, strange to say, is unknown, or at least not known with any certainty. The feverish desire of fame, which is so proverbially a characteristic of high minds, seems to be little felt by the highest. In the breasts of the great men who have bequeathed to this country its most precious architectural wealth, we find no traces whatever of its existence. A few words deeply cut on a stone would have made their names immortal, but none of them seem to have thought it worth the trouble, if they thought of the matter at all. So with regard to Henry VII.'s Chapel; which has been attributed to Bishop Fox, Bishop Alcock, Sir Reginald Bray, and to the Prior of St. Bartholomew's, Smithfield; who, there is the greatest reason to believe, was the man. Henry, in his will, calls him the "master of the works." But, beautiful as the interior now appears, there was a time when it must have appeared infinitely more so. In its original state the "walls, doors, windows, arches, vaults, and images" were "painted, varnished, and adorned" with the king's arms, badges, cognizances, &c.; the stained windows displayed similar ornaments, with the addition of greater works, such as "stories," all in the most brilliant and pristine colours; numerous altars were scattered about, one of them with a large statue of the Virgin, and an immense golden cross, and the whole, bearing tall wax tapers, burning constantly; whilst to and fro there was generally to be seen moving some procession of the inhabitants of the Abbey; the monks in their black garments,

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6.—SHRINE OF HENRY V.

the incense-bearers in white, the officiating priests in their gemmed and embroidered vests, and the whole wearing the copes of cloth of gold tissue, embroidered with roses, given by Henry VII. to be used in the performance of the different ceremonials instituted by him for the due repose of his soul. Fortunately for us, Henry's piety took a more tangible shape than masses and requiems. His chapel was begun on "the twenty-fourth day of January, a quarter after three of the clock," in the year 1503, as Holinshed carefully informs us. It was still unfinished when Henry died in 1509, who, in his last hours, was very careful to provide funds for its continuance, and to give ample directions in his will on all important points. The entire expense of the work was about £14,000; but as those figures give no idea to us of the cost, we may offer, as an illustration merely, the fact that above £42,000 has been expended in the present century in merely renovating the exterior. And this immense sum it seems has furnished but an insufficient restoration, as, from some defect in the stone or the workmanship, decay is said to be already evident. Henry also directed a tomb to be made in a style surpassing in richness of decoration everything of the kind known in this country; and he was as fortunate in his executors' selection of an artist for this, as he had been himself for the greater work. Pietro Torrigiano, a Florentine, was the object of their choice, a man as distinguished for the turbulence of his temper as for his genius. In early life he had been a fellow-student with Michael Angelo, and in a quarrel broke the bridge of his nose, and thus deformed for life the features of his great rival. He came to England with a high reputation—the tomb before us tells how deserved. Bacon calls it one of the "stateliest and daintiest in Europe." It consists of a pedestal or table of *touch*, a basaltic stone not unlike black marble, on which repose the effigies of Henry and his Queen, sculptured in a style of great simplicity and adherence to nature; the whole adorned with pilasters, rilievi, rose-branches (referring to the junction of the rival Houses), and "images," or graven "tabernacles," as Henry calls them in the directions in his will, of the king's Avouries, or patron saints, of copper, gilt. On the angles of the tomb are seated angels. Torrigiano was six years engaged in the work, and received for it the immense sum of £1,500. The brass screen, it is pleasant to have to remember, is the product of English art. It was formerly adorned with no less than thirty-six statues, of which only six remain. We can only add to this general notice of the Chapel, as a parting illustration of its artistical wealth, that it is said to have possessed, within and without, about three thousand statues; and that the very seats (now only used, we believe, at the installation of the Knights of the Bath, whose banners hang overhead) display on their lower side, as we turn them back on their hinges, an infinite variety of the most exquisite carvings of flowers, fruit, foliage, grotesque animals, groups of Bacchanals, and still more important pictorial subjects,

which are frequently of an amusing, sometimes of a licentious, character. One of the seats has for its subject the Evil One carrying off a friar in the central compartment, while a woman wrings her hands at his loss on one side, and an attendant imp expresses *his* feelings by beating a tattoo on the other.

From the time of the burial of Henry VII. to that of George II., most of our sovereigns have been interred in this Chapel; with the latter reign the custom was discontinued—George III. erected a vault for himself and successors at Windsor. The youthful and accomplished Edward VI., it appears, was buried near the high altar before mentioned; no tomb nor inscription marks the spot. As we walk up the northern aisle of the Chapel, we are directed to the last home of his two sisters and successors, Mary and Elizabeth (who lie in the same tomb), by the immense monument erected to the latter by James I.; and which so much resembles the monument erected by the same king to his mother, Mary, Queen of Scots, in the opposite aisle, that one would suppose he wished to keep before the world, in as forcible a manner as possible, the remembrance of events in which *his* conduct, during the period the scaffold was preparing for the unfortunate Mary, is perhaps the only point on which there cannot be a difference of opinion. Elizabeth's memorial is by Maximilian Coulte; Mary's by Cornelius Cure.

At the end of the same aisle, near the sarcophagus of white marble containing the supposed remains of Edward V. and his brother (removed from the Tower), is a vault in which lie in strange companionship the oppressor and the oppressed, James I. and Arabella Stuart, as well as James's queen, Anne—and son, Prince Henry. The Lady Arabella, it will be remembered, died in a state of insanity in the Tower, brought on by the infamous persecutions to which she was subjected on account of her royal descent, and more particularly after the discovery of her marriage with William Seymour. Leaving this melancholy spot, we look in vain for any memorial of James's successor, whose headless corpse was buried at Windsor; or of the Protector, who *was* interred here, and with more than the usual regal pomp. He died on the anniversary of his great victories of Dunbar and Worcester, the 3rd of September, 1658, and was buried on the 22nd of November. Little more than two years afterwards, on the anniversary of the day of Charles's execution, there came a band of men, armed with all due powers from the king, who broke open the grave that had been so solemnly closed, dragged forth the mouldering remains, and placed them, with those of Ireton, Cromwell's son-in-law, and Bradshaw, the President of the Court that had condemned the king, on hurdles, and dragged them to Tyburn. There the bodies were hung at the three several angles of a triangular gallows till sunset, then cut down, beheaded, and thrown into a pit beneath, while the heads were taken back to Westminster, and placed on the top of the Hall. Whatever their political opinions, one would have hardly supposed that the authorities of the

Abbey could have exactly approved of this pitiful war with the dead; so far, however, was that from being the case, that the Dean and Chapter, in the exuberance of their loyalty, obtained a warrant for the further exhumation of the corpses of Cromwell's mother and daughter, women of the most blameless purity of lives; of Pym, Cromwell's early coadjutor, who had actually died whilst the struggle between the people and their sovereign was as yet a bloodless one; and of Blake, the great naval hero, whose only crime must have been the fighting too well for his country abroad, without troubling himself as to who was in power at home.

Crossing to the south aisle, we stand by the vault in which lies the restored king, Charles II., of whose burial and reign the royalist Evelyn gives this brief but significant comment:—"14 Feb. (1685). The king was this night buried very obscurely in a vault under Henry VII.'s Chapel, at Westminster, without any manner of pomp, and *soon forgotten*." We need not look in Henry VII.'s Chapel for any memorial of Charles's successor, whose career is summed up in a few words: he manfully declared his views, and the nation as manfully theirs; and they were the strongest. James died a Catholic, but no king. In the regal mausoleums he has no place. The vault where he should have been interred, the vacant space by his brother's remains that he should have occupied, belong to his successful opponent—William III., who lies here with his lamented queen. Anne and Prince George complete the list of inhabitants of the vault of the southern aisle. Lastly, in the centre of the Chapel repose, in a vault beneath the chequered pavement, George II. and his queen, with the hero or butcher of Culloden—posterity does not seem to have quite determined whether the English or the Scotch appellation is the most suitable—the Duke of Cumberland.

Among the other tombs scattered about the Chapel are some to the memory of persons of royal blood, which demand here a word of notice. Such is that to Lord Darnley's mother, a lady who, according to the inscription, "had to her great-grandfather King Edward IV.; to her grandfather King Henry VII.; to her uncle King Henry VIII.; to her cousin-german King Edward VI.; to her brother King James V. of Scotland; to her son (Darnley, husband of Mary) King Henry I. (of Scotland); and to her grandchild King James VI. of Scotland" and I. of England. And such is the tomb of Margaret, Countess of Richmond, mother of Henry VII., whose effigy of brass is another piece of masterly workmanship from the hands of Torrigiano. This is the lady of whom Camden reports she would often say, "On the condition that princes of Christendom would combine themselves and march against the common enemy, the Turk, she would most willingly attend them, and be their laundress in the camp:" the true spirit of a chivalrous lady of earlier ages, but one little suited for the period of her son, when men did more by craft than the

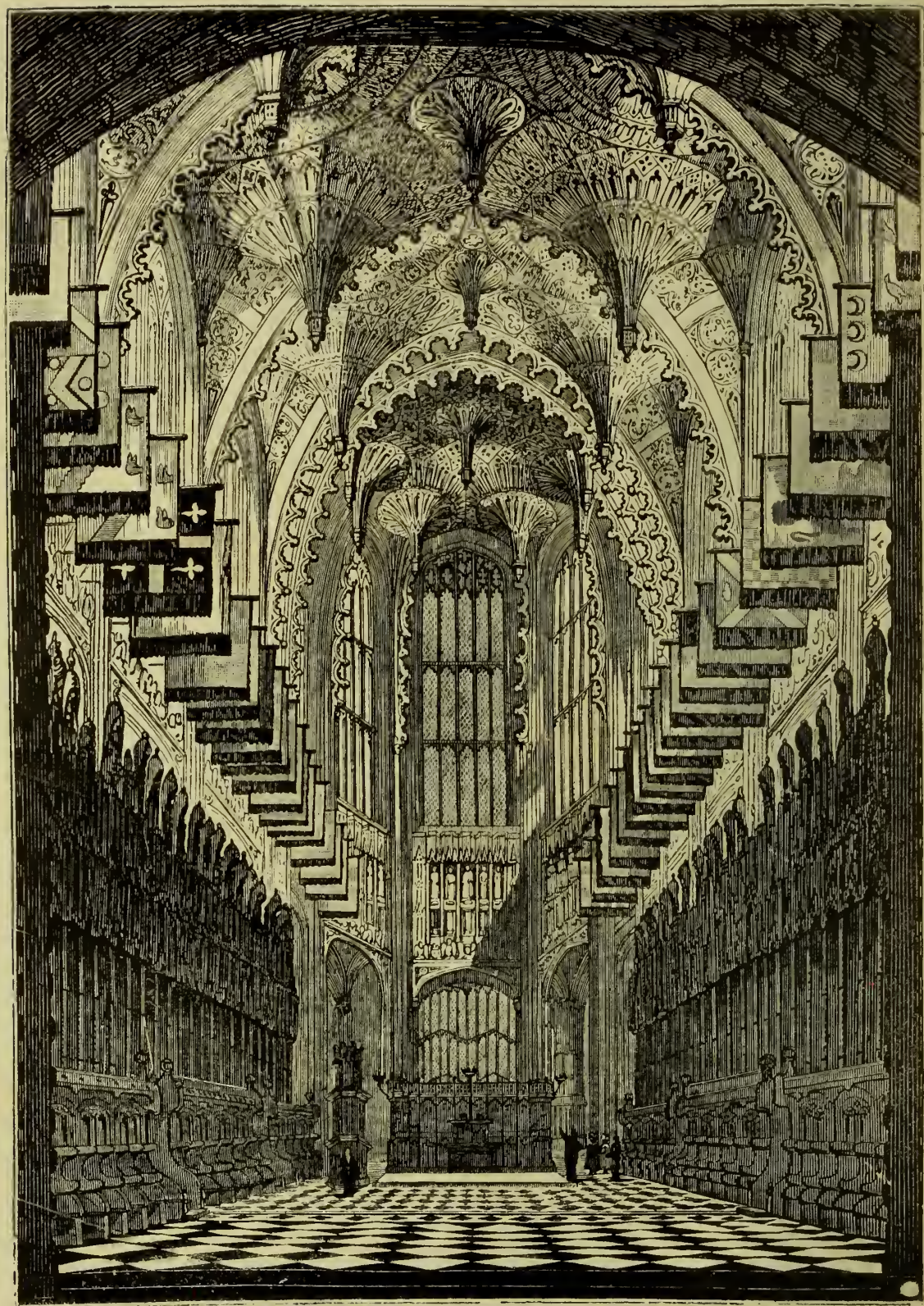
sword, and when the head alike of the church and the state was, as we have seen, too busy in taking care of his own soul to think of the souls of unknown multitudes of Mohammedans. And who that looks round upon this most beautiful of structures but sincerely rejoices in his determination?

The other monuments in Henry VII.'s Chapel are of a most heterogeneous character. Thus we have the gigantic medley of great black obelisks, heathen deities, and strapping virtues which surround the effigies of James's "Steenie," the Duke of Buckingham and his Duchess, in the chapel on the one side; the quadrangular structure, on the other, where Fame is mounted aloft on an open-worked canopy, which Faith, Hope, Charity, and Prudence are supporting, while she sounds the merits of the deceased Duke and Duchess of Richmond below; and again, the ducal poet's monument in a third chapel, Sheffield's (Dryden's patron), with its Roman duke, and English duchess down to her sandals, where she too becomes Roman. The monuments in the aisles are some of them of a higher character, though the one above-mentioned, that of Henry VII.'s mother, which is in the south aisle, is worth all the rest, mere altar-tomb though it be. The finest of the others undoubtedly is the one erected by James I. to his unhappy mother,

truly sumptuous specimen of the "cinque cento" style. In the same aisle lie the remains of Monk, Duke of Albemarle, who was buried here, Charles himself personally attending the funeral, which was one of extraordinary magnificence. His monument, by Kent, represents Monk standing by some preposterous-looking emblematical pillar—difficult, but fortunately not at all necessary, to be understood. There is a tall but graceful figure in memory of Horace Walpole's mother, in the same chapel, brought by Horace from Rome. The most interesting memorial in the northern aisle, where Addison lies buried, is the great pyramidal monument of Addison's friend and patron, the Earl of Halifax, and one of the poets of Johnson's 'Lives.'

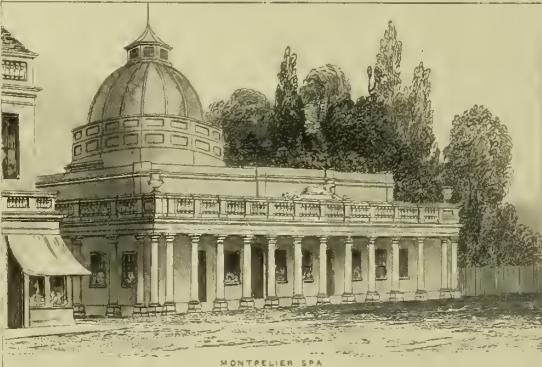
We have incidentally, in an early part of this paper, mentioned Westmacott's statue of the Duke de Montpensier, brother of the ex-king of France: if, on entering Henry VII.'s Chapel, to see who have been admitted here into dead companionship with our kings, we pass directly forward to the centre window, with its rich storied panes, we perceive in the chapel there beneath, a recumbent coroneted figure on a low couch, the face turned toward us: that is the one monument of modern times which we have said assimilates with the structure. The old and touching gesture, it is true, is wanting here, but there is something so serenely beautiful in the expression of both face and form, such a consciousness, one might fancy, of the "watch and ward" those angels which extend above him all round the chapel keep throughout the beautiful and holy place, that it would be difficult to say there is not a very high devotional feeling exhibited in it.

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7.—INTERIOR OF HENRY THE SEVENTH'S CHAPEL.

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CHELTHAM

CHEL TEN HAM.

ONCE upon a time, in a certain beautiful valley, a fountain of health-giving water suddenly sprung out of the ground; a prince passing that way was seen to drink of it, and to be healed of his maladies, and speedily what was before but a barren swamp and a collection of hovels was transformed into a beautiful city, gladdened by the voice of music in its shady groves, and made jocund through the night with the ever varying dance.

So might the Countess de Grammont have commenced one of her incomparable fairy tales;—in such fashion might Planché have opened one of his clever extravaganzas. In such a manner has the pleasure-town of Cheltenham started suddenly into life.

In these days of hard matter of fact, however great are the results we produce, the means bear no comparison to those used by the enchanters of old; and plain old farmer-looking George III. with his double chin and shallow forehead, drinking a tumbler of salt-water with a wry face, makes but a sorry fairy to cause so great a transformation: that he did so, however, we shall show. The local historians, with a pardonable vanity, wish to claim a high antiquity for this pretty town, and commence its history with the Roman occupation, upon the strength of a few remains in its neighbourhood, and make the Saxons burghers there, by the simple process of confounding the manor with the vill. What the place really was like at the time of the Conquest might be gathered from the following extract out of Domesday Book:

“King Edward held Cheltenham; there were eight hides and a half. Rembald (Dean of the Collegiate Church of Cirencester) holds one hide and a half, which belongs to the church. There were three plough tillages, in demesne, and twenty villeins, and ten bordars, and seven servi, with eighteen plough tillages. The priests have ten plough tillages. There are two mills of 11s. 8d. King William’s steward added to the manor two bordars and four villeins, and three mills, of which two are the king’s, and the third is the steward’s; and there is one tillage more. In the time of King Edward it paid £9 5s. and three thousand loaves for the dogs. It now pays £20, and twenty cows, and twenty hogs, and 16s. instead of the bread.”

The manor after passing into various hands, was granted to the nunnery of Sion, in Middlesex, in the reign of Henry V., and was held by that religious house until the time of the Dissolution, when it was seized by the crown. Charles I., when Prince of Wales, being particularly in want of money, sold it in 1628 to John Dutton, Esq., of Sherborne, for £1,200. In this family, which was ennobled in 1784, it remained until the year 1841, when it was purchased by James

Agg Gardner and Mrs. Mary Gardner, in whose family it still remains. The town itself dates perhaps from the building of the parish church, St. Mary’s, which could not have been erected before the reign of Henry I., as it contains specimens of the style prevalent in his reign, and most probably was founded subsequently to it. In the neighbourhood of this religious edifice, a few thatched cottages, forming a straggling street, was all that for many centuries constituted the town of Cheltenham, and as late as the year 1666, it only contained 321 houses with 1,500 inhabitants; and thus it might have continued, a little insignificant village lying secluded in the beautiful vale of Gloucester, but for the accidental discovery of its saline springs in the commencement of the last century.

Tradition often attributes the discovery of the secrets of nature to the instincts of the inferior animals rather than to the science or sagacity of man. Thus Bladud was lured by hogs to the hot fountains that sprung up in the valley ere the Romans founded Bath; in like manner, Cheltenham is said to be indebted to a flight of pigeons for the discovery of its medicinal springs. The fondness of these birds for salt is well known, and there seems nothing improbable in the idea that their instincts might have led them to pools whose edges would naturally have been incrustated with the saline crystals by the evaporation caused by the sun. If the story is true—and all good Cheltenham people believe it is—the town should have been grateful to its feathered benefactors, and sprinkled its coat of arms with a few “tumblers” or “horsemen” at least. We are sorry to find, however, that its patron bird has been entirely neglected, and we can only account for this by supposing that the burghers might have thought the crest of a pigeon rather unpleasantly suggestive at a time when Cheltenham, like Bath and most other fashionable watering-places, lived by gambling and gamblers.

The pigeons having discovered the first spa in 1716, on the site of the present Old Wells, it was soon turned to the use of man, and in 1721 an analysis of its contents was first published. It was but a puny and untried spring however, and was a long time making its way up in the world, and it was not until 1738 that it turned householder; one Captain Skillicorne having in that year erected a dome over it, put it into a position to earn its own livelihood, and do credit to itself and the invalids that very sparingly resorted to its waters.

In 1743 the Great Walk, or avenue of Elm-trees, was planted, as the Guide-books tell us, according to the design (it is perfectly straight) of Lord Botetourt.

This avenue is certainly the most charming walk in Cheltenham. A hundred years' growth has given them their full stature, and entwined their upper branches into an embowered roof of delicious shade. While enjoying the cool air of this charming promenade you forget that you are in a town that has sprung up yesterday, as it were, and fancy yourself in some old cathedral city, especially as its noble perspective is terminated on one side by the ancient spire of St. Mary's Church—the only other object in the place which age has hallowed with its finger, or old association lit up with its unseen but all-pervading influence. Modern art, however, must have done much for this walk, and the grounds by which it is surrounded; for Madame D'Arblay, in her charming Diary, speaks of them in 1788, when she visited them in the suite of George III. and his queen, "as straight clay, and sided by common trees, without any rich foliage or one beautiful opening. The meadows and all the country around are far preferable." (Cut No. 1.)

In 1775 the Pump-room was erected, which formed the head-quarters of fashion for so many years, and which has just given place to the handsome structure still under the hands of the builders.

Step by step the original Old Well thus worked itself up into respectability, and at length it got so great a name, that their Majesties were tempted to pay it a visit, and gave it that sign of royal favour which drew from it such momentous results, both for itself and the town. At the time the old king paid his visit, the town had scarcely elevated itself above the rank of a village. A branch of the Chelt, a stream from which the place takes its name, ran through the centre of the High-street, crossed here and there by stepping-stones. The street was, however, according to the diary before quoted, "straight, long, clear, and well paved." But no mansion of any pretensions existed in the place, and Royalty was obliged to put up with quarters such as, according to an old adage, "you could not have swung a cat in." Fauconbridge Hall, which lies about a quarter of a mile out of the High-street, was the only house that could afford even this scanty accommodation, and one of the merriest chapters in the diary of "the merry little Burney," relates to the shifts the royal family and suite were put to whilst sojourning therein. "The king," she tells us, "was the only man that slept in the house," all the male attendants were lodged in different parts of the town. "The Royals," as she humorously calls them, were forced to take all their meals in one room, and when the Duke of York came to pay his royal father a visit for one night, a moveable wooden house was brought up from the other side of the town, and planted contiguous to the royal palace for the nonce.

As for the maids of honour, they were obliged to take tea in one of the passages, and to make the hall their audience-chamber; and all who have read the diary, will remember the pleasant little flirtations of the pleasant little Burney with Mr. Farley, and their surreptitious readings of Akenside, and Falconer's

'Shipwreck.' We believe these little scenes form the only literary associations connected with Cheltenham.

The waters having, as it was reported, much improved the king's health—the fount at which he had quaffed was re-christened the Royal Old Well, and the fortune of Cheltenham was at once made; year by year it became a more fashionable place of resort, especially for the Irish gentry, who flocked thither in great numbers; and in 1797 the inhabitants had increased to 2,700, and the houses to 530, or nearly double the number it contained in 1666. From this point the town increased in the most remarkable manner, as will be seen by the following Table taken from the census of the Cheltenham Union:

Census, when taken.	No. of Inhabitants.	No. of Houses.
1801 . . .	3,076 . . .	710
1811 . . .	8,325 . . .	1556
1821 . . .	13,388 . . .	2411
1824 . . .	17,647 . . .	2912
1825 . . .	19,160 . . .	3464
1826 . . .	21,376 . . .	4027
1831 . . .	22,942 . . .	—
1841 . . .	36,617 . . .	7365

According to this rate of increase, the census of 1851 will show a population of considerably above 50,000; an increase in fifty years of upwards of 1000 per cent., whilst the houses have more than kept pace with this increase of population, numbering them in 1851 at 10,000 (a moderate calculation) will give an increase within the last half century of 1400 per cent. This fact is important, as it marks the change that has taken place in the social character of the town; a change that is equally marked in Bath and other places of the like character. It is rapidly losing its distinction of a mere watering-place, and assuming the characteristics of a resident town. This change is marked in the falling off in the attendance at the different Spas, (prophets never receive any honour in their own country,) and in the decrease of that public life, if we might so call it, which made the place so gay a quarter of a century since. Private mansions have taken the place of boarding-houses, and a permanent stream of profit now flows to the town, in place of the sudden gluts which took place in "the seasons" of old.

We have already given a sketch of the rise and progress of the 'Original,' or 'Royal Old Well;' and we shall now refer to the other spas, which have since been established, according to their date. As these spas are but the "taps," if we might so speak, which all lead from one grand reservoir, it will be as well to describe the geological formation of the neighbourhood, and the relative position of the different strata which constitute the mechanical and chemical agents employed in producing the medicinal brew.

The superficial soil of Cheltenham—indeed, of the whole valley of Gloucester—is formed of lias clay beds, which are superimposed upon the red marl formation, the grand dépôt of sea salt. The level of this group is much above the town of Cheltenham,

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1.—OLD WELL WALK.



2.—PITVILLE.

and the water percolating through them, contains large quantities of muriate of soda; this, naturally desiring to find its level, forces its way through the lias beds, in which we find sulphur, iron, and magnesian limestones. The saline water, in forcing its way through the fissures, comes in contact with these materials, a chemical action ensues, and the water emerges from the springs imbued with those health-giving properties for which they have been so long famous. The valetudinarian, as with trembling hand he drinks the sparkling waters, little thinks that he is quaffing from a gigantic goblet fifteen miles in diameter, and that the blue hills that he sees around him form the brim of the glass Hygeia proffers to his lips.

The Montpellier Spa, whose vicinity is made known far and wide by the lofty dome which surmounts its Pump-room, was established in 1809; but the Rotunda, which is so striking in its architectural features, is of much later date. The dome is fifty-four feet in height, and the grand apartment which it covers is fifty-two feet in diameter, and is very richly embellished. Here the band performs both morning and evening during the summer season. The Pump-room is, we think, very unfortunately separated by an open carriageway from its charming gardens, which extend over a large space of ground, and is very prettily laid out. The Rotunda forms a grand apart-

ment for balls and concerts, and we question if a finer room is to be found in any other watering-place in the kingdom; whilst the open colonnade is a very pretty architectural feature, and forms an excellent promenade in wet weather.

The whole of these grounds, and the Spa itself, was not many years since laid out upon a swampy marsh, formed by the overflow of the Chelt (the little stream which, as the townsmen say among themselves, "is seldom seen, but often smelt") through low flat grounds. The improvement which must have taken place in the public health of Cheltenham, from the draining of such a frequent source of miasma, situated close to the High-street of the town, must have been very great.

The Pitville Spa, though the last established, is by far the most interesting of the many which Cheltenham can boast. A natural elevation of the ground has enabled the architect of the Pump-room to show to the best advantage a very tolerable design, and without doubt the most imposing of all the public buildings in Cheltenham. The approaches to it by the Pitville Gardens and promenade, charmingly shaded with trees, form an open space such as we rarely see in our overcrowded towns. The gardens from the lake take a gradual ascent, up which a broad and noble promenade is laid out, having its perspective closed by the Pump-room. (Cut No. 2.)

This building, which is of the Ionic order, (although not very pure, being capped by a large dome, a feature entirely unknown to the Greeks,) has certainly, as we have said before, a most striking effect when viewed across a wide extent of pleasure-ground, standing as it does on the brow of a gentle hill. It is surrounded by a colonnade twenty feet in width, above which a tier of buildings rises,—the dome, which is seventy feet in height, crowning the whole. A very fine view of the whole town and of the surrounding country is to be had from its exterior. The Pump-room is a noble apartment, and the huge concave of the dome is richly wrought, and has a very fine effect.

A marble tripod forms the fountain, which is surmounted by a statue of Hebe. When we visited the Gardens some little time since, the lake certainly was not as crystal as we could have wished. The swans, black ones by-the-bye, no doubt chosen because their plumage would not make too strong a contrast with their adopted element, moved sluggishly along a surface of green pea-soup; the smell, moreover, was not very fragrant. Hygeia, who in company with Hippocrates and Esculapius, calmly survey the waters from the pediment of the colonnade, would most indubitably hold her nose, were it not of the most rigid stone; and the trio, in their calm contemplation, must at least think it very odd that the medical men of the town should offer their patients the healing draught with one hand, whilst with the other they present them, in these obstructed waters, with such a poisoned chalice. There seems to be no reason for this neglect, as the lake is supplied by a running stream, which should supply a sufficient quantity of pure water.

The Cambray Chalybeate Spa, is situated at the entrance to the Bath road. Its spring was discovered half a century since, and is a very powerful chalybeate. Its Pump-room is a plain octagon building in the Tudor style. We have not given analyses of the different spas, as each of them contain different wells, all affording minute shades of difference in the manner in which their ingredients are mixed. The Montpellier Spa, for instance, is fitted up with a range of crystal taps, like the bar of a public-house; and then the attendant "draws it mild" or "full-flavoured" at the will of the customer—or his physician. An account of the minute shades of difference distinguishable between them is more fitted for the pages of a medicinal treatise than for those of the 'Land We Live in.' The following extract from a little work by a resident physician, on the Cheltenham waters, will give a general idea of the nature of the different Spas and of the "tap" suitable to particular maladies. "Although," says the resident physician, "all the different waters of Cheltenham may be said to be *saline*, from their all containing the neutral salts in greater or less proportions; yet it is to those in which these salts predominate and give the medical character to the waters that we particularly apply the epithet *saline*. These salts give them their leading character, and are easily discovered by their taste, and by their operations on the human body.

The principal of these salts are muriate of soda, sulphate of soda, and sulphate of magnesia; for although, as has been seen by the analyses, other salts are contained in them, it is to these three that they principally owe their medicinal virtues. The purest salines are the two Nos. 4 at the Montpellier Spa, Nos. 1 and 4 at the Old Wells, and the salines at Pitville and Cambray; and accordingly those are the waters most frequently drank in all ordinary disorders of the liver, stomach and bowels; in dyspeptic and bilious disorders, nephritic and dropsical affections, female complaints, &c., and many cases of gout and rheumatism."

Many more spas than we have mentioned, have, from time to time, been opened in the town, but they have either failed from the natural shallowness of the springs, or from their having been dried up by the deep sunk wells of the larger establishments. We question much whether even now there are not too many spas in existence; the natural result of the multiplicity is to divide the company; an ill-advised proceeding in a place which people visit to see and be seen as much, if not more, than to receive any benefit from the waters.

The best season for drinking the waters is from August to October, and the quantity taken is generally two eight-ounce glasses. The morning is considered the best time for taking them, and exercise should be used afterwards. We question, indeed, if the latter part of the recipe be not the more important of the two.

Medicated baths abound in the town, of course, and the good people seem to adopt the old social motto, "Though absent not forgotten," with regard to these medical waters, for they have established a manufactory of salts from them, and "the visitor (as one of the local guide-books with tender consideration informs us) has an opportunity of partaking of our mineral waters when he has departed from our locality and taken up his abode in a far distant clime."

At all the larger spas excellent bands lighten the feet and hearts of the promenaders; and galas, concerts, floral and horticultural shows, succeed each other in the summer season quickly enough, drawing from the resident inhabitants still more crowded audiences than the spas enjoyed of old. In the winter season, which is preferred by old Indians and those requiring a mild climate, the Assembly Rooms (showy and handsome apartments in the High-street), throw open their doors to the merry dancers; and Captain Kirwan, the master of the ceremonies, commences his reign with all due authority over the votaries of Terpsichore. The ball-room is a splendid apartment, 87 feet in length, by 40 wide, and the eleven chandeliers by which it is lighted give it a very brilliant appearance.

A WALK THROUGH THE TOWN.

If you take the modern map of Cheltenham, you are at once struck with the singular feature in it, that although a town containing a large population, it has

but one street of shops throughout its whole extent. The High-street is however upwards of a mile in length, and divides the town completely into two parts, Pitville and its pleasure-grounds lying on the north-eastern side, and the Old Well and Montpellier on the south-western. With the exception of a few short streets branching out of the main thoroughfare, and one or two of third-rate character running parallel to it, the rest of the town is made up of detached villas, squares, crescents, and terraces. Never was the country so caught and made prisoner in a town as it is in Cheltenham. The Sanatory Commissioners themselves, if they had the designing of a model city which should satisfy every requirement of the science of health, could not have arranged one better than Cheltenham, which on this score really has a very fair claim to its self-imposed title of "Queen of Watering-places." And one of the best proofs of the advantages derivable to the inhabitants from this judicious method of building is the health of the town, which has always stood very high, the cholera never having approached it. The pure quality of the air, doubtless, has much to do with its satisfactory sanatory condition, for which the longevity of many of the inhabitants, several of them having within this last twenty years turned their hundredth year, is sufficient evidence; but it seems to us that the quality which trees have of absorbing carbonic acid gas, so abundant in large towns, and so prejudicial to life, is one cause of the healthy condition of the place.

The roads leading to the innumerable villas remind us more of those in old continental towns, than of anything to be found elsewhere in England, either side of the way being shaded by trees; not the everlasting poplar, but the beech, the elm, and the lime.

Of the public walks and drives, the Promenade, which leads directly from the High-street to the Montpellier Gardens and Spa, is the most spacious and fashionable, charmingly shaded by trees, and terminated by the gigantic Queen's Hotel. From the Promenade diverge the walks and rides surrounding the Imperial-square. Pursuing our route further in this direction, we come into the Park Estate Ride, which completely encircles a large space, once used for a zoological garden, and now let out for cricket-matches. Villas embosomed in trees surround the whole of the spacious and beautiful pleasure-ground, and the carriage-drive seems more like a country ride than a town promenade. Over the whole of the spot, indeed over the whole vale in which Cheltenham stands, three or four centuries back, an extensive forest flourished, and extended to the banks of the Avon near Bristol. This forest was inhabited in still earlier times by savage beasts; which accounts for the grant which the manor had to pay to the king, of "three thousand loaves of bread" for his dogs, employed in keeping them down. Nothing could better show how civilisation has advanced, and the face of the country altered, than a sight of the Zoological Gardens (now removed to Jessop's Nursery-ground), in which many of the ravenous animals now shown in it as

curiosities, once roamed the woodland, its scarcely disputed masters.

The Pitville estate is of the same character,—a congregation of villas, inclosing extensive pleasure-grounds, interspersed with the most charming drives. The Crescent, and Lansdowne-crescent, form two of the most imposing piles of building in the town.

We have said before that the town can boast of but little that is ancient: the parish church of St. Mary's, gray and gothic as it is, standing out amidst the works of modern men with a marked distinctness. This fine old church is built in the form of a cross, having a square tower in the middle, surmounted by a cross, which forms the central point of the town. A large oriel window, rich and elaborate in its tracery, faces the northern transept, and looks strikingly handsome as the spectator approaches the church through the green avenue of limes. These graceful trees shadow the walks which lead to the church in every direction. The church is supposed originally to have belonged to a priory founded here at an early date. No part of it is so early known as the eleventh century, and a considerable, if not the greater portion of it, is of a much later date. It is patched with every style, even down to the churchwardens' style, which has done what it can to make it look unsightly, by adding chimney-pipes, lumbering galleries, and oceans of white and yellow wash. An old stone cross, of no pretensions to beauty of design, stands in the spacious churchyard. The interior is not particularly interesting. The pillars separating the nave from the side aisles are massive and simple in character. The church of old contained two chantries, one dedicated to the Virgin, and the other to St. Catherine; these at the time of the Reformation were suppressed. The following very singular epitaph near the altar is worth transcribing:

"Qui mundo suspirans, et cœlum aspirans,

Tu desinenta clamat

Bone Iesv! esto meus Iesvs!

Sis meus O Iesv! sis Iesvs (Christe) meorum.

Sweet Saviour of mankind,

The Saviour bee of mee and mine.

Sic { Spirans oravit
Expirans exoravit
Respirans peroravit.

Iohn English S^{acri} sanctæ empiternæ V^{erbi} eritatis itæ S^{tudiosus}
Obijt anno Christi Amen."

The Rev. Mr. Close, whose name as a champion of the evangelical or Low Church party is now pretty famous, is the incumbent. Until the year 1823 this church contained sufficient accommodation for the town. Since that period, however, such has been the increase of the inhabitants that seven new churches have been built. Of these, Trinity Church, situated in Portland-street, was the first erected, the consecration taking place in 1823. It was speedily followed by the building of St. John's, situated in Suffolk-square—St. Paul's, in St. Paul's-street—Christ Church, at Lansdown, St. Peter's;—a little way out of the town, on the

Tewkesbury road; and St. Philip's, situated in the vicinity of the park. Of these, Christ Church is by far the largest and the most florid in its style. We fear we can say but little for the purity or beauty of design of any of them, (with the exception of St. Peter's, which is a good Saxon revival,) as they were all built at a period when the mason and the contractor knocked up ecclesiastical designs between them, and real architectural skill, working on proper principles and with a feeling for beauty, seemed to be unknown, and most certainly were unpractised. Chapels for all the different denominations of Dissenters are abundant.

In public instruction, Cheltenham is not at all deficient. The Proprietary College, situated in the Bath-road, is the most ambitious, and certainly the largest building in the town. The façade, which is of the later Tudor style, being no less than 240 feet in length, with a central tower 80 feet in height. A first-rate education is given here,—teaching, however, with Low Church views, the leaders of which party are its supporters; the academic cap is used. This seminary is governed by a board of directors, elected annually.

The Grammar-school stands next in importance as a public school. It is situated in the High-street, and is very ancient, having been founded in 1578, by W. Pates, Esq., Queen Elizabeth granting land in aid of it. The income was not at first more than £80 per annum, derived from land and houses in the towns of Gloucester and Cheltenham, but the value has so far increased lately, and so many leases have fallen in, that ere long it will exceed £2,000; and it is in contemplation to pull down the present insignificant building, and erect a more spacious and handsome school, fitted for the reception of a greater number of boys than the fifty now admitted according to the will of the founder. It is singular how the endowments of these old schools, situated in progressing towns, have advanced in value, rendering them in most cases fully adequate to the vastly-increased number of scholars consequent upon a rapidly-advancing population. It affords one of those examples of the compensating principle which exists in human affairs, without which such continual and fatal derangements would inevitably take place.

The will of Mr. Pates, the founder, contains some very curious regulations with respect to the manner of giving prizes in the school, and to the prizes themselves.

“Previous to the annual visitation, the governors are to give four days' notice to the schoolmaster; and after the examinations the visitors shall determine which four scholars have showed themselves best of the whole number in disputation, and which of the three in the next three forums; and shall dispose to the said scholars gifts and rewards, that is to say, to the best of the four so allowed, a pen of silver, wholly gilt, of the price of 2s. 6d.; to the second best of the said four, a pen of silver, parcel gilt, of the price of 1s. 8d.; to the third, a pen of silver, of the price of 1s. 4d.; and to the fourth, a pen and inkhorn of the

price of 6d.;—which said four shall be termed the four visitors of the school for that year; and that the other three adjudged the three best scholars of the three next several forums to the highest, have every of them a quire of paper, price 4d. the quire for their rewards;—which being done, and the oration of the examiner concluded, the whole company of scholars shall go in order to the parish church, the four visitors coming last (next before the schoolmaster or usher), each having a laurel garland on his head: and the other three rewarded scholars shall go together in one rank (next before the said visitors), each of them *holding his quire of paper rolled up in his right hand.*”

Writing paper must have been much more prized in those days than now. We fear a quire of Bath post at the present time, when we can get eight of them “cream-laid” for a shilling, would not prove a very great incentive to the scholars to be assiduous in their studies. The custom of crowning the successful scholars, and parading them thus triumphantly to the parish church, was picturesque enough, and calculated to make a lasting impression upon their minds; and it might be revived, we should think, with excellent effect.

Lord Northwick's gallery of pictures at Thirlestane House (the noblest of all the private mansions in Cheltenham) might well be called one of the public exhibitions of the town, for it is nearly always open, without the formality even of tickets, and is a charming house. We scarcely remember to have seen a collection anywhere in the kingdom so rich in the different schools of painting. One picture by Salvator Rosa, illustrative of the fragility of human life, is a marvel of poetic feeling, and proves that the “savage Rosa” could touch the heart with the profoundest, saddest sentiments. This picture alone is sufficient to make the gallery famous. There are also several pictures by Rubens of the first class, especially the ‘Tiger Hunt,’ which displays the vigour of his pencil and his marvellous invention more finely than any similar picture we can bring to memory. Velasquez and Murillo are also nobly represented, and in pictures of the Italian school it is extremely rich. It is just such a gallery, in short, as the amateur delights in. The entire suite of rooms apportioned to the collection is 200 feet in length, every inch of whose walls are occupied with the most precious objects of art.

Science is well represented by the Philosophical Institution, situated in the Promenade, and with its chaste Ionic portico forming one of its greatest ornaments.

A great number of charitable institutions exist in the town, in fact a much greater number than is generally to be found in places of such modern growth; such institutions generally arising out of the bequests of many centuries.

THE ENVIRONS OF CHELTENHAM.

Next to the medicinal character of its waters, the picturesqueness of its neighbourhood forms the chief



3.—CHELTENHAM, FROM BATTLEDOWN.

LIBRARY
OF THE
UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS

attraction of Cheltenham. The Vale of Gloucester, in which it is situated is semicircular, the Severn forming the chord, and the Cotswold Hills the arc; the towns of Cheltenham, Gloucester, and Tewkesbury making a triangle within its area. Leekhampton Hill, at the foot of which Cheltenham lies, is the nearest ridge of the Cotswolds, and from its summit, which rises very precipitately in some parts, especially where the detached piece of rock called the Devil's Chimney rises,—a beautiful view of the wide-spreading valley, with its three centres of life, is to be seen. White and festive-looking Cheltenham lies like a pleasant map at the spectator's feet, the representative of happy leisure and fashion; Gloucester, the busy port, to the west; and Tewkesbury to the north, the representative of the past with its old Norman Abbey, and its quiet streets, scarcely changed since the time Queen Margaret and Edward fought fiercely for a crown on its 'Bloody Meadow.' When the day is clear, still further north across the silver Severn, the towers of Worcester Cathedral pierce the air—

"Whilst Malvern (king of hills) far Severn overlooks,
Attended on, in state, by tributary brooks"—

as old Drayton hath it. A more extensive and charming view than this can scarce be found. We have given one more, confined to the town, taken from Battledown. (Cut No. 3.) Beyond Gloucester again, the lower vale, or Vale of Berkeley sweeps down, until the Welsh mountains terminate the prospect with their far-off purple steeps. The Vale of Gloucester is upwards of fifteen miles in breadth, and William of Malmesbury, describing it in the olden time, says, "It is rich in corn, productive of fruit in some parts by the sole favour of nature, in others by the art of cultivation, enticing even the lazy to industry by the prospect of a hundredfold return. You may see the highways clothed with trees bearing apples, not by the grafter's hand but by the nature of the ground itself; for the earth of its own accord rears them up to fruit, and that excellent in flavour and appearance; many of which wither not under a year, nor before the new crops are produced to supply their place. *No county in England has so many or so good vineyards as this, either for fertility or sweetness of the grape.*" The vineyards, for what reason we cannot say, have long since departed; but where the graceful tendrils once twined the hop has partially wound its spiral finger, thickening its luxuriant clusters as the Worcestershire boundary is crossed. Tobacco, according to old Fuller, was also grown in great quantities at Winchcomb, a few miles from Cheltenham—the only place in England where it was ever cultivated. The antique warehouses for storing it are still pointed out in that village. In the time of Charles II. its growth was prohibited on account of its exhausting effect upon the soil. Now that we have free-trade, however, this inhibition should be removed, as the farmer most certainly ought in justice to use the soil as he and the landlord like. The argument, that it is too

exhausting in its growth has no force in these days of advanced agriculture. Every crop is exhaustive more or less, and we have only to replace the elements which have been extracted from the ground to return it to its primeval state of production. However rapidly tobacco might suck up the powers of the soil, chemistry can return them with still more speed. We should like to see these crops again introduced; the sun surely shines as strongly as it did in the reign of King Jamie, and the demand for the leaf has most assuredly not fallen off. But then the duty! The five millions could not be so readily collected by the Exciseman as at the Custom-house.

The Cotswold-hills have long been famous for their sheep; indeed, the very name is, according to an old authority, derived from "Cote," a place to secure sheep in, and "wold," a hill. Be that as it may, the mutton bred upon those hills is famous in quality, although small. The points of the animal appear to be excellent to old Drayton, who dwells upon them and upon the quality of the wool, with great emphasis in his glorious poem:

No brown nor sullied black the face or legs doth streak,
Like those of Moreland, Cauk, or of the Cambrian Hills,
That lightly laden are; but Cotswold wisely fills
Her with the whitest kind; whose brows so woolly be,
As men in her fair sheep no emptiness should see.
The staple deep and thick, through to the very grain,
Most strongly keepeth out the violentest rain:
A body long and large, the buttocks equal broad;
As fit to undergo the full and weighty load:
And of the fleecy face, the flank doth nothing lack,
But everywhere is stored the belly and the back.
The fair and goodly stock, the shepherd's only pride,
As white as winter's snow, when from the river side
He drives his new-washed sheep; or on the shearing day,
When as the lusty ram, with those rich spoils of May
His crooked horns hath crown'd: the bell weathers so
brave
As none in all the flock the like themselves would have.
But Muse return to tell how there the shepherd king,
Whose flock hath chanced that year the earliest lamb to
bring,
In his gay baudrick sits at his low grassy board,
With flawns, curds, clouted-cream, and country dainties
stored;
And whilst the bagpipe plays, each lusty jocund swain
Quaffs sillabubs in cans to all upon the plain,
And to their country girls, whose nosebags they do wear,
Some roundels do sing: the rest the burthen bear.

Merry fellows the shepherds appear to have been here in the olden time, and a goodly company. They have much decreased of late, however, as the uplands now gleam in autumn with the flashing sickle and the sound of the husbandmen at time of harvest-home is now heard, where of old these Corydons piped to their harmless flocks, and ate clouted cream, and danced with their sweethearts. There are still flocks enough, however, to keep up the supply, but we very much question whether the rough Gloucestershire peasant who attends them has any taste of the sylvan joys the

old poet paints in such a delicious manner. But, "most poets do feign," as the wise fool says in the forest.

Among the many charming excursions which might be made out of Cheltenham, one of the greatest interest to all visitors is "the Seven Springs." The secluded little spot in which old father Thames pours forth his earliest urn lies down in a little hollow, a short distance from the turnpike-road, running at the back of the Leckhampton Hills. Here, shaded by trees, the springs emerge from beneath a high overhanging bank; there is nothing about the spot to excite the imagination, and as the spectator watches its tiny flood ripple past, it is difficult for him to believe that on its ultimate waters float the navies of the world, whilst the world's mistress is reflected on its bosom. This little spring, which is called the Churn or Corin, after flowing for about twenty miles, receiving in its way many tributary brooks, flows into the Thames at Cricklade in Wiltshire. Drayton thus picturesquely describes the rushing of the waters from the Cotswold, to be present at the marriage of the Isis and Thames:

"But, Cotswold, be this spoke to th' only praise of thee,
That thou of all the rest the chosen soil shouldst be,
Fair Isis to bring forth (the mother of great Thames),
With those delicious brooks, by whose immortal streams
His greatness is begun; so that our rivers' king,
When he his long descent shall from his bel-sires bring,
Must needs (great pastures' prince!) derive his stem by thee,

From kingly Cotswold's self—sprung of the third degree;
As the old world's heroes wont, that in the times of yore,
On Neptune, Jove, and Mars themselves so highly bore.
But easily from her source as Isis gently dades
Unto his present aid, down through the deeper shades,
The nimble-footed Churn, by Cisseter doth slide;
And first at Greeklade gets pre-eminence to guide
Queen Isis on her way, ere she receives her train,
Clear Cohn, and lively Leece, so down from Cotswold's plain

At Leechlade linking hands, comes likewise to support
The mother of great Thames. When seeing the resort,
From Cotswold, Windrush scours, and with herself doth east

The train to overtake, and therefore hies her fast
Through the Oxfordian fields; when (as the last of all,
Those floods, that into Thames out of our Cotswold fall,
And starteth unto the north), bright Enload forth doth bear,

For though it had been long, at length she came to hear,
That Isis was to Thame in wedlock to be ty'd:
And therefore she prepared to attend upon the bride."

One of the pleasantest excursions that can be made from Cheltenham is to Tewkesbury, famous the world over for its Abbey. The nine miles is run over by the railway in a little more than a quarter of an hour, and the visitor finds himself in a place where time seems for these last four or five centuries to have stood absolutely still. The abbey, indeed, looks so thoroughly Anglo-Norman, so much removed from any of the prevalent styles of architecture, that we are

glad "the keeping" of the place is not deteriorated by the contiguity of a smart modern tower. The huge shadows of the massive abbey speak of an ascetic gloom, such as we are accustomed to couple with the earlier ages of the Church. The tower especially, with its rich arrangement of Norman arches, looks peculiarly impressive, and its great window is famous throughout England. This magnificent piece of architecture is upwards of 132 feet in height, and is formed like a gigantic doorway; a series of receding Norman arches giving a gloomy depth to the window itself, which is of a much later date than its imposing frame. This abbey is perhaps the largest in England, being no less than 300 feet long. It contains some of the finest specimens of Saxon and early English architecture extant. The clerk who showed us over the building spoke of the raptures with which Mr. Pugin surveyed some of the details, which he copied with the most religious care; and doubtless it was he that pointed out to Mr. Barry the exquisite elaborate Gothic tracery still visible over one of the arches which formed the now demolished cloisters to the church; and we found that gentleman had faithful working models made of them for the interior arches of the Victoria Tower; where the spectator may now see them freshly cut, and forming the most striking effect in the building. The abbey bears a very ancient date, having been founded by the Mercian Dukes Odo and Dodo. Much of it was destroyed by fire in the Saxon time, but in the reign of King John it was so important a place that it was allowed the custody of one of the seven copies of Magna Charta granted by the king. It was the last abbey in Gloucester that surrendered to the Crown, and the monks so bitterly opposed the commissioners sent by the king to inquire into its condition, that it is said they burnt down the Cloisters, the Lady Chapel, and the Chapter House in revenge. The church is built in the cathedral form, having a nave, choir, and transepts, with several side chapels. The side aisles are separated from the nave by eighteen massive Saxon pillars, from which the roof springs in rich groins, decorated with the quaintest knots of foliage, and added figures. In one of the side chapels a very singular series of fresco drawings of the most curious character, and some of them possessing great beauty of line, has been discovered of late years by the removal of several coats of whitewash.

Several of the ancient abbots lie comfortably housed in huge stone coffins, placed in niches in the walls. The tomb of one of these, Abbot Alan, of Tewkesbury, the friend and biographer of Thomas à Becket, was opened in 1795, and when the lid was taken off, the body appeared astonishingly perfect: the folds of the drapery were distinct, but the whole soon crumbled away when exposed to the air; the boots, which hung in large folds about the legs, retained their form and elasticity. On the right-hand lay a wooden crosier, neatly turned, and gilt at the top; on the left side were the remains of a chalice. In this church sleep



4.—TEWKESBURY.

also in peace many of the nobles who fought in the famous battle of Tewkesbury, which utterly extinguished the Lancastrian party; among these were the Duke of Somerset, Lord Wenlock, the Prince Edward, and several others. Leaving the cool gloom of the ancient abbey, after a walk of a few minutes, you come out a beautiful mead, full of wild flowers, and smiling in the sun. The stranger little thinks, as he treads it, that it has once been the scene of the greatest slaughter that England's annals record; and that its green breast was, hundreds of years ago, dyed red with the best blood of the land—that he is, in fact, upon that famous Bloody Meadow in which high-souled Margaret staked her last stake, and was hurled into the dust. The battle was at first going favourably to the Lancastrians, who were led by the Duke of Somerset, the Prince Edward, Lord Wenlock, and Courtenay Earl of Devonshire; but towards the end of the fight, the Duke of Gloucester, who led in the vanguard of the king's army, managed to draw the vanguard of the enemy, by a feint, into the then-called Glaston Meadow, where, not being supported by the centre under Lord Wenlock, they were defeated and driven back. The Duke of Somerset, when he had regained his entrenchments, rode up to Lord Wenlock, and calling him "Traitor! with his axe he stroke the brains out of his head." The enemy steadily followed, and forcing the entrenchments, the Queen's party was utterly overthrown. The young Prince of Wales, we are told, seeing all hope lost, would have secured his safety by flight into the

town, but he was stopped by Sir Richard Crofts, and taken to the king, who haughtily asked him "how he durst so presumptuously enter into his realm with banner displayed? whereunto the prince boldly answered, saying, 'To recover my father's kingdom and heritage from his father and grandfather to him, and from him, after him, to me, lineally descended.'" To this bold speech Edward, without deigning any reply, struck him on the face with his gauntlet, and retired, when Clarence and Gloucester, Lord Hastings and Sir Thomas Gray, fell upon the defenceless captive and stabbed him in several places with their daggers. This bloody act is said to have been perpetrated in a house yet standing, and on an oaken floor, still preserved, the blood is pointed out. On this bloody field Lord Devonshire, Lord John Somerset, Sir R. Whittingham, Sir Edward Hampden, and many other eminent men were found among the 3,000 slain. Many fled to the abbey for sanctuary, but this sacred place did not avail them; they were dragged forth, arraigned as traitors before the Dukes of York and Norfolk, convicted and beheaded on a scaffold erected in the centre of the town. The unfortunate Queen Margaret was found concealed in a waggon, on the field of battle, fainting with terror, and was sent off to the Tower, where she remained in captivity for many years until she was ransomed by Louis XI. of France. Tewkesbury took a part in the great civil war, and was held during the longer part of the struggle by the parliamentarians. The town of Tewkesbury is

composed of three long streets, built in the form of the letter Y. Of old it had a considerable portion of the west of England clothing business, but this has now wholly departed. It must once also have been famous for its mustard, for we find Shakspeare saying of a person with a sad heavy countenance, that he looked "as thick as Tewkesbury mustard;" and it is a proverbial expression among the people, when speaking of an acute person, that "he looks as sharp as Tewkesbury mustard."

Another spot in the neighbourhood of Cheltenham, interesting to those imbued with a love of feudal architecture, is Sudley Castle near the village of Winchcomb, about seven miles distant. The drive to that spot is through the most charming hill country imaginable. The castle does not date earlier than the time of Henry VI.; it is still imposing in size, and before it was ruined in the civil wars, it must have extended over a large space of ground. It has been purchased lately by two gentlemen who have restored much of it to its original condition, and enriched its interior with a large portion of Horace Walpole's collection from Strawberry Hill, and with many valuable historical pictures. One very interesting association connected with this stronghold is, that it contained some years since the remains of Catherine Parr, the surviving queen of Henry VIII. She married Lord Seymour, of Sudley Castle, in 1548, and died in childbirth as it was alleged, but not without strong suspicions of having been poisoned by her husband. In 1782 her coffin was opened, and the body found in a most perfect state of preservation: a few years later, however, a company of drunken brutes dug up her remains in the dead of the night and mutilated them; and she now lies interred in the parish church, a plain stone being all that marks her resting-place.

A yet more interesting relict of the past, is the mansion of Southam, a most perfect specimen of the domestic architecture of the fifteenth century. This house, which is a low rambling structure, was until very lately, possessed by a descendant of its original founders, the De la Bere family—long connected with the history of Gloucestershire. The last of the race, however, sold it to Lord Ellenborough, whose principal country seat it now is. There are few mansions of its age in the country which contain so much of the original structure. The interior is full of coins, relics, and ancient paintings.

Those who feel an interest in Roman remains should visit Witcomb, a village only a few miles distant from Cheltenham, where in 1818 a Roman villa, containing some very extensive baths in excellent preservation, was discovered. These remains lie a little on one side of the Ermine-street, the old Roman road which runs between Gloucester and Cirencester, and which is very nearly perfect to this day. Cirencester was evidently a very important point to the invaders, as their great military roads converged to it—the one we have mentioned, the Foss-way leading through Northleach, and the Icknield-way running south. But the remains

of the Roman occupation are everywhere found in this county, which formed one of their strongest positions of defence against the attacks of the Silures.

GLOUCESTER.

With the exception of Bristol, the city of Gloucester might be considered the most ancient and historical city in the west of England. Its annals begin with the Roman occupation, by which people it was held as an important military post; and in the Saxon period it was one of their most important cities, and was frequently ravaged by the Danes, in common with other rich towns in the west. In 1016 it was the scene of a memorable combat between Edmund Ironside and King Canute. These two kings were forced by their followers to bring to a conclusion by their own personal prowess, a war which had long lasted, with ever varying successes. The gladiatorial combat took place on the small island formed at Gloucester by the division of the Severn into two channels, which reunite again close to the city: it is described with such force by Ethelred, abbot of Rieyesby, that we cannot forbear quoting it: "When the strength of their spears failed, both from the valour of those who pushed them, as well as the resistance of their very strong shields, they assail each other, hand to hand, with drawn swords. They fought stoutly—valour assisting Edmund,—fortune, Canute; the swords rattle around their helmet-protected heads; sparks fly out from the collision of the metals; but when anger, as is usual from the very emotion of war, inflamed the most robust bosom of Edmund, he became more powerful by his blood warming him: he raises his right hand, brandishes his sword, and iterates his blows upon the head of his enemy, with such vehemence, that he seemed to the spectators not so much to strike as to thunder: for the fire bursting out between the sword and helmet at every blow, seemed not only to appear, but even to blaze."

This fight, like many others, indeed, after all the hard knocks, ended in a compromise, the two champions agreeing to divide the kingdom between them.

Most of the kings, during the early reigns, held their courts here, and many parliaments; and the city has taken part in nearly all the civil wars of the island. The event which has rendered it for ever memorable in a historical point of view was, the success with which it withstood the siege of the royal army, and the fatal check it gave to the hitherto triumphant progress of Charles towards his capital. Despotism might indeed be said to have fallen before the walls of this city; it was the valour of Massey's defence which turned the fate of the war, raising the spirits of the dejected parliamentarians, and, in like manner, clouding the fortunes of Charles. Clarendon, in his account of the siege, tells us that, upon his Majesty summoning the city with his numerous army, just flushed by the taking of Bristol, and requiring an answer within two hours, "Within less than the time

prescribed, together with the trumpeter, returned two citizens from the town, with lean, pale, sharp, and bad visages,—indeed, faces so strange and unusual, and in such a garb and posture, that at once made the most severe countenance merry, and the most cheerful hearts sad ; for it was impossible that such ambassadors could bring less than a defiance. The men, without any circumstance of duty or good manners, in a pert, shrill, undismayed accent, said, ‘ they had brought an answer from the godly city of Gloucester to the king.’” The answer was, of course, a refusal to give up the city ; immediately upon which preparations were made for commencing hostilities, both by besiegers and besieged. The former set fire, without remorse, to all the houses without the walls, as according to Dorney, “By burning of the suburbs, the city is a garment without skirts, which we were willing to part withal, lest our enemies should set upon them.” The women and maids of the city laboured with the men in strengthening the walls, and a vigorous resistance was prepared for. On the other hand, the Royalists did not dare to assault the place ; and after closely investing it for three months, were obliged to raise the siege on account of the advance of the London train-bands, under Essex, to the relief of the city. The march of these burgher soldiers forms one of the most daring events in the wars, evincing the courage of the Londoners — marching, as they did, upwards of a hundred miles in the very teeth of a regular army, not long returned from a triumphant campaign. Corbet, in his history of the siege, speaking of this expedition, says, “The London train-bands, or none, must relieve us ; but could not agree who should undertake the business. Essex was not favoured ; but the more prudent say that he must be the man. That none might decline the service upon whom the lot fell, the shop-windows were commanded to be shut up, and trading for a time suspended. The expedition was hastened in every pulpit, carried on with continual fasting and prayer ; an army was formed in an instant, and marched with incredible swiftness.” This succour reached in safety. Rupert, with 4,000 horse, incredible as it might appear, although he attempted to oppose their course, “did no more than drill them along ;” and on the 5th of September, 1643, Gloucester was relieved, when it had but one barrel of powder left in store. With this celebrated adventure ends the military history of Gloucester.

Mention of the walls of Gloucester occurs in Merlin’s prophecies, where it is said ; “An owl shall build her nest upon the walls of Gloucester, and in her nest shall be brought forth an ass. Also, Gloucester shall send forth a lion, and shall disturb him (the bull of Totness) in his cruelty in several battles. He shall trample him under his feet, and shall terrify him with open jaws. At last the lion shall quarrel with the kingdom, and get upon the back of the nobility. A bull shall come into the quarrel, and strike the lion with his right foot. He shall drive him through all the rivers in the kingdom, but shall break his horns

against the walls of Oxford.” It is said that William the Conqueror, after he had subdued the southern part of the kingdom, came to Gloucester, and greatly liking the place as forming a barrier against the Welshmen who had rendered his predecessor’s reign so uneasy, had the north and south walls fortified with embattled stone walls and gates. These fortifications remained until 1662, when they were demolished by the Commissioners appointed for the regulation of Corporations. The gates forming the terminations of the four streets were long preserved however. The original South Gate was battered down during the siege, but was rebuilt the same year, and on it was cut in capital letters round the arch, on one side ; **A CITY ASSAULTED BY MAN, BUT SAVED BY GOD.** On the other side next the city, **EVER REMEMBER THE 5th OF SEPTEMBER** (the day the siege was raised by Essex), 1643. **GIVE GOD THE GLORY.**

A little time after the Restoration, the king, bitterly remembering his father’s defeat before this city, ordered the doors belonging to the gates to be pulled down, and presented them to the city of Worcester, which so long remained faithful to his cause.

The Castle of Gloucester is spoken of in Domesday book, under the name of Estbrighouse and as being built by Earl William.

The streets of Gloucester do not appear to have suffered any alteration since the time when they were first laid down by the Saxons, or perhaps the Romans ; notwithstanding that of late years it has much increased in population, numbering at the present time at least 35,000 persons. It consists mainly of four streets forming a cross, and named Northgate, Southgate, Eastgate, and Westgate Streets, from the fact of their lying according to the points of the compass, and of their having been limited by the city gates. Every here and there some old house—old as the early Henries—projects its hanging front upon these streets, or an ancient church marks the antiquity of the place. Gloucester, like Bristol, must originally have been a great stronghold of the clergy, as it contained fifteen churches, besides the cathedral in former times, when it had not perhaps a tithe of its present number of inhabitants. Only six of these remain, but six more have been built within these few years.

The manner in which the city has increased might be estimated from the fact, that in 1562, the householders of the city numbered only 936, and in 1710, they had only increased to 1,003, containing 4,990 inhabitants. In the year 1743, there were 1,335 householders, and about 5,585 inhabitants in Gloucester ; and in the hamlets which are within the liberties, there were 275 householders, and 936 inhabitants more. Gloucester of old was celebrated for several kind of manufactures. Even as early as the reign of William the Conqueror, the workers in iron were very numerous here. The ore was brought from Robin Hood’s Hill, at a distance of two miles from the city, where it was once found in great abundance. There was formerly a street here called Smith-street, inhabited almost entirely



5.—GLOUCESTER CATHEDRAL, FROM THE SOUTH-WEST.

by persons employed in iron work. At this early date the metal was worked by hand, but when water-power came to be applied to the smelting and working of the metal, the city lost the manufacture. The clothing trade was also carried on here once very extensively, but it decayed in common with all the like employments in the West of England, and at the present time the only manufacture in the town is one of pins, which has long flourished.

The tall and beautiful tower of the cathedral is the central spot to which all visitors are drawn. The secluded space around the old time-worn abbey, adds an atmosphere of solemnity, which is quite in keeping with it. In size, it has few superior in the kingdom, being 450 feet in length, and 144 feet in breadth. The tower, which is in the perpendicular style, was erected in 1457, and is perhaps the most striking feature of the exterior of the building, and notwithstanding Mr. Ruskin's abuse of this style, we think this specimen of it extremely graceful. It is only 225 feet in height, and square and massive, yet the exquisite parallel tracery gives it great lightness and altitude. (Cut No. 5.)

The interior is a perfect history of the art of Gothic architecture as practised in England from the earliest times. There is no doubt that a religious house existed here, soon after the introduction of Christianity into Britain, and a nunnery existed on the spot in the seventh century; the present building, dedicated as a

Benedictine Abbey, was founded in 1090. From this period to the dissolution, its abbots employed themselves in adding to and beautifying it, so that not an age of Gothic but has its representative in this cathedral. The crypt, nave, and side aisles, bear the oldest date, having been built about the end of the eleventh century. The pillars of the nave are very massive and simple, after the manner of the Anglo-Norman style, and give a perspective of 177 feet, of great dignity and breadth of effect. Passing from the simple grandeur of this portion of the church, to the elaborate tracery of the choir, transept, and Lady's Chapel, is like visiting two different worlds, and indeed they represent periods as different in manners and ideas as the lapse of 500 years of the world in its most active stage of progress could be expected to have made. The east window, which was put up in Edward III.'s reign, is one of the largest windows in England, being no less than 78 feet in height and 35 in width. The stained glass with which it is filled, was sadly mutilated in the Civil war, and its broken pieces all mingled together represents the rich yet vague assemblage of colour in a Persian carpet. A committee of the Society of Antiquaries issued a report relative to Gloucester Cathedral some years since, and when speaking of the east window and the choir, state that "The great elevation of the vault, the richness of the design, the elaborate tracery which covers the walls, and the vast expanse of the east

window, render the choir an almost unrivalled specimen of the florid style of architecture. The design of the east window is perhaps quite singular, and was probably owing to the necessity or convenience of founding the new work on the solid basis of the old Saxon substructions. Of this the architect has, however, made a most ingenious use. The fanlike expansion of the two eastern compartments of the side walls, and the bowed form of the east window itself, are extremely beautiful, and give a peculiar air of lightness and space to the termination of the church. The Lady Chapel, constructed in 1490, is the latest portion of the church. A gallery, which connects the upper side aisles of the choir with this building, is known as the *whispering gallery*, and although 75 feet long, transmits sounds, however low, in the most distinct manner. On the wall of the passage the following lines are written :

"Doubt not but God who sits on high
Thy secret prayers can hear;
When a dead wall thus cunningly,
Conveys soft whispers to the ear."

Among the monuments are two of historical interest, —the first, that of Robert Curthose, duke of Normandy, who was confined so many years in Cardiff castle,* consists of his effigy habited as a crusader, upon an altar-tomb. It is formed of Irish oak, and is said to be the oldest of the kind in England. Another yet more interesting tomb is that of ill-fated King Edward II., whose savage murder at Berkeley Castle, is familiar to every child. The sufferings this poor monarch went through, and the indignities he suffered, may have been in the mind of Shakspeare, when he wrote that melancholy passage placed in the mouth of a similar sufferer, Richard II. :

"Let us sit upon the ground,
And tell sad stories of the death of kings."

There is nothing more affecting in all history, perhaps, than his forced passage from Bristol to Berkeley Castle. He was led forth upon this his last pilgrimage at night, and as he passed the granges of the castle, Gurney, the brutal keeper to whom he was committed, placed a crown of straw upon his bare head, and the soldiers, mocking him, called out, "Fare forth, sir king!" He was forced to walk on foot during a cold night, in miserably thin clothing, whilst his ruffian keepers rode; neither would they suffer him to halt upon the way, and refresh himself by sleep, nor would they give him food, but rudely and coarsely contradicted every word he said, and told him he was mad,—a condition to which they would fain have driven him,—although even that state of forgetfulness of his miseries and his wrongs would have been a blessing. Lest he should be recognised by any of his friends—if friends he yet had—they determined upon disguising his face and person by cutting off his hair and beard; for this purpose, before they approached Berkeley, they conveyed him into a field by the road-side, and placing him on a hillock, they caused him to be shaved with cold water taken from

a stagnant ditch. Shortly after his arrival, the enigmatical instruction relative to him was received, which, translated, reads thus, "To kill Edward be unwilling, to fear it is good;" or thus, by altering the punctuation, "To kill Edward be unwilling to fear, it is good." The villains who had the custody of him chose the latter reading, and his horrible murder was accomplished. After his death, Abbot Thokey had the courage to go, attended by his brethren, solemnly robed, and accompanied by a procession from the city, and claimed the body for burial, which, with the observance of all possible respect, he conveyed in his own chariot, *drawn by stags*, to the abbey, where it was interred with becoming solemnity. Soon after the corpse of the royal victim was laid in the grave, the people from all parts of the kingdom thronged to pay homage to it in such numbers, that the town at one time could not hold them, and their offerings were so great that they sufficed to rebuild the south aisle, and the principal part of the church. The monument to his memory is full of beauty, and the effigy of marble surmounting the altar-table is wrought most exquisitely. The face is sad, yet resigned, and worthy of the best age of sculpture. Around the capital of the Saxon column near which his monument stands, are painted a number of white stags; whether this animal formed his armorial device, or whether they were placed there in recollection of the manner in which the monarch was conveyed to his last home, we know not. Passing out of the church a very different kind of monument attracts the eye. The blotted and bloody page of history gives place to the brighter one of science and philanthropy; at the foot of a marble statue, the simple name of "Edward Jenner" is sufficient epitaph for one of the greatest benefactors to the whole human race.

In the time of the abbacy of Hammeline, which occurred in the year 1148, we have a record of an occurrence which shows what stratagems and bigotry were put in practice against the poor Jews in order to throw obloquy upon them. We are gravely told that in that year some fishermen found in the river Severn the body of a boy named Harold, who was murdered by the Jews. They stole him, says the tradition, on the 20th of March, and kept his body concealed until the 16th of April following; when a number of them congregated in Gloucester under the pretence of circumcising a boy of their own persuasion, but, in fact, to crucify him in derision of the death of the Redeemer. They assembled with their victim in a large room on the north side of Eastgate-street, then used by them as a synagogue, and there fixed him on a cross and savagely murdered him. The body, we are told, when found, bore marks of the most cruel treatment; the brow had indentations, as if a crown of thorns had been fixed round his head: his sides, nose, hands, knees, and feet bore marks of extraordinary violence; boiling fat had been poured on his limbs, and melted wax into his eyes and ears. When dead, his corpse was thrown into the Severn, and found as we have before

stated. Hammeline, when apprised of the circumstances, went with all the members of the Convent to receive the body, which was carried in procession to the abbey and interred before the altar of Edward the Confessor.

The cloisters erected in 1390, and which are very strangely placed on the north side of the Cathedral, are perhaps the most perfect remaining in England; indeed they are almost as sharp in all their beautiful details as the day they were first cut. The very curious lavatories are still preserved, and in the dim light we can, with the utmost ease, picture a row of shaven monks, cooling their crowns with the pure element. The recesses in which it is alleged they sat painting their curious missals, and transcribing, are also pointed out; but we much doubt whether the monks had not better taste, and understood too well the value of health to sit writing so long under a damp vault, and with a stone floor beneath their exposed feet.

A short distance from the Cathedral in St. Mary's Square, a monument is erected to Bishop Hooper. On this very street the martyr had suffered at the stake. He was promoted to the see of Gloucester by Edward VI., where he strenuously opposed Gardiner and Bonner; on the death of the young king, however, he was marked out for destruction. When his friends perceived what would be his fate if he remained at his post, they urged him to fly; but he replied, "Once did I fly, but now I am called to this place, I am resolved to live and die with my sheep." Having been examined, and his faith declared heretical by Gardiner, he was for some time confined in Newgate, and then conducted to Gloucester to be burned. On Saturday, February 9, 1555, being market day, he was led forth by the sheriffs, attended by the authorities, to the stake which was situated in view of the church where he had so often upheld the doctrines for which he was about to suffer. As he walked forth to the fatal stake he was forced to support himself by a staff, so much was he afflicted with sciatic pains, occasioned by his imprisonment. He was surrounded by a crowd of upwards of 7,000 persons, who wept as he proceeded between them. As he viewed them with the utmost tranquillity he said, "Perhaps these good people think to hear something from me, as they have in times past; but I am not permitted to speak, notwithstanding, the cause of my death is well known to them. Formerly when I was appointed their pastor, I preached unto them doctrines founded on the pure and uncorrupted word of God; and now, because I will not recede from the same, and openly declare them false and heretical, I am sentenced to this kind of death." He then knelt down, and whilst he was fervently praying, a box was handed to him, containing his pardon on the condition that he would recant, but when he saw it, he cried out "If you love my soul, away with it." He was then ordered to prepare himself for death, which he speedily did by stripping off his outward dress; when the executioner asked him his forgiveness, he said, "Thou needest not forgiveness of me, against whom thou hast not

offended;" the man replied, "Oh, sir, I am appointed to make the fire." "Therein," said Hooper, "thou dost not offend me; God forgive thee thy sins!—now do thine office, I pray thee." He was then chained to the stake; but the fire, either from the greenness of the wood, or as others state, from malice or neglect, had not been sufficiently kindled, so that his legs and thighs were burned first, and one of his hands dropped off. Throughout his dreadful sufferings he was heard to exclaim, "Oh Jesus, the son of David, have mercy upon me, and receive my soul." After enduring his agony for three-quarters of an hour, with a firm courage, he gave up the spirit in his sixtieth year.

Gloucester contains scarcely any fine buildings of modern date; the largest and most important being the County Hall, in Westgate-street, designed by Smirke; next to this, the Lunatic Asylum is the finest building.

Gloucester was made a port, and had its first custom-house erected in the reign of Elizabeth, but the Severn is too dangerous to navigate as high as the city, and is so shallow that no vessels of any size could reach it. This evil was in a measure remedied in 1826 by the completion of the Berkeley and Gloucester canal, eighteen miles in length, which opens into the Severn at Sharpness Point, a most interesting and picturesque spot. This is the deepest and largest canal in England, vessels of 400 tons passing along it and discharging their cargoes at Gloucester; and a most singular sight it is to see large ships moving along the surface of the meadows, as they appear to do in their way up to the city. The chief trade carried on at Gloucester is in timber and corn, both of which commodities it imports largely; indeed, since the repeal of the corn-laws, its commerce has been rapidly increasing, and it bids fair, before long, to be one of the largest depôts for foreign wheat in the West of England. In the vicinity of the dock large brick warehouses are already numerous, and more are building. The timber trade is also a very important support to the port of Gloucester. Situated as it is in the very heart, almost, of the midland counties, the railroads by which it is surrounded draw from it their supplies almost entirely. The only drawback to its progress is the want of any back cargoes, with the exception, perhaps, of salt from Droitwich. This evil will be in some measure remedied when the South Wales line is extended to this city, and when the projected Forest of Dean rail is completed. Iron and coal will then be at the very doors of the city, and will form important articles of export. Gloucester promises to form a very important centre of railway communication. At present it is connected with the north and south by the line running from Birmingham to Plymouth. It is also indirectly connected with the east by the Great Western branch, running through Cheltenham and the Stroud Valley to Swindon. The South Wales line will put it in connection with the richest counties of the principality. With such facilities of communication, Gloucester bids fair to have a very prosperous future.

The family of the Berkeleys is so intimately connected with both Gloucester and Cheltenham, that a history of either place would scarce be complete without some account of their famous castle—

“Berkeley, whose fair seat hath been famous long,”

as the quaint Polyolbion hath it, and which every visitor to either place never fails to visit, both on account of the manner in which it is woven into our history, and for the excellent example it affords of the feudal castle, of which it perhaps is the most perfect specimen existing in England. The town of Berkeley is sixteen miles from Gloucester, and is reached by one of the most beautiful rides in the country. The stronghold is situated in a beautiful park—

“There stands the castle by yon tuft of trees,”

said our great bard two centuries and a half ago, and we question if it has changed in appearance one iota since that time. It is quite Norman in its construction, having been founded a short time after the Conquest by Roger de Berkeley, to whom the manor had been given by the Norman William. It came into the possession of the present family in the beginning of the twelfth century, when the castle and its lands was given to Robert Fitzhardinge, a famous merchant and magistrate of Bristol, a descendant of one of the Danish sea-kings, whose daughter afterwards married the heir of the old possessor; and from them the line has descended to the present Earl Fitzhardinge in an unbroken line, extending over seven hundred years. The form of the tower is circular, and contains a singularly shaped court-yard, in which, upon a mount, the donjon keep is situated, flanked by semicircular and embattled towers. This celebrated fortress has been the scene of several historical events, the most memorable of which is familiar to every school boy. The savage murder of King Edward II., who was brought hither from Bristol with every accompaniment of ignominy; and his death being determined upon, the most inhuman treatment was adopted towards him, and various expedients used to bring about his death. Tradition has it, that a celebrated dry well near his dungeon, which exists to this day, and is believed to be full of various reptiles, was filled with putrid carcases, with the intention that the effluvia arising therefrom should kill the unfortunate monarch. His constitution withstanding all these cruel means to take him off, his cruel murder was determined upon, and on the night of the 21st of September, 1327, while he was in bed—

“The doors forth a fearful howling cast

To let in those by whom he was to die;

At whose approach, whilst there he lay aghast,

These ruthless villains did upon him fly;”

and with heavy feather beds attempted to drown his cries whilst they poured hot lead into his intestines, or as the old poet in his ‘Baron’s Wars’ hath it—

“without human pity or remorse,
With a hot spit they thrust him to the heart.”

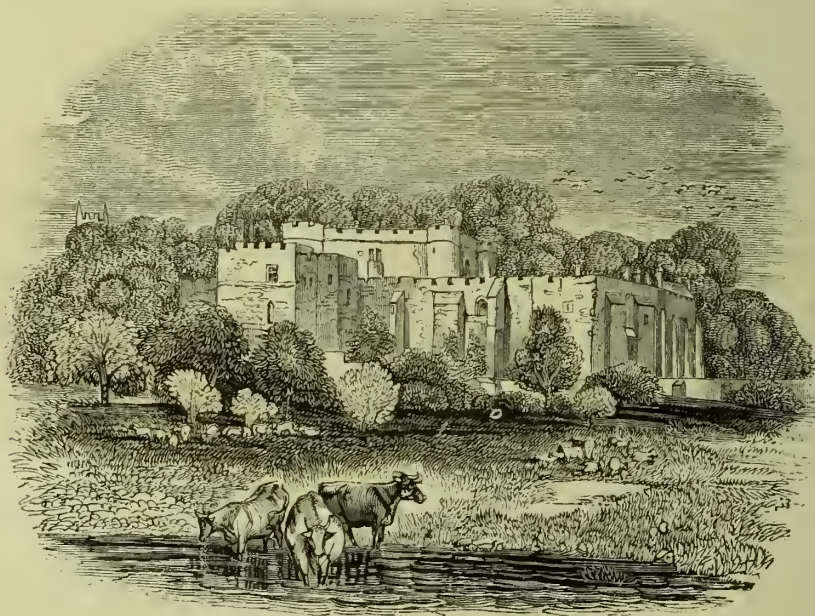
Holinshed, who gives a very particular account of the transaction, tells us that “His crie did move many within the castle and town of Birckelci to compassion, plainly hearing him utter a wailful noyse, as the tormentors were about to murder him; so that dyvers being awakened thereby, (as they themselves confessed,) prayed heartilie to God to receyve his soule, when they understode by his crie what the matter ment.”

Berkeley is famous for two rather celebrated legends. William of Malmesbury very gravely tells us the first, which is called “the Witch of Berkeley,” and the events to which it relates took place in the reign of Edward the Confessor. The legend is rather long, but it smacks so thoroughly of the superstition of the middle ages that we cannot forbear giving it. The legend is as follows:—“A woman used to reside in Berkeley, accustomed to crimes, not ignorant of the ancient auguries, putting no restraint upon her sins because she was as yet on this side of old age, although *beating on the door of it with a near foot*. When she was one day holding a feast, a raven, which she kept as a pet, croaked louder than usual; upon hearing which the knife fell from her hand, her countenance became pale, and she exclaimed, ‘To-day my plough has come to its last furrow; to-day I shall hear and receive a great misfortune.’ While she was yet speaking, the messenger of sorrow entered. ‘I bring you news,’ he said, ‘of the death of your son, and the destruction of the family by sudden ruin.’ At these words the woman swooned away, and feeling the disease creep to the vitals, she sent for her surviving children, a monk and a nun, to whom she spoke thus:—‘I, my children, by my miserable fate, have ever used demoniac arts. I have been the source of all vices. I had, however, amongst those evils, a hope of your religion to sooth my miserable soul. Despairing of myself, I reclined upon you; I purposed you to be my defenders against demons, my protectors against the most cruel enemies. But having reached the end of my life, when those who were my advisers in sin will be the exactors of my punishment, I ask you, by the maternal bosom you have sucked, if you have any faith or piety, that you will, at least, attempt to alleviate my sufferings; and, although you may not recall the sentence issued against my soul, yet you may preserve my body, by sewing it in a stag’s hide, and placing it in a sarcophagus of stone, the cover of which you must fasten down with lead and zinc, and then surround it with three heavy iron chains: let there be psalm-singing for fifty nights, and masses for fifty days, that thus you may mitigate the ferocious assaults of my persecutors. If I should lie securely for three nights, then on the fourth day bury your mother in the ground; although I fear that the earth I have so often burthened with my vices, will not receive me in her bosom.’ Her desires were complied with in the most scrupulous form—

but in vain—for on the first two nights, when choirs of clerks were singing psalms around the body, certain demons broke open the church, though fastened with a huge bolt, and then as easily burst asunder the two chains at the extremities—but the middle, or third, chain remained entire. About cock-crowing on the third night, the whole monastery seemed to be upturned from its foundations, by the approach of the fiends; and one taller and more terrible than the rest, dashed the massy doors to fragments. The clerks stood aghast with terror—their hair on end, and deprived of the power of speech. The terrific demon approached with a defying step to the coffin, and calling the woman by her name, ordered her to arise. Upon her answering that she could not, on account of the chain, he said, ‘You shall be loosed, and to your sorrow,’ and with as much ease as though it had been thread, he snapped that chain which had resisted the attempts of all the rest. He then, with his fist, dashed off the lid of the coffin, and seizing his prey by the hand, he led her forth, out of the church, in sight of them all. At the door stood a proud black horse neighing, and iron hooks projected over his whole back. Upon this horse the woman was placed, and instantly disappeared with the whole company of demons. Her cries, supplicating for help, were heard for nearly five miles.” There might be some foundation for the second legend, which we find in Camden’s ‘Britannia,’ described however in a manner better fitting the Decameron, than the pages of an honest

English worthy. The substance of it, however, is as follows:—Earl Godwin, the famous Thane, whose daughter, Editha, was married to Edward the Confessor, was a bad designing man, who would stop at no crime which promised to increase his worldly goods. By several infamous transactions, he had already possessed himself of many valuable estates, when he set his eye upon the nunnery at Berkeley, which possessed noble estates.

This nunnery was governed by an Abbess “that was both noble and beautiful;” but Godwin, “a notable subtle man, not desiring her, but hers,” determined to possess himself of the estate, even through the destruction of this excellent woman and her whole company of virgins. To this end, he contrived that his nephew “a young, proper, and handsome spark,” should be conveyed into the nunnery in woman’s apparel, as a novice about to take the veil. Under this disguise, we are informed that the seduction of the nuns was accomplished, and even of the Abbess herself. This infamous plot had no sooner arrived at this point in its progress, than Godwin hastened to the Confessor, and reported to him the dissoluteness and wickedness which reigned in the nunnery, brought about by his own hideous contrivance; and the truth of his statement soon coming to light, the disgraced sisterhood were all expelled from their place of seclusion, and dispossessed of their lands, which the earl managed to beg from the king; but which, however, the legend assures us, he did not long live to enjoy.



6.—BERKELEY CASTLE.

7.—RAILWAY TERMINUS, BRIGHTON.



8.—OLD CHURCH, BRIGHTON.

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BRIGHTON.

If some daring engineer were to lift the line of houses facing Park-lane, place them upon the South-coast railway, convey them to the sea-side, and plant them directly alongside the beach, he would make an exact resemblance to Brighton as viewed from the sea. So much does the line of houses facing the cliff resemble some parts of the West-end, that the spectator who has been shot down from town in an hour by the express train, finds a difficulty in believing that he is far away removed from his old haunts, until he turns to the bright sea, which lies before him like a flat and polished mirror, and champing and frothing upon the pebbly beach below. We might, indeed, almost class Brighton as a suburb of the metropolis, for the London merchant now goes backwards and forwards to his marine villa, as regularly and with much more ease and in less time than he formerly occupied in driving to Hampstead or Norwood. Or we might fancifully liken it to some bright and beautiful ornament attached to the girdle of the metropolis, by the shining rails, as by burnished chains.

The journey by railroad to Brighton is no small part of the charm which attaches to it. We question if a more varied and dramatic fifty miles of road is to be found in the island; and few that possess so many engineering triumphs. The Ouse viaduct, for instance, is a most stupendous undertaking, the train traversing a valley on arches a hundred feet in height, and at least a quarter of a mile in length. The embankments and cuttings, in some places, are quite terrific. The Merstham cutting, again, is nearly a hundred feet deep; while the Clayton tunnel is a mile and a quarter long. At one moment rushing through the dark void of a tunnel, and the next careering over a high embankment, the road throughout, is to the traveller a series of surprises. Now his eye stretches over vast tracts of rich country, smiling in the glorious sunshine,—now Pluto seems to seize and hurry him into the regions of eternal gloom. The range of Downs which sweep from the centre of Hampshire down to the sea-coast at Brighton, prevents our seeing the town till we are close upon the station, which is large and handsome, built in the Roman style of architecture. (Cut, No. 7.) From the hills above, the plan of this charming watering-place can be distinctly seen. (Cut, No. 9.) Its western extremity, which is bounded by Adelaide-crescent and Brunswick-terrace and Square, lies comparatively low; and from this point to Kemp Town, which is fully three miles to the east, runs a splendid promenade. The life and variety which everywhere meet the eye along this pleasant walk, is perhaps unequalled. We said before, that Brighton was like Park-lane placed alongside the sea; but we must take the Hyde-park ride and drive

with all the company in them, at the height of the season, and lay them alongside the promenade, to make the likeness complete. The western extremity of this walk lies comparatively low—almost on a level in fact, with the shingles of the beach, at this point crowded with fishing-boats and pleasure yachts. At certain times of the day, the beach, just here, offers the spectator a hundred groups both picturesque and odd. Here you will see a crowd of fishermen having a Dutch auction round a pile of glittering fish heaped upon the strand. The Dutch auction is the very reverse in principle of the ordinary auction. The fisherman who manages the sale, first putting his lot up at a high price, and gradually reducing it until some one shouts out “Have ‘em,” which concludes the sale. A little further on you see a horse harnessed to a windlass, winding a twenty-ton yacht up the steep beach, out of the sea. Countless bathing-machines in every direction, pour out their animated contents floundering and splashing in the brine; and pleasure parties, full of laughter and fun, push off for a sail on those clear green waters that lay creaming and leaping in the distance. This lovely scene continues up the beach until the suspension-pier is reached, which runs out a quarter of a mile into the sea, looking in the distance scarcely bigger than a thread. The land side is equally alive with carriages and equestrians, Bath chairs, goat-carriages, donkeys, and promenaders. The King’s-road, which forms the westernmost portion of the Promenade or Esplanade as it is here called, is terminated by the open space called the Steyne, over the trees of whose inclosure the minarets and domes of the Pavilion rise against the sky. From this spot the Marine Parade commences, and the ground rises until the roadway is full 60 feet above the level of the beach. Formerly the Downs gradually sloped to the sea, in the most broken and dangerous forms; and it was not until the year 1827, that the present marine wall was built. This structure is formed wholly of cement, and slopes at a very slight angle from the top to the base, where it is in many places 15 feet thick. As the wall rose, chalk was filled-in behind, until it attained to its destined height of 60 feet; it cost in its construction upwards of £100,000. Along the whole of this promenade, which is more than a mile in length, houses almost palatial in appearance are built, a square here and there, with its green inclosure in the centre, breaking the monotony of the line.

The Chain Pier runs out from the beach nearly at the commencement of the Marine Parade. An esplanade running beneath the sea-wall forms the entrance to this structure, which is used as a promenade by those who love the fresh breezes passing over the sea.

At the Pier-head a band plays at stated times, when it is thronged with gay company. The full extent of the "sea-face" of Brighton and of the Great Wall is seen herefrom, and impresses the stranger with its extent and beauty. The Pier was commenced in 1822, and finished in the same year, at a cost of £30,000. Its length is no less than 1134 feet by 13 feet wide. The chains are supported by four piers, built upon piles, deeply driven into the solid chalk. The structure looks fragile and light, considering the exposed nature of the coast, and the rough weather which ensues upon the setting in of a westerly gale. There might be said to be no shelter at Brighton for craft of any kind. It forms the centre, it is true, of a bay, but one of so large an arc, extending from Beachy Head to Selsey Bill, as to afford no manner of protection against rough weather. The destruction of the Chain Pier, in 1836, gave abundant proofs of the fact. It was on a November morning of that year that the great hurricane occurred, which forms the only dramatic event in the history of modern Brighton. The storm which raged on the occasion was such as "the oldest inhabitant" had never remembered. As though by some instinct, the inhabitants thronged to the pier-esplanade to watch the struggle between art and nature—to see whether science, linking with skill and calculation her iron bonds, was a fit match for the rolling surges driven by the western wind. The wrestle terminated, as most fancied, in favour of the rude force of nature. About

the middle of the day the structure, which had hitherto withstood every shock, and held gallantly on, although every now and then obscured with the dashing spray, exhibited symptoms of weakness. One of the centre bridges began to rock and tremble; this motion speedily extended throughout the structure, and ere long the bridge fell into the foaming water below, the iron suspending rods snapping like packthread, and depending helplessly in the sea. No one was injured by its falling; two persons, the last upon it, crossed luckily only a few minutes previously. When the repairs took place, the Pier was considerably strengthened; and it is now supposed to be strong enough to resist any strain that is likely to be brought upon it.

We see another proof of the persevering pressure of the western gales upon this coast in the presence of nearly two hundred yards or so of jetties, or 'groynes,' as they are called. These consist of rows of piles running down the beach some distance into the water and planked on one side. The purpose of these groynes is to prevent the loose shingle from drifting by the beating of the tide out to the east. For centuries this process has been going on along the south coast of England, and within the memory of man vast tracts of land have been swept away by the sea. In the time of Elizabeth a great part of Brighton stood where the chain-pier now stretches its iron arm across the sea. In 1665, however, twenty houses were carried away, and in 1703 and 1705 one hundred and thirteen more



9.—BRIGHTON, FROM PRESTON.

(being the remaining portion of the town under the Cliff), were overwhelmed. So constant and energetic is the action of the ocean upon the coast, that Lyell, the geologist, anticipates that in a few centuries the alluvial deposit lying between the South Downs and the sea, and forming so fertile a plain to the west of Brighton, will be swept away, leaving the bare and steep hillside as the coast-line. The importance, therefore, of staying this progress eastward is seen, and on the care taken in maintaining the groynes the very existence of the western side of the town depends. The Cliffs, which are seen to commence some little distance beyond Kemp Town, are perpetually being washed away by the combined action of frost and the tide. Returning along the promenade towards the other part of Brighton, we cannot fail to observe that Kemp Town consists for the most part of a mere mask of houses, every opening disclosing a view of the open Downs, rising almost from the back-doors of the houses. Sussex-square, and the Crescent, both noble piles of buildings, give a dignity to this end of the town, however, which is not equalled by any other part of Brighton. An esplanade stands underneath the marine-wall opposite Kemp Town, and this communicates with the Crescent by means of a tunnel running under the roads and leading up to the town in front of the houses. (Cuts, Nos. 10 and 11.)

Arrived at the Steyne, one is naturally attracted to the Pavilion,—that monument to George the Fourth's extravagance and folly, and to Nash's execrable taste. The space to the south was planted with shrubs, railed in and decorated with a statue of George the Fourth, now domineered over by the new Fountain which has lately been erected, was originally a great place of resort, though, if we are to believe the author of the 'New Brighton Guide,' a satirical poem, published in 1796, it had not much beauty, as he thus pictures it:—"It is a sort of Birmingham Vauxhall, called the Promenade-grove, made from a small enclosure of a paddock, tormented from its native simplicity, befringed with a few gawky poplars, and decorated with flowers, bowers, benches, zigzag alleys, a ditch, and a wooden box for minstrels." After this state of things was abolished, it was paved over its whole extent, and formed the fashionable place of resort for many years.

But the gates of the Pavilion Pleasure-grounds are open; let us enter with the reader. The first thing that strikes the mind of the spectator as he gazes on the palace, is a sort of wonder that George the Fourth after having, with the assistance of Nash (for it was the joint production of their two fertile brains), constructed this monstrous toy-house, should have stuck to it for so many years without growing tired of it. Surely never was such an absurdity perpetrated in the light of day before. We are not among those who blame it because it is fantastic, and out of the ordinary design of palaces. A Chinese, an Indian, or a Turkish building, thoroughly carried out, might be pleasing to the eye, however incongruous and out of character with surrounding objects. What renders it such an object

of ridicule to us, is, that it belongs to no national architecture whatever, but is a heap of ugly forms placed together without any attempt at harmonious effect. Think of the Kremlin at Moscow, St. Sophia at Constantinople, and the palace at Rangoon, all mixed together, dwarfed down to insignificant proportions, eked out here and there with "masons' Gothic," and you have before you the Pavilion. We question indeed whether the architects went so far for their design—a picturesque arrangement of two or three bulb-shaped water-bottles, and half a dozen tall candlesticks crowned by their extinguishers, would make much such another combination of forms as we find in the Pavilion.

This extraordinary edifice was no whim of the moment, built up while the idea was hot in the brain, like Beckford's Fonthill, but was result of the elaborate development of many years. It was commenced in 1794, in a very humble manner, by adding a dome to two houses purchased by His Majesty, then Prince of Wales; in 1812, wings were pushed out north and south; two years later Gore House was added to the palace, and Mr. Nash was called in to remodel the whole building and to further extend it. The Ball-room of the Castle Tavern was purchased and turned into a Royal Chapel. A tea-garden was taken in, containing an avenue of trees (which with its colony of rooks is the only respectable thing in the Royal property,) a considerable number of shops and houses were purchased and pulled down, the ground being laid out as a pleasure-garden. In this Brummagem palace the orgies of Carlton-house were continued when its royal master took up his abode here, which he generally did for three or four of the summer and autumn months of the year, and many an astounding scene the walls of its now deserted rooms have in their time witnessed.

The interior contains some fine rooms, running from south to north, almost 300 feet in length. The entrance to the palace is by way of a Chinese gallery, 162 feet in length. This apartment is lit from above by a dome, in which the God of Thunder (from the Chinese Mythology) is represented flying; from one hand depends a Chinese lantern, and in the other he carries some thunder-producing instrument. The room, when in its state of glory, was hung round with lanterns, tassels, and chimney-pieces in bamboo frames, standards and flags also floated over head, and dragons sprawled on every side; those who have seen the Chinese gallery, however, will have seen a much more faithful copy of an apartment in the celestial empire. The Royal Banqueting-hall is 60 feet in length, by 42 wide, it is also surmounted by a dome, 45 feet in height,—this dome was constructed to represent an eastern sky partially obscured by the branching leaves of a plantain tree, from which both fruit and blossom depend. Springing upwards towards it, a magnificent lustre, full 30 feet in height, once stood. This magnificent light, which seems to have been designed with originality, exhibited innumerable lotus flowers, through which

the silver rays pierced, creating a dazzling effect. This lustre, which was not sold with the other effects, is still lying about packed in innumerable boxes in some of her Majesty's town palaces. Other lustres, of a smaller size, were grouped around the room, which was fitted up like the gallery in the Chinese style. The walls were decorated with illustrations of Chinese life and manners, painted upon a ground which imitated mother-of-pearl. The Music-room was still more magnificent in appearance. This room is upwards of 60 feet in length, and 41 feet in height. From this elevation springs the great dome (the large claret bottle that we see outside), which is at least 30 feet in diameter. This dome is ornamented with golden scales, and is gorgeous looking in the extreme; a lustre depended from it, in the form of lotus flowers. Canopies of crimson and gold, supported by columns, round which enormous serpents twisted, scrolls, bells, paintings, and Chinese ornaments of every kind, crowded the room, in which stood a magnificent organ, which the Queen presented to the Town Hall. There are several other rooms of large size, all of which were fitted with Chinese ornaments; a species of decoration by-the-bye entirely out of character with any part of the exterior of the building, which touches upon any eastern architecture *but the Chinese*. All these decorations have long since vanished, and the deserted rooms in all their festive gilt, tarnished and dusty, look the picture of desolation.

The last time royalty visited these rooms was when the Queen paid Brighton a visit, some five years since. The people of the town stared at her so outrageously, however, that her Majesty became offended, and determined never to enter the walls of the palace again. After remaining shut up for several years, it was dismantled of its furniture, and the Woods and Forests determined to sell the building. The town, not wishing to be deprived of the grounds, or of their dearly-loved Pavilion, purchased them, in 1849, for £53,000—not a quarter, perhaps, of the sum originally lavished upon it; but more, certainly, than the "lot" is worth. What the good people mean to do with their palace, now they have got it, we don't know: to pull it down would certainly be the wisest course, as it would give room and remove a public eyesore. The circular area covered by the gigantic dome, which is certainly a useful building, might be turned into an amphitheatre: its contiguous stables are large and complete, and a good equestrian company would be a great addition to Brighton in the season. We see no other purpose to which it could be turned, unless it were fitted up as a bazaar, but then the ranges of stabling would be useless, as they all open into this central building. These stables are the most complete part of the whole structure, although they are very far from being either so spacious or superb as those of Versailles. There is stabling for sixty horses; and above these apartments for grooms, &c. It was the intention of George IV. to have erected a riding-house, 200 feet long and 50 broad, and a tennis-court; and

the central area is pierced with two large Moorish arches, which were to lead to these buildings; but either the money or the ground was wanting for these additions.

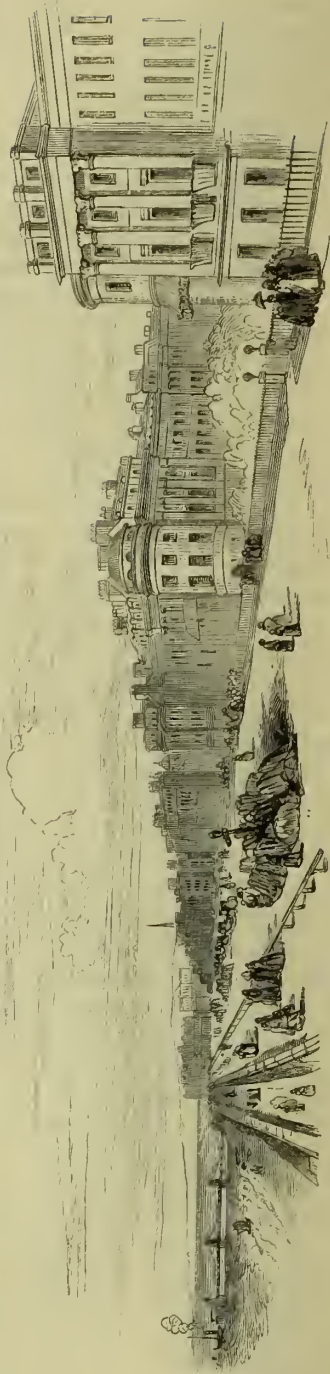
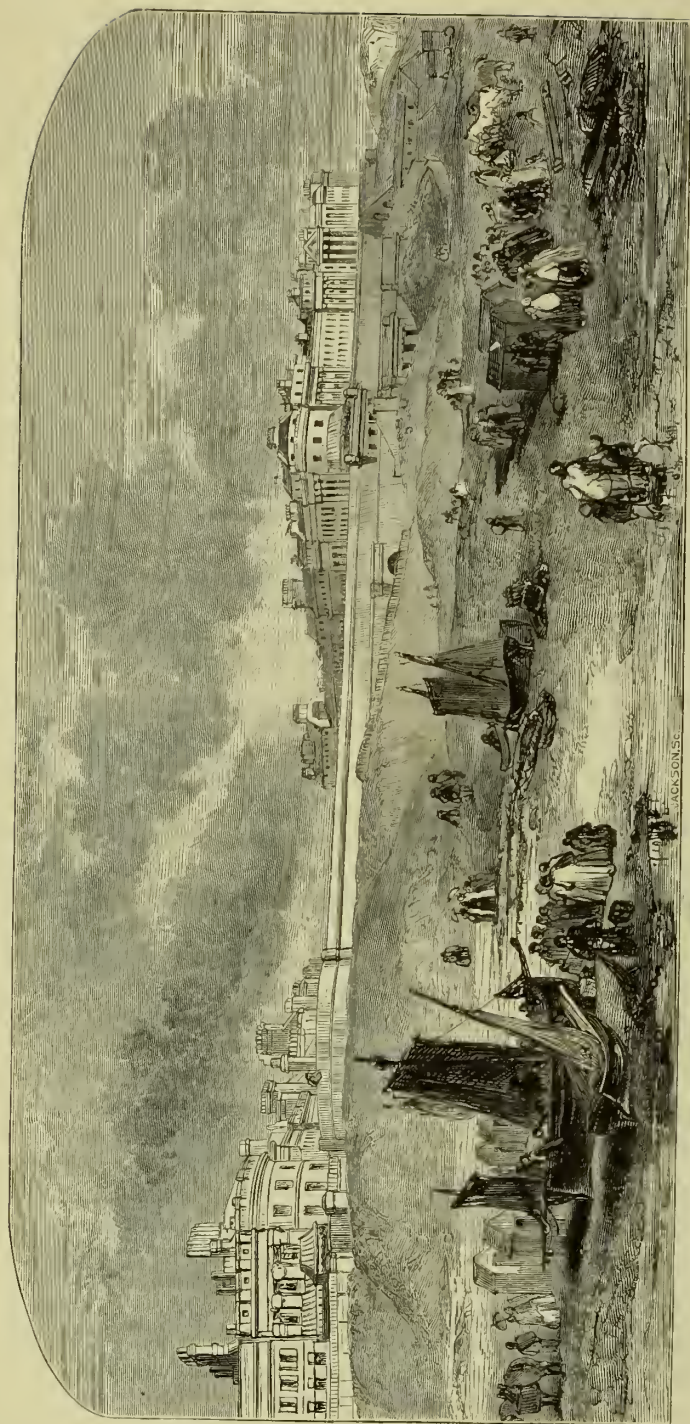
The pleasure-grounds are not extensive, and certainly not laid out with particular taste; nevertheless trees are such rare things in Brighton, that the inhabitants make much of them. The walks surround the Pavilion, into whose windows you can peep if you desire—at vacancy; and numerous are the groups generally to be seen straining their eyes to see how royalty housed itself. The whole space of ground on which the Pavilion and its gardens stand, is about eleven acres. We had almost forgotten to have mentioned the kitchen,—an unpardonable omission, when we consider how much it ministered to the King's pleasure. This room, like the others, was in the Chinese style, great lanterns depending from the ceiling, and Ionic columns, in the form of branching palm-trees, supporting the roof. We wonder if his Majesty had his cutlet *à la Pekin*, or salads *à la Loo Choo Foo*? We feel quite certain that honest beef and mutton dared not have shown themselves in such a celestial kitchen.

From the Steyne we can either proceed in a northerly direction into the town, or proceed by the sea-side along the King's-road. As we have described the latter promenade, it will be as well, perhaps, to speak of the Old Town, if such an appellation can be given to so juvenile a place.

Brighton, like Cheltenham, owes its present flourishing condition entirely to the fact of the Prince of Wales making it a place of residence. Before he commenced building the Pavilion in 1794, it was nothing more than a small fishing town, such as it had been for two or three centuries. The earliest notion we have of Brighton is derived from a very quaint print, showing the attack upon the town by the French in 1545. About fifty houses, planted in a square, much like the way children would plant them out of a box of toys, with flames breaking from most of the houses, the old church tower which is plainly depicted on the hill, two or three gigantic windmills, a tremendous fire-cage swung upon the top of a pole, and acting as an alarm beacon, with the French landing in front, and soldiers assembled to oppose them gathered round the church and marching on the roads from Poyning and Lewes, form this unique composition. It appears the neighbouring inhabitants, on this occasion, gathered so strongly on the Downs, that the invaders retreated and gave in. In the 'Archæologia,' vol. xxiv., published by the Society of Antiquaries, in 1832, there is a copy of this curious print, accompanied with the following account of the affair taken from Holinshed; who says, "In 37 Hen. VIII. 1545, July 18th, the Admiral of France, Mons. Danebalte, hoised up sails, and with his whole navy, (which consisted of two hundred ships and twenty-six galleys) came forth into the seas, and arrived on the coast of Sussex before Bright Hamstead, and set certain of his



10.—KEMP TOWN, FROM THE BEACH.



11.—KEMP TOWN, LOOKING TOWARDS BRIGHTON.

soldiers on land to burn and spoil the country ; but the beacons were fired, and the inhabitants thereabouts came down so thick, that the Frenchmen were driven to flee with loss of diverse of their numbers ; so that they did little hurt there. Immediately hereupon they made to the Isle of Wight, when about two thousand of their men landed, and one of their chief captains, named le Chevalier Daux, a Provençois, being slain with many other, the residue, with loss and shame, were driven back again to their galleys. And having knowledge by certain fishermen, whom they took, that the King was present upon the coast, and a huge power ready to assist them, they disanctioned [disanchored ?] and drew along the coast of Sussex, and a small number of them landed again in Sussex, of whom few returned to their ships ; for diverse gentlemen of the country, as Sir Nicholas Pelham and others, with such power as was raised upon the sudden, took them up by the way and quickly distressed them. When they had searched everywhere by the coast, and saw men still ready to receive them with battle, they turned stern, and so got them home again without any act achieved worthy to be mentioned. The number of the Frenchmen was great, so that diverse of them that were taken prisoners in the Isle of Wight and in Sussex, did report that they were three-score thousand."

The town of Brighthelmstone had been previously attacked and burnt by the French, in the night, in 1514, by Prior Jehan, who was at that time the great captain of the French navy. Holinshed says that at this time, "when the people began to gather, by firing the beacons, Prior Jehan sounded his trumpet, to call his men aboard, and by that time it was day. Then certain archers that kept the watch followed Prior Jehan to the sea, and shot so fast that they beat the galley-men from the shore, and wounded many in the foist ; to the which Prior Jehan was constrained to wade, and was shot in the face with an arrow, so that he lost one of his eyes, and was like to have died of the hurt : and therefore he offered his image of wax before our Lady at Bullogne, with the English arrow in the face, for a miracle."

A print, bearing date 1745, shows the town to have increased somewhat, there is also a sign of a sea-wall in front of it, and the Block-house looks formidable enough : nevertheless, this must have made the town appear larger than it really was : for another print, dated 1765, shows a fine tract of down, containing rich arable and pasture on the hill-side, where St. James and other contiguous streets now stand ; and we see reapers cutting the crops on the ground now occupied by the Marine-parade and its neighbourhood. During the period that a great portion of the town was situated below the cliff—that is, in the time of Elizabeth—we learn that a wall was built, 15 feet high and 400 feet long, at the most accessible part of the cliff : this, without doubt, was the wall we see in the print of 1745, as it was not destroyed until it fell with the Block-house, from the effect of the sea, in 1786. When this old wall existed, the communi-

cation between the houses on the cliff and those under it was kept up by means of gateways of stone : these were named, East-gate, at the lower end of East-street ; the Porter's-gate, which stood next the East-gate ; the Middle-gate, opposite Middle-street ; and the West-gate, which terminated West-street. These gates have been all long since demolished, and the only remnants of the Old Town still remaining are a few houses, and St. Nicholas' Church, on the hill.

Before quitting the historical portion of our sketch of Brighton, we should indeed be neglectful of the profound loyalty of the place, if we omitted to mention so important an event in its annals as the escape from its shores, in 1651, of Charles II. The Boscobel narrative tells us of the many hair's-breadth escapes which happened to him after his flight from the fatal field of Worcester ;—how he managed to conceal himself at Leigh, near Bristol, and what ineffectual attempts were made to procure a passage for him at Poole, in Dorsetshire ; how, at last, he took ship in safety at Brighthelmstone, and finally got away from his pursuers. The manner of this escape was as follows :—After wandering about from one hiding-place to another, for at least six weeks, he was at length brought by Lord Wilmot and Colonel Gunter to the house of one Mr. Maunsell, a great adherent, living at Ovingdean. Here he lay concealed within a double partition for several days, while his friends were busy framing means for his escape. They ultimately decided upon obtaining the assistance of the master of a coal-brig, named Nicholas Tattersall, who lay under an obligation to the Prince for having, many years before, released his ship, then detained in the Downs by a royal squadron, by his own personal order. Soon after nightfall on the 14th of October, the fugitive Prince was led over the Downs from Ovingdean, disguised as well as his friends were able, and taken to a small inn, still in existence, and situated in West-street, then called the 'George,' but since that event, rechristened the 'King's Head.' Here he and the Lord Wilmot waited in fear and trembling the coming of Tattersall ; and not without good reason, for the landlord—one Smith—speedily recognized the Prince through his disguise, promising, however, and maintaining the utmost secrecy. Tattersall also discovered his sovereign in an instant,—from which it is certain that his disguise was not very profound. Next morning, at five o'clock, the whole party proceeded on board his miserable vessel ; and we feel assured that the green expanse of ocean that stretches out to the south was never more narrowly scanned to see if any republican cruisers were in sight than on that morning, when the dirty coal-brig, with her precious freight, put off for the friendly shore of France. This voyage was perfectly successful ; and the same day Charles was landed at Fescamp in Normandy.

The main part of the town of Brighton lies in a hollow of the hill, and is sheltered on all sides but the south, which lies open to the sea. Its principal streets are full of shops of the handsomest description ; indeed,

the tradesmen of Brighton generally make as good an appearance as the West-end London establishments.

The Town-hall is the largest and most imposing building in the town. It was erected at a cost of no less than £46,000, and in it nearly all the public business of Brighton is transacted. As a building it is finer than many we have seen in much larger towns, being 144 feet in length by 113 in depth, and it is embellished with three porticos. Brighton has not yet assumed the dignity of a corporate town, but is governed by commissioners, whose offices are in this building, which also contains offices for the Court of Requests, the Petty Sessions, and for the magistrates. The basement story is used as a prison, the ground floor contains a market, and the upper story contains some very handsome assembly-rooms.

Magistrates, fiddlers, dancers, market-women, lawyers, debtors, creditors, prisoners, jailors, commissioners,—we question if any single roof in the kingdom covers such a multitude of incongruous occupations as that of the Brighton Town-hall. There is another and a very large market situated in the centre of the town. The wholesale fish-market is held on the beach, as we have before described, and there is a corn-market held in Marlborough-place every Thursday. The amusements of Brighton are but few; the town possesses a theatre, and a very pretty one, but like most other provincial establishments of the kind, it has not been sufficiently supported for a long time, and is now shut. Balls and concerts are held at the Town-hall and at the Old Ship Hotel, where there is a splendid room 80 feet long.

It seems that a watering-place must have a Spa; whether it be real or artificial is of no matter. Brighton therefore has its German Spa situated in the park, a plantation lying to the north of the town. Here chemical imitations of the different German mineral waters are prepared, as the Guide-books say, "in such perfection as not to be distinguishable either in taste or effect from the original springs." Here, without the annoyance of getting sea-sick, you might obtain all the advantages of a visit to the Spas of Marienbad, Auschowitz, Eger, Pyrmont, Spa, Geilnau, Seltzer, Seidschütz, and Püllna.

At a distance of only half a mile west of the town a natural chalybeate spring has been discovered at Wick, where a neat little pump-room has been erected. This spring is said to be useful in cases of debility and indigestion, and many people frequent it, as much as anything for the walk, perhaps, and to take refreshments at the pretty little Swiss Cottage close at hand. The spring, which is cold, according to the analysis of sixteen ounces of the water, by Dr. Marcet, contains

	oz.	grs.
Muriate of soda	3	0
Muriate of magnesia . . .	0	27
Sulphate of lime	4	0
Oxide of iron	1	4
Silica	0	14
	<hr/>	
	9	29
Cubic inches of carbonic acid gas in 100 cubic inches of water	7	62

Baths of every kind, whether medicated, salt, or fresh, in all their varieties of application, are to be had in Brighton. Brill's Tepid Swimming-bath, situated at the bottom of Earl-street, however, forms quite a feature of the town. It consists of a very large circular covered area, filled with sea-water, which is pumped up from the sea continually, and heated to a temperature of 75°. In this excellent bath you may have all the advantages of a swim in the sea, with the addition of having a really comfortable temperature and dressing-room. We really do not know a better way for the citizen to restore the tone of his relaxed fibres than to "take a Brill," as it is familiarly called, and a good gallop on the Downs afterwards.

St. Nicholas Church, the oldest building in Brighton, is situated high on the hill to the north-west of the town. From its tower, which must be more than 200 feet above the sea line, a splendid view of the neighbouring country and of the town might be had. It was erected in the reign of Henry VII., and is Tudor in its style, although successive additions and repairs have rendered it a most picturesque jumble. (Cut, No. 8.) There is a very singular font in the interior, which is said to have been brought from Normandy in the reign of William the Conqueror, but it looks Saxon in character, and doubtless was removed from some much older building. A very rude bas-relief runs round it, representing the Lord's supper. The churchyard contains two inscriptions, which are interesting, one to the Nicholas Tattersall who helped Charles II. to escape to France—which fact is made known to the strangers by a most loyal and laudatory epitaph; the other speaks of a very singular character, as her epitaph, which we give, will show—

In Memory of

PHOEBE HESSEL,

Who was born at Stepney, in the year 1713;

She served for many years

As a private soldier, in the 5th regiment of foot,

In different parts of Europe;

And in the year 1745 fought under the command

Of the Duke of Cumberland,

At the battle of Fontenoy,

Where she received a bayonet wound in the arm.

Her long life, which commenced in the reign of Queen Anne,
extended to George the Fourth,

By whose munificence she received

Comfort and support in her latter years.

She died in Brighton, where she had long resided,

December 12th, 1821,

Aged 108 years,

And lies buried here.

St. Peter's, erected in 1827, is a very elaborate building, in the modern Gothic style, situated in the north part of the town. There is another church at present building in this quarter, on the edge of the Downs, where the road leading to the Dyke commences. It promises to be far the most elegant of all the Brighton churches, the tracery of the windows being of the most elaborate and beautiful character. The town contains five other churches, and seven chapels-of-ease, together with a crowd of Dissenting and other places of worship.

Shoreham is the harbour of Brighton, and from this point the steam communication with Dieppe is kept up. The Brighton and Shoreham Railway makes the passage between the two points exceedingly rapid. Shoreham is divided into the Old and New Town; the former, which was once a town of some importance, has given place to its younger rival, which is a very improving place, possessing at least two hundred inhabitants. Its tidal harbour has 18 feet of water in it at spring tides, but it is rather dangerous to enter. The chief attraction of Shoreham to the Brighton folks is its Swiss Gardens, a kind of Rosherville, only on a larger scale, with a lake in its centre, with boats for hire. It has a ball-room 120 feet long by 45 wide, which, since the days of universal polking, proves a great attraction, vast crowds visiting the place on all holidays and fête days.

The Downs at the back of the town form the most glorious riding that can be imagined. As the rider crosses over them on his free going steed, he might fancy himself in the wilds of Australia, so vast does the landscape appear; the earth seems to swell and roll like the heaving billows of a mighty sea. Not a house or sign of cultivation is to be seen on them for many miles in some parts, and the only signs of life are the flocks of the famous South-Downs, which, on some distant upland of the landscape, look like so many maggots working and twisting together. The fine nature of the turf, formed of the smallest herbs between the grass, is supposed to be the cause of the exquisite flavour the mutton fed upon it attains; it also affords that delicious spring to the horse's feet which seems to make him delight in galloping upon it. The race-course is situated upon the highest ridge of the Downs, at no great distance from the town. Here the races are held in the early part of August, and attract a large and brilliant company. To obtain a thorough idea of the grandeur the Downs can put on, and to witness one of those contrasts which nature loves sometimes to show between the sublimity of bare and sweeping hills, and the calm and repose of her fruitful plains, the visitor should take a gallop over the smooth turf to the Devil's Dyke. This extraordinary spot lies only seven miles distant from Brighton; there is no beaten road to it, but the sod is the highway for all. As you leave the town and enter upon the Downs you see at once how cultivation, notwithstanding the repeal of the Corn-laws, is gradually advancing upon this virgin soil. Heavy crops of both wheat and oats were just being gathered in as we lately rode over the Downs, evincing how fruitful is the few inches of soil lying upon the chalk formation of which these hills are composed—there seems no sign here at least of that disastrous transformation of arable into pasture which the Duke of Richmond has so passionately predicted; on the contrary, the poor South-Downs are year by year finding the food taken from them, and the golden grain waving where once the lonely shepherd and themselves wandered freely as in the Savannahs of the far west. As you ride on,

the eye searches in vain for the scene towards which you are journeying: the plain, undulating on all sides, is terminated before you by a gradually ascending upland. No trace of the Dyke is to be seen, and it is not until the top of the ridge is gained that any portion of the extraordinary scenery so close upon you comes to view. The Devil's Dyke, which gives the name to the spot from which such a magnificent prospect is obtained, is nothing more than a very deep and sudden valley of a semicircular form, sunken as it were in the gently rising ground. Extraordinary as this chasm is, the spectator passes it almost unnoticed as the Weald of Sussex suddenly unfolds as it were at his feet. If nature had endeavoured to create a sudden surprise for man, she could not have done it more effectually than by leading him over the gradual ascent of a vast Down, and then suddenly sinking the earth six or seven hundred feet in a bold escarpment, until it formed a plain almost limitless to the eye, and rich in summer foliage and yellow corn. For miles on each side the Downs descend into this plain in an almost perpendicular manner. It almost looks as though the Titans, piling up the land against Jove, had advanced so far with their "tip" and then stopped short. If you throw yourself down on the edge of this fearful descent on a fine summer's afternoon, and strain your eyes over this wonderful plain beneath, you gain a sensation of space that no other landscape in England can perhaps afford. The valley before you stretches north-east to south-west, a space of no less than one hundred and twenty miles, commencing at Maidstone and only terminates at the Hampshire Downs, near Portsmouth. To the north and north-west the eye reaches as far as Croydon and Norwood; no fewer than six counties being rolled out in this gigantic map at the spectator's feet, and these for the most part garden or park-like in culture and appearance. Those who are curious about the matter, might count upwards of sixty churches dotted over the extending landscape. Turning to the southward the spectator traces distinctly the extensive bay sweeping between Beachy Head and Selsey Bill, with Brighton in the centre. Looking over the ocean to the west, the Culver Cliffs of the Isle of Wight are seen quite distinctly by the naked eye, although upwards of forty miles distant, and an expanse of ocean stretches before you such as a whole lifetime will scarcely show you again.

Let us now turn to the Devil's Dyke,—why so called we do not know, except on the general principle that anything tremendous looking is generally ascribed by the common people to Satanic agency. Of old it used to be called "The Poor Man's Wall;" this name arose perhaps from the shelter it afforded shepherds from the bleak winds of winter.

The Devil's Dyke, then, is a precipitous valley, or more properly speaking a gigantic "cutting," of a bowed form, its two ends forming, together with the precipitous terminations of the Downs, an oval-like island of ground, as it were, completely inaccessible at

every point but one, and this is fortified with a line of earthwork and a deep vallum. From what we have said it will be clear to the reader that the spot formed of old a Roman encampment, as it undoubtedly did; and a more impregnable position could not well have been chosen. In all probability the Dyke was originally a deep chasm or valley, in the hill which the invaders rendered still more precipitous by art; indeed, if the spectator looks down upon it when the sun shines along its steep descent, on the southern side, he will perceive where the natural round of the hill-side terminates, and the straight, steep "cutting" commences. This Dyke, either side of which slopes at an angle of 45°, is upwards of 300 feet in depth, and is flat and level at the bottom, as though used by the Romans for a road. The space of ground isolated by means of this Dyke is nearly a mile in length, and forms certainly the highest point of observation in the county. Here, as upon an inaccessible eyrie, the Roman eagles of old watched the plain beneath them; keeping in awe the Britons who still hunted in the almost unbroken forest which spread as far as the eye could reach. Where, in all probability, the tents of the soldiers stood, a comfortable little inn is located, and the visitor finds accommodation such as he would little expect in the centre of these wild Downs. The house is completely supported by the pleasure-parties from Brighton, who ride over to see the Dyke and prospect. In the winter none but the shepherds of the neighbourhood approach it, and when snow covers the ground it is as much cut off from the haunts of men as the Eddystone Lighthouse during the equinoctial gales. The landlord, who is intelligent and obliging, nevertheless seems to bear well "winter and rough weather," especially those tremendous gales from the Atlantic which blow here with such force as to almost make you believe in the assertion of the sea captain, that he was obliged during one of them to employ "two men to hold on the hair of his head."

Another favourite place of resort of the Brightonians and visitors is the Miller's Tomb, on High Down Hill. This spot is not far from the Goring station on the Brighton and Chichester Railway. The eccentric miller to whom the tomb belongs had a fancy for contemplating mortality; and if one might make a joke on such a subject, was always trying "to be in" at his own death. For this purpose he had his grave dug on the top of the hill, in the year 1776; at the same time he caused his coffin to be made, which he placed upon castors, and by touching a spring caused it to roll out into his room. This coffin he placed under his bed every night. The old man seems to have huffed grim death by these proceedings, for he continued to play with his anything but cheerful toy for thirty-three years, not dying until the year 1793, when he was in his eighty-fourth year. His tomb is surrounded by iron railings, and it has numerous inscriptions written upon it by his own hand.

Oliver left a handsome annuity to his grave, and also to a summer-house which he erected close to it, with the idea that other people would be as fond of contemplating his last resting-place as himself. This annuity, £20 a year we believe, the living have not disbursed in those due repairs desired by the miller,—a matter some public-spirited individual should look into, for the summer-house affords a charming view, over a very charming country.

Bramber Castle, the very name it goes under in Domesday-book, is the most interesting relic of the feudal times near Brighton. The village of Bramber is on the banks of the river Adur, four miles from Shoreham. It formed one of those infamous nests of political corruption which the Reform Bill swept away. It only contains about thirty cottages; nevertheless, they, in "the good old times," returned two members to parliament; every house built upon an ancient foundation gave a vote to its holder, provided he paid scot and lot. From the village the castle is plainly visible, as it stands on very elevated ground. It was at one time a most formidable fortress, and commanded the adjacent pass into the country. The ruins are still very extensive, and cover much space of ground, but no one perfect bit of the stronghold remains. Some portion of it was defensible in the time of the civil wars, and garrisoned by a strong body of parliamentary soldiers; but when Cromwell attained the supreme power, it was destroyed by his orders, to prevent its forming a stronghold against the Commonwealth at any future time. In the foss of the castle a church now stands, built doubtless out of the ruins of the old walls.

Arundel Castle, the splendid seat of the Duke of Norfolk, surrounded by its fringe of woods, is now, unfortunately, closed to the public; but at Lewes, the county town, which is only distant eight miles from Brighton, very considerable remains of a castle are still to be seen. The gateway, which is very old,—counting at least from the Norman times,—and a greater portion of *two* keeps (a twin arrangement of strongholds that we do not remember in any other castle), are still in a pretty good state of preservation. The town of Lewes was formerly a more considerable place than it now is, and carried on extensive manufactures: it is still, however, considered the county town, and contains the County Hall, and is one of its chief corn-markets. A very interesting discovery was made here in 1845. When they were making the excavations for the railway, the remains of Earl Warrene and his Countess Gundreda, enclosed in leaden coffins, were disinterred. The one was inscribed with the letters WILLMS, and on the other GUNDRADA is cut in the most distinct manner. The Earl and his wife were the founders of a Priory in the town, for monks of the Cluniac order, in the year 1078; so that the coffins must have been nearly eight hundred years old.

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THE NEW PALACE OF WESTMINSTER.

THE NEW PALACE OF WESTMINSTER.

The New Palace of Westminster,—a mighty theme! let us pause on the threshold, as it were, for a moment's reflection upon its nature.

Do we contrast it with other evidences of the national grandeur of the land we live in? Our British and other Museums, our National and other Galleries?—It is from *here* they draw *their* life blood; the golden stream annually let loose for them by a parliamentary vote. Our railways?—They were not, nay, they could not be, until the modern Jupiter, here located, had nodded consent. Our trade, commerce, agriculture, industrial arts?—They all revolve within the systems *here* shaped out, and which systems, vast and complex as they are, may all be again *here* altered, for aught we know, within the next half-dozen sessions. Our marriage and other laws, that affect family relations? It is *here* they anchor. Our cathedrals? Their supporting base is but a parliamentary enactment *here* elaborated; and, as they were *here* turned from Catholic into Protestant institutions, so they may again be devoted to the old, or to some yet unknown mode of worship, if the voice of the people, speaking through its representatives *here*, shall ever so determine. Our executive law, with its vast and imposing machinery of courts, judges, and assizes, and its terrible perspectives of prisons, penal colonies, and gallows?—It is *here* law is made. Our government, with its armies on every shore, its fleets on almost every sea?—*Here* is the governor of that government; the oracle that can in an instant paralyse its arm, or almost miraculously strengthen it, by an adverse or a favourable vote. In short, of all earthly things, that which nearest approaches material omnipotence, is *here*. We know nothing that parliament can not do,—but reverse human nature; or—considering some of its acts, the satirist might add—understand it.

The place is worthy of the theme. Doubtless, there are disadvantages attached to it; it is low, and circumscribed. But then it is just so near the heart of London as to be accessible within a brief ride, or a moderate walk; and just so far off as to avoid the worst of our metropolitan street-bustle and clamour. Our legislature *may* here sit down calmly to think and enact. But then on the other hand, the spirit-stirring associations of that scene! can these be paralleled for interest or importance by any other site in the world? We need not fear any national conceit in replying—assuredly not. It is not simply that here has been, and is, the home of the legislature to which are entrusted such solemn and comprehensive functions, but that that legislature has itself grown up here from the faintest, scarcely perceptible beginnings, into the power

it now is. And through what terrible and protracted struggles! what alternation of success and failure! what baptisms of blood! Look around; every nook and corner has its own particular history, illustrative of the general history of the kings, parliaments, state trials, executions, and of that gradual development of the English people which is revealed through all the other phenomena, and all which we sum up into the words, the history of the Palace at Westminster. Look around on this space, bounded by the two Palace Yards old and new, (the great courts of the old palace,) on the north and south, and by the Thames and Westminster Abbey on the east and west. We will not pause yet to examine the new magnificence we see fast rising to completion upon this site, we wish first to notice the objects around it, and some of which will by-and-by disappear. The river reminds us of one of the earliest recorded incidents, connected with the palace here, and which, in itself, startlingly illustrates the state of things from which we have, as a nation, gradually emerged; that was Canute's flinging out of one of the palace windows into the Thames, the body of Edric Streon, to whom he was chiefly indebted for his English crown. We have no crowns happily now to spare in the Canute fashion, when they may happen to be wanted; nor do our laws execute justice, or perpetrate vengeance in this style in the nineteenth century. The existence of the palace, in Canute's time, has been very needlessly doubted; for in addition to the above fact, which is stated by William of Malmesbury, in connection with the palace in London, (and he would hardly refer to any other,) Widmore, the historian of the abbey, speaks of the latter as, "near to the king's palace." The ancient historian Norden says, Canute inhabited the palace at Westminster about 1035; and lastly in a bull of Pope Nicholas II., inserted in the emperor's third charter to the abbey, it is especially stated that, "the place where the said church and monastery were built, was anciently the seat of kings." Messrs. Britton and Brayley's only reason for doubting, appears to be that they thought the palace had not extended close to the Thames, and that therefore the feat recorded was not practicable. They seem strangely to have overlooked the discovery made, prior to 1834, in the Speaker's Garden, that the whole of that place was but a comparatively modern embankment, and that the wall of what had formerly been the Vicars' Houses, had been originally washed by the Thames. Other foundation walls were, at the same time, discovered, which had been originally close to the river's edge. These walls may, or may not, have been parts of the earliest palace erected here; but at all events their

existence is quite sufficient to remove any particular difficulty as to the belief of Edric Streon's summary execution from the palace windows.

Let us now glance at the line of buildings immediately opposite Westminster Abbey, stretching along Margaret-street, and shutting out for the present the view of the land front of the new pile. It consists, first, of the Law Courts, each with its public entrance into Westminster Hall at the back, then, of the buildings that have been used since the fire of 1834, for the sittings of the Lords and Commons. A strange medley this line of exterior here presents—bald looking Tudor architecture—private looking doors, opening into apparently unimportant private residences—old decayed brick-work—wooden erections towering up, and running about in various directions—and over all the gorgeous architecture of the new pile gradually stretching forth its bulk, preparatory, as it were, to thrusting the whole altogether out of its way. That House of Lords, which has so lately ceased to be used, contains portions of the walls of the chamber in which Edward the Confessor died, and which possibly from that circumstance was first named St. Edward's chamber. Subsequently it was called the Painted Chamber, under which name it will be remembered for centuries after the last vestige of it shall have disappeared. It was in that chamber the warrant for the execution of Charles the First was signed. There all parliaments for several centuries used to be opened—though not subsequently used by them in their sittings. There oil painting was in use two centuries before Van Eyck, as we used to think, discovered the art. It was long a matter of wonder what the name "Painted Chamber" could mean, until, on the removal of some old tapestry in 1800, the walls and window-jambes were found to be covered with pictures representing the battles of the Maccabees, incidents relating to the life of Edward the Confessor, and other subjects. The accounts of the payments made for mending these paintings are still in existence, and are contained in a roll of the 20th of Edward the First's reign. We there read of white lead at 2*d.* a pound, of three quarts of oil at 9*d.*, of verdigris at 1½*d.*, of vermilion at 2½*d.*, of varnish, one pound at 4*d.*, of ochre, plaster, thread, and skin, &c. Altogether the materials amounted to 3*s.* The artist was Master Walter, who was paid one shilling a day, for seven days. He had three assistants, during part of this time, who were paid each sixpence a day.

This was not the original House of Lords. That building was taken after the fire of 1834 to make the present (though we are not sure we ought not to say the late) House of Commons. In looking then upon this latter building, which will also soon disappear under the advances of the new pile, we look upon the scene of those historical events which have been indissolubly connected with the locality of the Upper House. It was in that house that the great Chatham addressed the Lords for the last time under such fatal circumstances—and for an object scarcely less painful to reflect on—opposition to the independence of the United States,

when opposition was dying out among his brother peers. The Duke of Richmond answered with some asperity of tone, it is said, and Chatham again rose as if in high excitement, attempted to reply, but fell back in a fit, was carried out of the house, and died a few days after, on the 11th of May, 1778. It was in that house that Bishop Taylor stood alone in his resistance to Queen Mary, when she ordered mass to be celebrated before both Houses, on the opening of her first Parliament. The host was duly elevated, but the Bishop of Lincoln refused to kneel to it, and was thrust with violence out of the House. It was there the illustrious Chancellor Bacon sat day after day, shivering in mortal dread lest every message from the Commons might be for his impeachment. Lord Campbell says, "On the 17th of March he presided in the House of Lords for the last time. He had a fright on that day by the spectre that had so often crossed his path, and was now ever present to his imagination. 'A message from the Commons' was announced, and the Chancellor marching down to the Bar perceived that it was brought by Sir Edward Coke (Bacon's relentless enemy). He suspected that the message might have been to exhibit articles of impeachment against himself for bribery and corruption; he was relieved when Coke declared the message to be 'of a different nature.' Notwithstanding this respite, Bacon's courage now failed him;—he hurried the adjournment of the House as much as possible, lest another message might come up of a more serious nature, which it would have been very awkward for him to have announced from the woolsack; and as soon as he got home he took to his bed, pretending a sudden and serious illness." What a position for the highest judicial authority of the kingdom! Bacon's crime did indeed bring with it its own fitting punishment. It was in that House Edward IV. pleaded personally against his brother the Duke of Clarence, for having used certain free expressions; and although no adequate proof, even of such a crime, was adduced, what jury could resist when a king addressed them? So poor Clarence was declared guilty by the peers, while the Commons summarily demanded his execution. Edward remembered he was a brother, and so—he gave Clarence a choice of deaths. Accordingly he was drowned in a butt of Malmsey wine. The poet who has made this incident so famous (though by a somewhat different interpretation), has done as much for another striking incident that occurred in the House of Lords during the reign of Richard the Second. Four years before Richard's deposition, the Duke of Hereford (Bolingbroke) startled the assembled peers by suddenly accusing the Duke of Norfolk of having spoken to him in private conversation, slanderously and traitorously of the king. Norfolk in answer, indignantly denied the charge, and gave Hereford the lie. A single combat before the king was in consequence arranged; the lists were prepared with unusual magnificence—the chief personages of the realm were waiting in anxious suspense for the onset which

was just about to take place, when Richard threw down his gage, stopped all personal contest, and banished both the peers from the country. One of them soon returned—the one that had exposed (if he spoke truly) the traitorous manifestations of his brother peer; and he now quietly took the crown, and dismissed his former monarch to the Tower. One cannot, under all these circumstances, but feel a keen desire to know if Bolingbroke spoke truly and loyally on that occasion in the House of Lords, and was rendered disloyal by the ingratitude of Richard; or if, on the contrary, there were some deep ulterior designs even then dawning in his most secret soul, and which would be promoted by getting rid of Norfolk.

We have not yet exhausted even the more salient points of the history of that old House of Lords. Previous to its destination to that purpose, it had been used as and was known by the name of the Court of Requests, because there the masters of the court received and answered petitions or requests for justice from all parties. "This," says Stowe, "was also called 'the Poor Man's Court,' because there he could have right without paying any money." Can't we revive that court? Going back still farther into the depths of the past, we find the same chamber called the White Hall, also the Lesser Hall, and lastly, probably originally, the Hall simply, or the Great Hall, for it is supposed to have been the original hall of the Confessor's palace, and to have descended to the position and name of the Lesser Hall when Rufus built his new banquetting-hall—that which has since been so famous as Westminster Hall. Let us recapitulate these titles, uses, and changes; first the Hall, then the Lesser Hall, then the Court of Requests, and the Poor Man's Court (never be that feature of its past forgotten!) then the House of Lords, now, or lately, the House of Commons. It was in that Lesser Hall that Richard I. was sitting when he received news from France that King Philip had entered Normandy, and besieged Verneuil. We can picture to ourselves the concentration of all that is most terrible in rage, in thirst for vengeance, and in man's will, when stimulated to its highest manifestations, if we reflect upon Richard's reception of the intelligence. He swore he would never turn away his face until he had met and fought the French King; and an opening in the wall was actually made for him at once, opposite where he sat, that he might march straight on to the fulfilment of his vow; so, at least, says Brompton in his Chronicle.

And which then was, or is, the old House of Commons we naturally ask, on finding that neither of the houses raised since the fire of 1834, was originally used by the popular representatives? If, standing by the base of Henry VII.'s Chapel, and with the Abbey Chapter House behind us, where good Queen Maud used to go in Lent, barefoot, and wash the feet of the poor, and from which the offended abbot literally once turned out the whole House of Commons as a rabble, whom there was no keeping in order, we look directly opposite, we see before us, over the houses of which we

have been speaking, the gorgeous magnificence of a kind of wing transept that projects from the centre of the new pile. With that transept, which extends up to the central tower, and is lighted by magnificent cathedral-like windows, we find St. Stephen's Porch, and beyond that St. Stephen's Hall, the latter being on the site of St. Stephen's Chapel—the old House of Commons, which was utterly destroyed by the fire of 1834. It is supposed to have been founded by King Stephen in honour of the proto-martyr, and was rebuilt and sumptuously decorated during the reigns of the first three Edwards. All that artistic skill and boundless expenditure could do seem to have been then exhausted upon the chapel. Some six-and-thirty pages are occupied in Britton and Brayley's work on the Palace of Westminster by details of the expenditure incurred during the single reign of Edward III. The artist-mason, who seems to have then had the management of the works, was a Master Thomas; the name—oddly enough—of the sculptor of the present pile. Here, again, we meet with superabundant evidences that oil painting was naturalised in England two centuries before the period of its presumed discoverer, Van Eyck. Hugh de St. Alban's was the "master of the painters;" who, it appears, selected their own assistants, and had the power to compel them to serve at the "king's wages;" in fact, mandates were issued to the sheriffs, bailiffs, &c., of the different counties of England, requiring them to cause the workmen to come to the palace. We hope the king's wages were good ones, under these circumstances—yet, if so, why the compulsion? In 1348 St. Stephen's was made into a college by Edward III., with a dean, twelve secular canons, twelve vicars, and other ministers. Subsequently he gave the college ground for the erection of the cloisters, through which we shall by-and-by pass. It was in this chapel Richard II. married Anne of Bohemia, whose landing on our shores seemed ominous of the future that awaited her and her husband. Holinshed mentions a circumstance that must have affected the minds of the royal pair, even on their marriage day; for the very fact of his mentioning it, shows how it must have interested people generally. She landed at Dover, where "a marvellous and right strange wonder happened; for she was no sooner out of her ship, and got to land in safety with all her company, but that forthwith the water was so troubled and shaken, as the like thing had not to any man's remembrance ever been heard of, so that the ship in which the appointed queen came over, was terribly rent in pieces, and the residue so beaten one against another, that they were scattered here and there, after a wonderful manner." The college being suppressed at the Reformation, St. Stephen's Chapel was turned by Edward VI. into the Commons' meeting-house; who then ceased to be indebted to the Abbot of Westminster's uncertain hospitality; and so matters remained until the fire of 1834. The pictorial wealth of its walls remained long unsuspected; but on the Union

with Ireland in 1800, alterations were made which led to the discovery that the internal walls had been most gorgeously decorated with sculpture, paintings, and gilding; that the exquisite tracery of the windows had been filled with stained and painted glass; and that in a word, the whole interior had been of the most sumptuous description.

Turning from these vestiges of the past, and which will for the most part soon cease even to be that, we turn to one, and unquestionably the most magnificent feature of the old palace, one filled to overflowing with those great events which nourish the national intellect and aspiration,—we turn to Westminster Hall, which happily belongs to the future pile, as indissolubly as to the past. Let us be grateful that the fire spared that. Rufus, it is well known, built this hall; but it is not so generally known that when he first walked into it, after his return from abroad, he told the architect it was a mere bed-chamber compared to what he had intended! What a magnificent breadth of architectural mind there must have been about William Rufus! Pity his other qualities were not in harmony with it—as for instance, the quality of knowing how to get honestly the funds requisite for his visions in stone and lime. As it was, the “kyng” we are told, “filled the spiritualitie and temporalitie with unreasonable taskys and tributys,” the which he spent upon the “Towre of London,” and the “makynge of Westmynstre Hall.” There is but too much reason to fear that the curses of an oppressed people were the only benedictions that greeted the upward rise of Westminster Hall from its foundations. Fabian, indeed, seems to hint that inanimate nature did what animated human nature dared not do, rebelled against these “in-fictions by many wonderful prodigies and tokens,” as the rising of the Thames so high as to drown several towns. “Also the devyll was scene walk in many lykenesse,”—among the rest, we suppose, Rufus’s!

The very uninteresting-looking Law Courts suggest on such a site extremely interesting reminiscences. Here law has grown up, like the parliament, from a state of entire dependence into a very vigorous individual strength; both were nothing more than separate records of the king’s will—the one dealing with the moneys he wanted—the other with the law he was obliged to dispense, and which originally formed no slight personal exaction, when he sat himself on the bench, and might be appealed to by all comers. Here is a case in point: Henry III. at Christmas, 1234, kept his court here, and there were then brought before him seven Jews, from Norwich, who were accused of having stolen a boy, and circumcised him with a view to his crucifixion on the next Passover. They were convicted; and then they confessed; probably in consequence of some suggestion from high quarters, that they would be pardoned: and they were ultimately released without punishment. Most likely the king disbelieved the whole story, but gave way to the general current of bigotry, that was ever setting against the Jews in those times.

The earliest law court here that we know anything of, was held in 1069, when Elfrie, Abbot of Peterborough, was tried: that trial also took place before the king. It was doubtless the remembrance of this old custom which induced Richard III., immediately after his coronation, to take his seat on the marble bench in Westminster Hall, and to declare to all those assembled that he considered it “was the chiefest duty of a king to minister the laws.” Richard may have meant this sincerely—for he was a man fitted to appreciate its propriety, and possessing all the energy and determination requisite for acting upon his views; but he was also a consummate actor, and it is not easy to distinguish that which he meant for reality from that which he meant for appearance. A subsequent incident in the same Hall looks very suspicious. Having declared he put out of his mind all enmities, he there and then openly pardoned those who had offended him; and in order to give a test of the truth of this, his Christian feeling, he caused one Foy to be sent for from the sanctuary (probably that of the abbey adjoining), who had fled thither from fear of Richard, and took him by the hand in sight of all the people. “Which thing” says cautious Holinshed, “the common people rejoiced at and praised, but wise men took it for a vanity.”

The two Palace Yards are, like all the rest of the site, full of historical reminiscences. In one of these, we presume, the royal lists were raised for tournaments, and single combats of great importance, ordered by the king. And the ordinary magnificence of tournaments would naturally here be utterly eclipsed. One of the richest of these spectacles was that given in honour of the birth of a son to Henry VIII. on New Year’s day 1510-11, when Henry himself entered the lists, with three companions—all under fanciful names—to run at the tilt against all comers. From a part of the palace adorned on the exterior with superb cloth of arras, the queen and the ladies looked forth upon the scene and the pageant that speedily occupied it. This showed forest scenery, rocks, hills, and dales, studded over with trees, carpeted with turf, and made brilliant with flowers; trees, turf, and flowers being all made of damask, silk, and satin. In the forest stood six foresters, with a great number of spears beside them—a bit of stage art, we suppose, to suggest the large number of foresters that were to come for them. Then there was a castle of gold, with a gentleman before the gate, weaving a garland of roses for the victor. The whole forest, foresters, castle and gentlemen seem to have been drawn by a lion and an antelope, harnessed by great chains of gold, and led by sylvans, or wild men of the woods. But the wonders of the pageant were anything but exhausted when all this was seen. As it stopped before the queen the foresters sounded their horns, the pageant opened on all sides, and four knights on horseback issued forth, armed at all points, with nodding plumes, and their horses as well as themselves magnificently arrayed. At the same moment other combatants advanced from the opposite side of



I.—WESTMINSTER HALL AND NEW PALACE.

the lists—spurs were clapped to the horses—the eager knights rushed forward to meet each other—and so the jousts began. The sports lasted for two days.

Of the numerous trials by wager of battle that have here taken place, we shall select one from the reign of Richard II. A squire, Thomas Katrington, was accused by a knight, Sir John Annesley, of having delivered up to the French, for a sum of money, the castle of St. Saver le Vicomte, in Normandy, of which the former was the governor. This castle had been given by Edward III. to Sir John Chandos, and would have become the property of the knight by his marriage with Sir John Chandos's niece had it not been thus surrendered by the accused squire. The charge having been duly made and recorded in the proper court, (that is to say, before the Constable of England), and sureties having been given by both parties that they would prosecute the contest according to law, a day was named, and the lists prepared at Westminster. The concourse of people was immense. The accuser came forth, armed and mounted, and then the accused was summoned. At the third summons he entered, also armed and on horseback. Here occurred a little incident worth mentioning. It appears they were to fight on foot, but were obliged by the rules, or by their own feelings of dignity, to appear at first on horseback. Now if a horse entered the lists the Constable claimed him; so Sir John Annesley alighted outside the lists to save his horse, "but his shifting nothing availed him, for the horse ran up and down the rails, now thrusting his head over and now both head and breast, so that. . . the High Constable claimed the horse afterwards, swearing he would have so much of him as had appeared over the rails; and so the horse was adjudged unto him."* The parties being ready within the lists, the articles of indenture relating to the contest were read over aloud; but then the squire, who seemed to be growing uneasy about the affair, began to make exceptions to the terms he had already consented to. This roused his own patron, the Duke of Lancaster, who swore that if he did not accept fully the usual conditions, and which he had already sworn to, he should be adjudged guilty, and executed. The people were greatly pleased at this—having feared the duke would unduly protect the accused man. Seeing his desperate position, the squire, like many other men, drew courage from that prospect, and also from the bodily disparity between him and the knight. The squire is said to have been a mighty man of stature, whilst the knight "among those that were of a mean stature was one of the least." Each party had his friends grouped around him ready to lend any lawful assistance. And having sworn they fought solely for the truth, and disclaimed all magical arts, or protecting charms, they began the battle with spears, which were after a time cast aside for a nearer struggle with swords, and lastly, more hot and deadly still, with their short daggers. After an obstinate struggle the

knight disarmed the squire, and threw him down; he, while trying to fall upon him, being blinded with the perspiration that obstructed his view through the vizor of his helmet, fell not on but beside his antagonist, who saw the opportunity, and in an instant was upon the knight. All was over with him, apparently, when the king, whose sympathies seem to have been on his side, stopped the fight, in opposition to the entreaties of Annesley, whose little frame covered a large and stout heart. They were raised, and the squire placed in a chair, as he was unable to stand alone. The knight on the contrary walked to the king's pavilion, and besought earnestly that he might be *replaced on the ground* with the squire on him, as they were parted. The request was (no doubt reluctantly) granted, but the squire meanwhile fainted, and fell from his seat. He was restored, however, and his armour taken off, as he was evidently vanquished. While the squire was looking up, and casting a "ghastly look upon every one around him," the knight still armed, came to him, called him traitor, and challenged him to a renewal of the combat: but the squire having "neither sense nor spirit whereby to make answer," proclamation was made of the conclusion of the battle, and that every one might go to his lodging. The unfortunate and possibly, after all, innocent squire, died the next day delirious, and, in time to escape the worst bitterness of his fate—the subsequent execution at Tyburn. Such was law in one of its phases, in the olden time. As we do not intend to return to the subject of the law courts, we may here briefly mention that they comprise the Queen's Bench, the Court of Exchequer, the Court of Common Pleas, the Lord Chancellor's Court, and the Roll's Court. It would be useless to describe them, as they are at once uninteresting in their appearance, and temporary: they will all be removed in the progress of the new pile.

Upon that work we now commence our survey in New Palace Yard, which, at present is open to Margaret-street on the west side, and bounded by the houses in Bridge-street on the north. But if we look upon the New Clock-tower in the corner near the bridge, we see indications of what is intended with regard to this space. An immense blank, suggesting the shape and size of a cathedral window, is filled up with brickwork in the lower portion of the tower, and contrasts oddly with the finished elegance of all other parts of the structure. That is the future opening to a wing which will start from the Clock-tower, displace all the houses on that side of Bridge-street, extend up to Margaret-street, there cross to the corner occupied by the law courts, and then return to the side of Westminster Hall; thus inclosing the whole area. On the other side of Westminster Hall the same line of enclosure will be continued to the new façade of the west front. Here, there will be arches of ingress and egress to and from the Star Chamber Court, where will be the chief entrance for Members. A similar arch, but of greater magnificence, will connect this quadrangle with the world of London without, at the

* Holinshed.

angle of its north and west fronts, in Margaret-street. (Cut, No. 1). It is proposed to use some portions of these new buildings as public refreshment and meeting-rooms, and also for offices connected with parliamentary business.

The west or land front of the New Houses will ultimately be the most picturesque and rich, because the most varied in its surface, of all the fronts. Two different aspects of it may be briefly noted as peculiarly fine. The one is from a point nearly opposite Westminster Hall, with the Clock-tower, and the first or level portion of the façade on the left, and from which point you look between the Hall and the façade, over the Star Chamber Court to the building that emerges crosswise from the central tower, looking like what it will in part be, a National Valhalla. The second is from Henry VII.'s Chapel, and commands the end and a side view of St. Stephen's Hall and Porch. A vast high-pitched gable, enclosing a window of the grandest dimensions, with slight tall square pinnacles on each side, and large turret towers on each side of these again, while to the right rises the grand bulk of the Central Tower, stage after stage,—these are the first features that arrest the eye on looking at the side (or southern front, it may be called,) of the wing in question. Then, looking more closely to understand the general impression of wealth, amounting to lavish profusion, that is conveyed to the eye even in the first glance, we find these tall square pinnacles contain two statues—Edward III. and Henry VII.; that the top of the gable comprises three, namely, William Rufus, Richard II., and William IV. in whose reign the pile was commenced, all these statues being as magnificently environed as art can make them; that the triangular space between the windows and the gable-roof above, is filled with the arms, badges, and cognizances of Richard II. in high relief, under canopies; that the turret-towers, at each corner of the end of the wings are pierced through and through, so that the light reveals—while, as it were, helping to create a part of—their structure; and, lastly, that every portion of the stone seems moulded or panelled on the surface, and crocketed or indented on the edges. Beyond this part, the Old Houses yet occupy the space that properly belongs to the continuation of the level part of the façade, until we reach Victoria Tower, which forms the termination of the land front in the southern direction. The Central or Octagon Tower demands a few additional words. Looked at in its future completed shape, it presents, first, one great lantern or stage, three lights in height, with flying buttresses, pinnacled. Above that rises a second story, two lights high; and finally, over all, a Gothic spire, richly crocketed. The entire height is 240 feet.

The architecture of these level portions may be described thus: first, the basement story, even with the ground, is lighted by a row of double flat-pointed windows, within a square moulding, modest-looking as becomes a basement, but handsome enough to harmonise

with the splendour above. That consists, one might almost say, of nothing but windows from end to end, and from roof to basement of the façade, divided, for convenience, into innumerable elegant divisions of various kinds, vertical and horizontal. But as we fear that would hardly be a sufficient architectural description, we must say then there are three stories of windows, divided horizontally by rich bands of sculpture, and perpendicularly by buttresses, the sumptuous character of which may be judged, when we say, each contains three statues beneath niches, one above the other, terminating at top in most elegant light pinnacles, rising high above the line of roof, and at bottom in crocketed canopies, with large crowns beneath. These buttresses occur after every two windows along the whole façade. Over each triple tier of windows rises a terminating niche, set in a kind of battlement, also above the line of roof, but not so high as the pinnacles; consequently there is a kind of undulating broken line of roof suggested to the eye, above the actual line. Of the general style of the architecture of the New Palace it is difficult to speak in precise words. Mr. Barry has thus negatively described his original intention:—"It has been my aim to avoid the ecclesiastical, collegiate, castellated, and domestic styles, and to select that which I consider better suited to the peculiar appropriation of the buildings." He would, perhaps, use the word *Palatial* in preference to any other, if he did seek to denominate the style. "Elizabethan," or "Gothic," were the words used by the Commissioners when they announced the competition which resulted in the choice of Mr. Barry's design.

We will now enter the temporary enclosure that has been drawn round the works, and pass under an arch by the base of the Clock-tower, towards the north front,—the part seen from the Westminster end of the bridge, and which keeps there a tolerably constant succession of admiring gazers. But let us first say a few words upon the materials scattered about in such profusion—and, to our eyes, confusion—in every part of the basement of the growing pile which feeds upon them. There are great masses of stone from Anston, in Yorkshire; which place was selected, after a most elaborate scientific research by various wandering commissioners, as affording the best that England possessed. It is a magnesian limestone—warm and beautiful in colour, and so durable as to be worthy of being hewn and carved into shapes that the world would not willingly see decay. This is used for the external masonry. The River Terrace wall required a different kind of structure, one capable of resisting water, and was built of Aberdeen granite. The bricks lying about among the stone are used for internal linings. The main-beams and joists are everywhere iron:—so that, on the whole, we may reasonably hope we have secured ourselves at last from the enemy that has so often destroyed the structure here that our kings have delighted to raise and to adorn with their utmost means. Thus, there was a fire in Henry III.'s time, which burned the Palace of the Confessor, and

which Henry rebuilt in the same spirit of magnificence, and with the same lavish recklessness of expenditure, that he exhibited in his works at the Abbey adjoining. During the reign of his son Edward I., occurred a second great fire, the ravages of which were repaired in 1294. A third occurred in 1298, which seems to have been so extensively injurious that many years elapsed before the work of restoration was commenced. But at last the works were taken up in earnest during the reign of Edward III.; and from 1330, for a considerable number of years, elaborate reparations and improvements were carried on. This was the time that the Painted Chamber and St. Stephen's were raised to the climax of their splendours; and when the poet Chaucer was clerk of the works. Again, in the time of Henry VIII., the enemy renewed the struggle, and the Palace was almost destroyed; and then royalty succumbed. Henry went to Whitehall; and so ended the history of Westminster as a royal residence. But the Parliament remained; and this was burnt out in 1834. Like many other terrible scourges—cholera, to wit—fires are probably often only salutary lessons that we will not listen to until we are compelled. We have learnt the lesson here, at all events;—the new pile is to be fire-proof. The last material we have to mention is also the only one that can in its nature in any way affect the safety of the Palace—the oak wainscot which covers so large a portion of the wall surfaces of the interior; but the precaution taken in every part affords, we believe, full security.

Of course such a place and such materials demand many and different kinds of workmen; and truly they form a little army; and like armies they have, unhappily, their killed and wounded, for whom they have put up a box at the entrance into the works, to receive the contributions of the charitable.

It is very curious—the sound produced by the click of so many chisels and hammers: it seems like an incessant musical rain of sounds, and we have found it not unpleasant to sit sometimes for a few minutes looking upon some part of the building, but really listening to that sound, and giving up our thoughts to the many topics suggested by it; among the rest to this one—how minute the effect produced everywhere at any one moment of time, and yet that the union of these effects is,—this gorgeous Palace. To an attendant, who occasionally accompanied us, the sound suggested a different train of reasoning. We had asked concerning the hour of the day; the answer was, "Near twelve. Listen for the cessation of the hammers. That will happen at twelve, as exactly through all the works as if each man had his Dent's chronometer before him. If a hammer be raised to strike, when the clock strikes, it never falls on the stone, but somehow glides away, like its owner."

Passing now through the Arch by the base of the Clock-tower, and looking at the stone groins above, which seems to say, "We build here for the future," we find on the left, within the Clock-tower, a place bearing the ominous name of the Prison; intended, we

presume, for those who in any way oppose the order of the omnipotent Houses; also for refractory M.P.'s who *will* fight duels,—if not prevented. Beyond this archway we find the north front; and turning, we have before us, the best view of the lower part of the Clock-tower,—which tall as it already is, has not yet arrived at those stages of maturity, which are considered sufficient for it to have the future clock yet placed upon its Atlas-like shoulders. That clock will become one of the popular curiosities of London. It is to be constructed under the superintendence of Professor Airy, the Astronomer Royal, will be an eight-day clock, will strike the hours on a bell weighing from eight to ten tons, chime the quarters on eight bells, and show the time on four dials, occupying respectively the four sides of the Clock-tower, each dial being very nearly twice as large as St. Paul's, which is eighteen feet, while these will be nearly thirty feet in diameter. The tower itself is a very solid-looking, square-shaped, yet stately structure, pierced only with very long and very narrow slits for windows, tolerably close together, in successive tiers, the whole of the intervening spaces elegantly panelled to correspond. Rich bands cross horizontally at intervals, and the surface is further decorated with scrolls, mottoes, &c. A buttress or turret at each corner, rising from the base to the top of the Tower, imparts great additional effect; which is further enhanced by an apparent slight expansion of these buttresses up to a certain height, suggesting at once additional solidity and picturesqueness of form. The Tower, we may add, measures forty feet square. The Clock-tower is a name familiar to the site; and it is a valuable merit of Mr. Barry's design that so much has been done by him to preserve old associations as far as possible, in connection with the old sites of the palace. This Clock-tower, for instance, (and other cases will occur as we proceed), stands not far from the spot upon which stood the old clock-tower of the ancient palace. The origin of that structure is interesting. Maitland, in his history of London, thus narrates it: "A certain poor man in an action of debt, being fined the sum of thirteen shillings and fourpence, Randolphus Ingham, Chief-justice of the King's Bench, commiserating his case, caused the Court-roll to be erased, and the fine reduced to six shillings and eightpence; which, being soon after discovered, Ingham was amerced in a pecuniary mulct of eight hundred marks, which was employed in erecting the said bell (or clock) tower on the north side of the said enclosure, opposite Westminster Hall Gate; in which tower was placed a bell and a clock, which, striking loudly, was to remind the judges in the Hall of the fate of their brother, in order to prevent all dirty work for the future. However, this fact seems to have been forgotten by Catlyn, Chief-justice of the King's Bench, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, by his attempting the rasure of a Court-roll; but Southcote, his brother judge, instead of assenting to this, plainly told him that he had no inclination to build a clock-house." "Dirty" is hardly the right epithet to be

used here; though, no doubt, had such a summary and dangerous precedent been passed over, it would in time, have led to plenty of dirty work; and therefore, while respecting the judge, we cannot but also respect the motives for the punishment; unless, indeed, after all, that motive sprang from regal anger at the loss of the six and eightpence.

The north front extends from the Clock-tower (which stands out from its line at the western extremity) to the edge of the Thames, where it is terminated by one of the two towers that decorate that end of the river front. Nothing can be more beautiful or pure in its own peculiar style, than the effect of this sumptuous façade. There is the same kind of basement-story as in the west front, but above there are only two stories; consequently the windows are individually more magnificent. Then the divisions between the windows are far richer and more elaborate. Between every two windows occurs a buttress (part of a hexagon), richly worked all over; and the two windows that are enclosed between these chief divisions, are again divided by a perpendicular series of statues and niches, four in number, one above another. Horizontally the two stories of windows are divided by a broad massive band, covered with large shields and crowns: beneath this band runs a continuous line of inscription along the entire front, in black-letter Latin, showing the names, dates of the commencing to reign, and of the close in death, of the sovereigns whose statues are sculptured above. This long line of kings commences with Hengist, and ends with Harold: the north front dealing only with the Saxon monarchs of England. Of course, the statues are purely ideal: no materials exist for attempting likenesses, &c. Before leaving the north front, one cannot but take a parting glance at one of its smallest but not least charming features,—the lace-work in iron that marks out, in its own delicate fairy-like way, the line of roofs.

The river front is at present, on account of its magnitude (nine-hundred feet in length), and its completed state, by far the most magnificent portion of the new pile; and this very magnificence has led to the frequent repetition of the complaint,—What a pity it cannot be better seen! What a pity that so much exquisite work should be wasted on the desert air of the Thames! But this complaint, it seems to us, has its origin, like most others we have heard on the subject of this grand structure, in forgetfulness that everywhere we look as yet but on *parts* of the intended whole, and are, therefore, continually judging the architect while lacking some of the most important elements of right judgment. We can speak from our own experience in this matter: again and again, in walking through the pile, we have said, "This part certainly looks tame," till we have remembered that a grand tower was rising just beyond the walls we gazed on, altering the entire effect—or that façade was too much like this façade, till we noticed some *budding wing* just pushing forth. Even this apparently finished

river front, looks, we own, as though more additional shade was wanted—more projection in the centre to interrupt the long level surface; but when we remember that three towers of cathedral-like dimensions will be seen at different altitudes towering over it, we cannot tell whether we may not, at last, find ourselves satisfied as regards the something wanting, and congratulating ourselves on the deep sentiment of *repose* here suggested, and with which the broad placid waters of the Thames so happily harmonise. But as to opportunity for examination of this front? Well, first, we do not know what will be done about Westminster Bridge, beyond the fact that it *must* be rebuilt at no remote day. Probably we shall have a fine view, and varying as we move, from a high comparative level of the new bridge. From the opposite side of the river (which will surely be one day embanked after all this endless talk, and continual evidence of the necessity of the proposed work), we shall have a view from a level corresponding with the basement of the front. Lastly: on the terrace of the front itself, which may be rendered accessible to the public, and made a pleasant promenade, there will be afforded full opportunity for the closest examination of the details.

This front may be described as divided into five clearly distinguishable parts;—thus, commencing from the south corner, there are two square towers standing boldly out, beyond the general level; then a level portion; then two other central towers rising up, but not breaking the level of the front surface; and beyond this the level portion and the double projecting towers repeated, to correspond. As we have said, if we were to suggest a defect, trusting to our unprofessional eyes, and forgetting or not knowing how the towers may modify our impressions, it would be with regard to these central towers. What their elevation *above* the general level does for the roof line, their projection *before* the surface might have done for that—given increased depth, richness, and grandeur.

The only statues in this front, are in the wings formed by the projecting towers towards each of its extremities. These are six in number; namely the four patron saints of England, Ireland, Scotland and Wales, —representing, of course, the different nationalities that make up this one glorious British nationality,—and the two patron saints of the two great metropolitan churches, St. Paul's, and St. Peter's (Westminster Abbey). The sculpture of the chief portions of this façade consists mainly in a work of great artistic elaboration,—a complete, and of course accurate, series of the arms of the sovereigns of England, from the Conquest to the present time: and as there were no heraldic supporters up to the period of Richard II., emblematic figures are introduced in connection with all those earlier monarchs. The white hart of Richard was the first supporter to royal arms. From his time the supporters continually vary down to the period of James I., whose lion and unicorn became thenceforth the sole regal and national supporters. Names, dates of commencement of reign, and of death are given here,

as before. Each side the arms are sceptres, scrolls, and foliage, appropriate to each sovereign. All this sculpture is comprised within the band of division between the two tiers of windows. The towers nearest the bridge include the residence of the Speaker of the House of Commons, the towers at the other extremity the residence of the Usher of the Black Rod, and the Librarian of the House of Lords; while the north front gives a local habitation to the Sergeant-at-Arms, and the south front to the offices of the Lord Great Chamberlain.

Before quitting the river front, we notice certain semicircular brick projections, inclosing the lower parts of all the windows of the basement story, and are surprised to find they are to keep out the flood: a somewhat too vivid illustration of the worst feature of the site of the New Houses—its lowness. During a recent winter the vaults were all under water. In addition to these semicircular defences, a temporary mound has been raised on the edge of the stone terrace, by the river. These occasional irruptions of the Thames form a part of the gossip-history of the Old Palace. Thus, about the time of the marriage of Henry III., the river, as though tired of being so long a silent highway serving to merely bring to and from the palace the parts of the magnificence collecting within, found unwonted voice and motion; and after preparatory thunder, and the manifestation of a false sun beside the real one, rushed bodily into the palace, exploring every part at its leisure, with the most provoking unconcern at the inconveniences of such a visit. Boats had to be used in Westminster Hall by those who could get them; while others passed through it on horseback, on their way to the interior of the palace. Again, in 1555, the river repeated its visit, and again chose, of course, an interesting occasion—a day of spectacle—the one on which the Lord Mayor of London had to present the Sheriffs to the Barons of the Exchequer. But, we presume, when they heard of such freaks as a wherry-man rowing over Westminster-bridge* instead of under it, and of his proceeding to pay a professional visit to “the Palace-court,” and going on in his boat “through the Staple-gate, and all the wool staple into the King-street,” they thought it advisable to decline the honour intended them—and so stayed away. The last of these incursions on the part of the river that we shall mention is the flood of 1579, when it presented itself in the king’s palace in a much more vassal-like fashion; namely, with an offering of its fish—many of which were found on the floor of the hall after its departure.

As with the fire genii so with the water; both are believed to be effectually excluded evermore. A parapet wall is to be erected, having pedestals opposite to each one of the long series of buttresses in the river-

front, and upon the pedestals will be statues of animals. The terrace itself, we understand, is now six inches higher than any tide on record.

As the south front corresponds with the north, there only remains for us to notice, on the exterior, the Victoria Tower. (Cut, No. 2.) How shall we do justice to this work? — How describe it? Can those of our readers who have seen the exterior of the main tower of Lincoln Cathedral, and who have also stood beneath it, within the pile, and gazed upward in astonishment upon the stupendous arches that support it, can they imagine some such tower as this placed at the corner instead of in the centre of a vast structure corresponding with it in magnificence, so that two of the four arches open on two sides direct into the street? if so, they will have a not very unsatisfactory idea of the general character and position of this, the grandest single feature of the New Palace. The other two arches open respectively into the Royal Court, and the Royal Staircase. It is no easy matter, standing near the tower, to look upward, for any length of time, high enough to compass its whole present bulk; and it is yet scarcely more than a third of its proper elevation, which is three hundred and forty feet. It is indeed a stupendous work; and we cannot but honour Mr. Barry’s courage in proposing such a thing to men of the nineteenth century. Fortunately for us, he has not only proposed but succeeded. And so by almost insensible degrees the giant lifts his bulk up towards the heavens, in order to give the weary earth time to concentrate its powers of endurance beneath such a Cyclopean structure. That endurance has been most scientifically gauged, and thirty feet a year is supposed to be about what additional burden the soil will patiently, unyieldingly, stand—until the whole is fixed on it—for ever! Two gigantic heraldic lions, with crowns on their heads, (heraldic natural history, is, it must be acknowledged, a very comical science,) flank each entrance archway, seeming to intimate kings and queens only pass here. For them too, and for them only, the architect seems to have flung his mighty garland of enormous Tudor crowns and roses in stone all round these vast pointed arches, between the clustered columns of which the arches are composed. Six-sided buttresses or turrets rise at each angle of the tower, and accompany it upwards. Over the arches, which are sixty feet high, we look first upon a range of colossal niches for statues, side by side, eleven in number. Those over the southern arch are to be devoted to the reigning Sovereign and her nearest relatives,—including her father, and George III. and his queen. The statues over the western arch are not, we believe, yet determined. Above this superb range commences the first stage of the Tower, consisting chiefly, on each of its four sides, of a vast window in three divisions, surrounded in the spandrels &c., by the varied regal arms, and surmounted by a fresh band of sculpture preparatory to the commencement of a second stage: for there the tower at present stops. To complete such a view of the stupendous

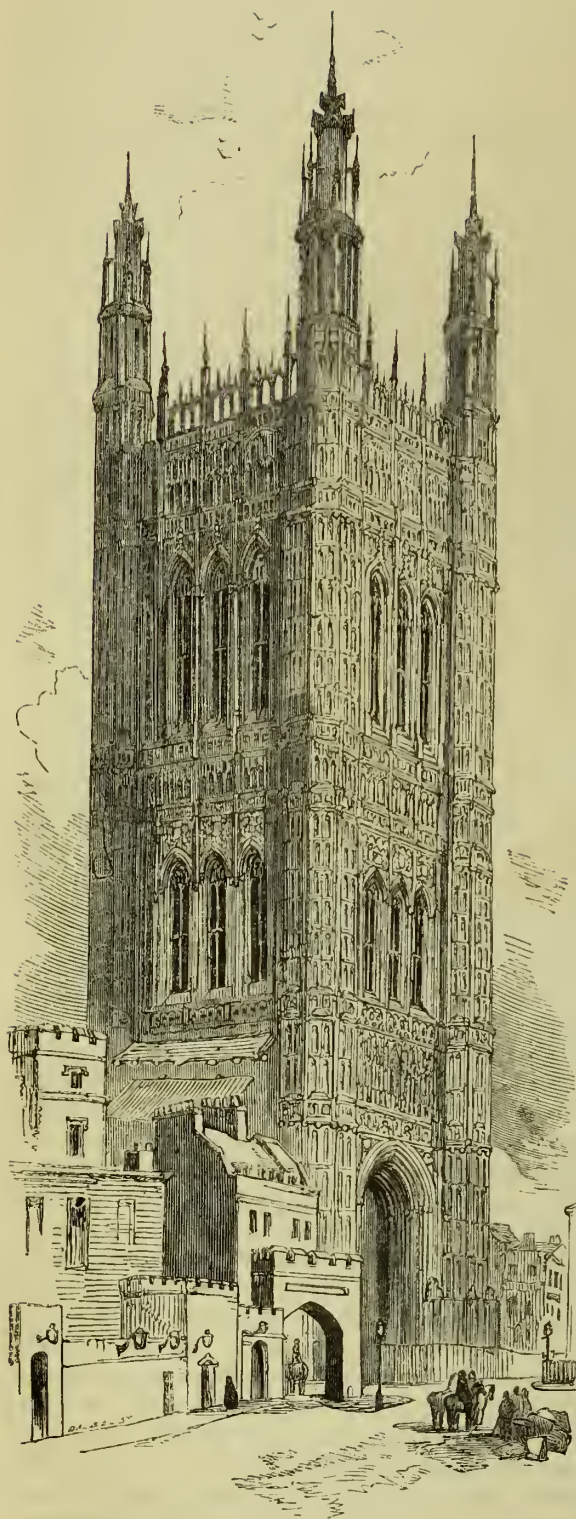
* The Westminster-bridge here referred to was a wooden structure, running some distance from the Palace into the river, for the convenience of landing, &c.

character of this tower as dimensions can give, we subjoin its breadth—seventy-eight feet.

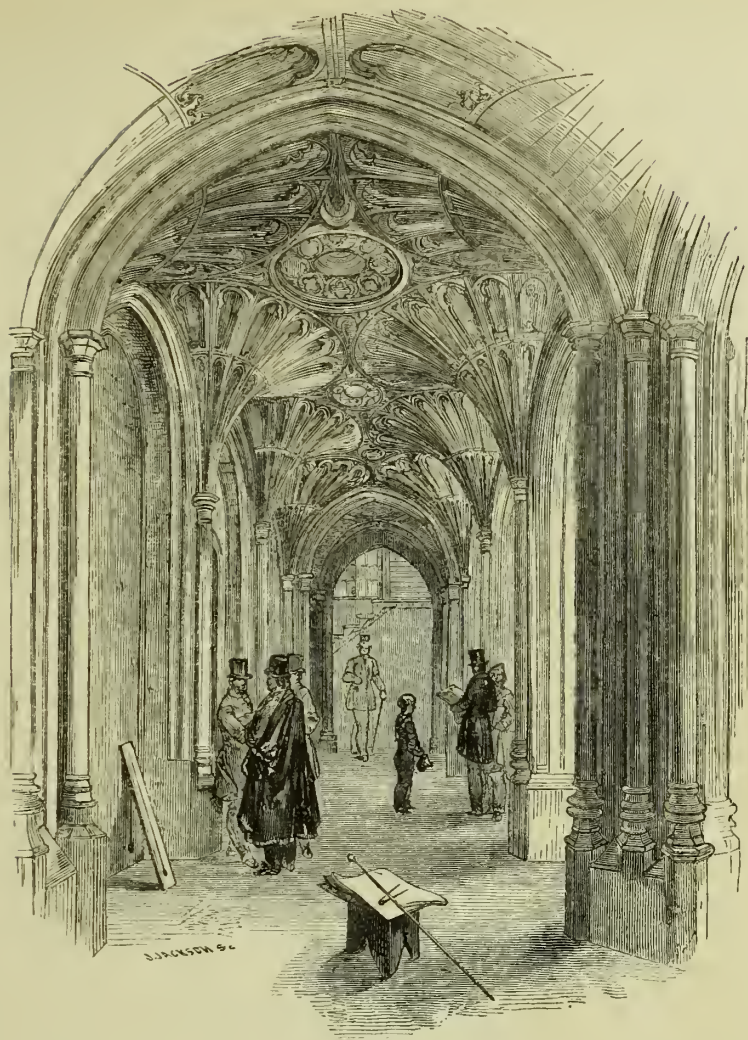
Looking across from one entrance upon the arch of another, it is interesting to study the mode in which such peculiarly rich effect is given to the arch itself—we mean that portion which really forms the (pointed) arch shape. We see then, thus steadily looking, in order to pluck out the heart of the architect's mystery here, that there is, first, an infinity of slender pillars, each rising and forming its own individual arch—then bands of these delicate arches congregate together to make still more decided arches, and, lastly, these bands or groups form one grand whole—the *Arch*—worthily so called.

Our ideas of architectural beauty and splendour must now perforce expand at every step. Look at the groining of the roof of this Victoria Tower. How exquisitely beautiful, how brilliant, how star-like it is! Though in plain stone, one can almost fancy it sparkles as you gaze upon it. Turn from the groining, and there are the spaces over the archway leading into the Royal Court, and to the Royal Staircase, awaiting you, filled with sculpture, and again reminding you of the most superb gems of cathedral art, of, for instance, the one gateway which we often find in those piles, surpassing its fellows, the "Beautiful Gate" of our middle age Temples. Yet here we must confess to a disappointment. The details (and it is a fault that to a certain extent pervades the pile) do not exhibit sufficient variety in *subject matter*,—we do not refer to treatment. Here are too many regal statues, far too many crowns, far too much heraldry. And there are also repetitions, some of them of an elaborate kind, that might have been spared. To return to these inner arches: the one opening to the Royal Court contains the statues of the patron saints of England, Scotland, and Ireland, the other, a statue of the Queen, supported by Justice and Mercy,—a true thought to be suggested at a good time when the sovereign is passing beneath; but which loses much of its force, when we reflect how little personal influence or responsibility remains to our sovereigns, in matters of state justice and state mercy: her ministers are the men who should take the lesson to heart: we hope they will.

Supposing we now grope about the foundations and basement of the new edifice, and learn somewhat of its internal plan and domestic arrangements, before we ascend into the more public and important parts. We return therefore to the north front, and pass through an archway in its centre, and lo! an almost interminable vista extends before us—through court after court, and through the groined archways or short passages that connect and divide these courts from each other. First there is the Speaker's Court (in which we now stand), then next, beyond, comes the Commons' Court, then the Commons' Inner Court; and there we reach the centre of the pile and pass on to the corresponding courts beyond,—the Peers' Inner Court, the Peers' Court, and, lastly, the Royal Court,—from which we emerge, still in the same undeviating straight



2.—VICTORIA TOWER.



3.—THE SPEAKER'S CORRIDOR.

line, on to the south front. Of course the names of all these courts are derived from the buildings that look into them, and to which they give light and air. Very interesting and novel are, or rather will be, the architectural effects seen in a walk through these courts; produced chiefly by the variety of aspects in which the numerous towers present themselves over the roofs of the buildings that form the courts. Thus the gigantic Central-tower is seen soaring upwards at the corners of the two "Inner" courts we have named, the Clock-tower is seen over the roof of the Speaker's Court; one of the south-east towers of the river front gives additional dignity to the Royal Court; where, too, we presume, the glorious magnificence of the Victoria Tower will also be visible, when it rises to its allotted height. And then there are other smaller towers visible at various points, giving to the courts, as a whole, a continually varying but always picturesque and occasionally grand architectural effect.

The groined passages leading from court to court are, of course, under the chief buildings. From them

extend right and left other passages of greater or less architectural pretensions, by means of which every portion of the chief stories of the pile are reached from the basement. There will be eventually a second and parallel series of courts and passages, to the right of the one we are describing, that is to say, nearer to the land front; of which the Star Chamber Court, lying between Westminster Hall, and the level part of the façade of the west front, forms the first, commencing from New Palace Yard. With a few words more, we may conclude this brief view of the skeleton, so to speak, of the New Houses. There are in all, five distinct stories;—one consisting of cellars or vaults, which extend almost everywhere beneath the Houses—the second being the basement, level with the ground, containing all sorts of offices, &c.; the third, comprising the chief portions of the pile, such as the two Houses, with their Lobbies, Halls of Approach, Galleries, &c.; the fourth, extending over all the external parts of the edifice, and containing the Committee-rooms; and the fifth, which is much more

restricted in its extent, being chiefly confined to the space over the river front, contains rooms for Records, &c.: this last story may be called the garret of the Palace.

Let us now enter the Speaker's house, the front of which forms the chief feature of the court named after him. The entrance-vestibule is unfinished, but promises to be interesting: it has a pierced screen in front, and on the left side; revealing, in the former direction, the ascending grand staircase beyond, and in the latter a kind of ante-room, connected with a corridor, which extends all round a small inner court, and into both of which open various domestic offices, kitchen, &c. On the chief story above are various rooms of magnificent dimensions, looking out upon the Thames—unfinished, but evidently fast becoming worthy of one of their most important future uses, that of receiving the flower of the English gentry, (as brought together in Parliament,) on those occasions when the Speaker gives his official dinners. But the Speaker's house is chiefly interesting to us for its corridor, which is by far the tiniest but most graceful and most richly-beautiful thing of the kind we ever beheld. (Ct, No. 3.) It seems like a fairy version of King's College, Cambridge, or of the Cloisters at Gloucester, adapted to the purposes of a domestic corridor; so exquisite is it, and so *petite*, in its fan-like expansions from those *plant stems*, or pillars, right over the roof—suggesting the idea of the space being embraced and thus arched over by some loving art-spirit, known only to us by these kinds of manifestation. Fortunate Mr. Speaker! to have such a corridor ever to pass through, even on the most unimportant occasions. One side of the corridor consists of a series of graceful windows, looking into the little court, and the other of the wall, which seems scarcely less full of light and beauty from the architectural grace shed over it by arches, panellings, and mouldings. In the centre of the lovely roof, at intervals of every few feet, are round open spaces, enhancing in a very remarkable degree the general effect of the roof; over these, on the outside, at some elevation, are glass domes, to protect the corridor from the inclemency of the weather. This corridor is of course connected with the head of the grand staircase, which contrasts boldly with it, and has a very marked individual aspect that is always interesting, and nowhere more so than in architecture. The arched oblong skylight, or lantern, in the centre of the oak-ribbed roof, sheds a mild subdued light, as though more effectually to startle the visitor by the unexpected loveliness of the corridor, upon which he immediately enters; and which itself again prepares another surprise—the height and breadth of the magnificent apartments beyond. The Speaker's house stands on the precise locality occupied by the Speaker's house in the old pile,—although that official is no longer accommodated with a garden, as before. This garden, fronting the Thames, and now covered by the river front, was probably the old Palace garden of royalty. We read of “grafts, or cuttings, bought for the king's garden,”

and also of payments to repair the king's vineyard, and for shoots or cuttings of divers vines, willows, &c., as early as the reign of the first Edward. How one would like to be able to revive that garden, and walk through it, and ponder on the great changes in floricultural science that have since taken place! It is almost a question whether we have not at the present day, more periodicals and books issued in a twelvemonth, merely to talk about flowers and their culture, than our ancestors of the thirteenth century possessed plants themselves, if in their number were reckoned only those of a truly ornamental character in their bloom, or of a truly valuable character in their fitness for the table, judging both by the high standard of the present time. Winding round to the left, from an entrance into the next (or Commons') court, we pass a window, looking very like a bar, which opens into a place that is unmistakably a kitchen; with a long low erection faced with polished metal in front, beneath the windows, devoted to a series of stoves of gas and charcoal, hot plates, and washing dishes. Tall hot closets occupy each end, while over the goodly range, opposite the windows, we see the old-fashioned jack ready to turn the old-fashioned spit, to cook, we presume, very old-fashioned meats. In a corner there is a mysterious-looking vacancy, presently to be filled with the machinery which seems to realise the wonders of Aladdin's Lamp; the hungry representative above having but to speak, and lo! presently ascends, as it were from the earth, whatever dainties he has desired. This is the kitchen of the Commons of England; and this, and the similar place for the Lords, are all that remain to recal the old culinary glories of the palace, when Westminster Hall was the dining-room, when thousands daily sat down to meals, when no less than three “master cooks,” as in the reign of Richard II. (three middle-age Soyers we presume), and some three hundred “servitors” were required in the kitchen. Harding, in his ‘Rhyming Chronicle,’ says:

“Truly, I heard Robert Irclyffe say,

Clerke of the greene cloth, that to the household
Came every day, for moste part alwaye,

Ten thousand folk, by his mess is tould,

That followed the house, aye as they would.”

At the marriage of Richard, brother of Henry III., there were provided 30,000 dishes. This is the Richard referred to by Holinshed, who says, “When the king had fleeced the Jews to the quick, he set them to farm unto his brother, Earl Richard, that he might peel off *skin and all*.” No wonder the Commons, instead of, as now, eating their own dinners quietly here when they so feel inclined, had in those early periods to look sharply after the king's table. Thus the parliament, of 1397, on the suggestion of Sir Thomas Haxey, a clergyman, recommended an amendment of the “great and excessive charge of the king's household;” for which advice, poor Sir Thomas had nearly paid the penalty of his head as a traitor; the powerful order, however, to which he belonged, managed to save him from the king's vengeance.

Round the kitchen cluster various apartments for the custodians, and also some very nice little snug rooms for M.P.'s to come with a friend, for a quiet snatch of food and talk, apart from the more public refreshment-rooms on the upper story. Here, too, we find the Smoking-room,—the only apartment of any pretension about this locality; but that is indeed, a place to gladden the soul of a smoker. It is very large and lofty, and the windows look out upon the Thames; but they are high, so that one is not obliged to see the passers by on the river, but may revel on in the undisturbed enjoyment of the smoke we are creating, whether it be of the narcotic or legislative kind, or the two combined. How much the imagination of the architect has been affected by the probable powers of the M.P.'s in the use of the "wicked weed," may be judged from the startling-looking preparations upon the floor, which is, at present, exposed in its most secret recesses and mysteries. It is broken up all over into great holes of various shapes; and round some of these extend dwarf brick enclosures, like so many mines and circumvallations, intended for the reception and concealment of a dwarf army. And then, to increase the oddity of the effect, some gigantic-looking serpent, in pottery, makes very determinedly across and through every obstacle,—the only thing that seems to know its own mind amid all the confusion. He it appears is good enough to act as a descending smoke flue, and all the rest of these elaborate floor-works are for ventilation. In fact the entire floor beneath the feet will form a kind of sieve, through which the pure (and when necessary warmed) air will ascend, seize all the pretenders to air, (in the form of smoke, and other noxious vapours that it can find,) and glide noiselessly off with them through the hollow troughs that extend beneath the cornice around the room, and also over the roof in various ramifications.

The ventilation of the entire pile (with the exception of the House of Commons), may be here described in a few words. This is unexampled for its grandeur and simplicity, both in conception and execution. The air is brought down from the very skies, far above all danger of contamination, from the smoke or odours of London, through the Victoria Tower; then drawn to the centre of the buildings by steam-power, then strained and tempered by iron surfaces, carried by steam, and driven, thus prepared, through the remotest apartments of the palace, by all sorts of contrivances, each adapted to its peculiar place: and thus half the business is accomplished. As to the remaining half, the air, as it becomes vitiated, is drawn off again from every part, through the ceilings and cornices, by similar power, and carried through shafts in the various light towers that rise over the roofs, and also through the great Central Tower; and thus finally is discharged into the grand purifier and reservoir, from which it was drawn, the all-embracing atmosphere.

Leaving the smoking-room, we come out upon one of the corridors, that cross the length of the buildings, and find on our left a pleasant little place, with

windows to the floor opening upon the Thames, and forming a kind of little stone alcove or bower with benches on each side, and groined roof: a happy thought; for doubtless the architect meant, in his own quaint way, to suggest the necessity of cleansing the Legislative brain after the visit to the neighbouring room—the driving off the fumes of the smoke before going into the heat of the action. We need not farther pursue the arrangements of the basement: the reader can readily suppose, from seeing what they are for the House of Commons, what they may also be in other parts in connection with the varying objects of the places above them. Let us now ascend, then, to the upper story, where first we enter upon the Commons' Refreshment-rooms; two noble apartments *en suite*, with beautifully-worked wainscot walls, large suggestive-looking blanks for future oil paintings, and sumptuous fireplaces, where the delicate blue and variously-coloured tiles attract one's eye. Suitable subjects being chosen, this is in some respects a peculiarly advantageous position for pictures, as affording opportunity for calm and loving investigation—without hurry, or formal visit-making; nor do we see why soul and body may not thus feed together to the advantage of both. We have used the words "suitable subjects," and we find the idea involved in them has not escaped the attention of the Commissioners; who propose for the Refreshment-rooms of both Lords and Commons, that the decorations shall consist of views of our most important cities and places in the United Kingdom, India and Colonies; also of subjects connected with rural scenery, and the harvest, the chase, &c.;—these last are two bad subjects to be connected artistically together, however apparently close their natural connection. The finest artist will ever fail to satisfy himself he has caught in all the fulness of its beauty even the most confined glimpses of external Nature; whilst on the other hand, Art never does, nor never can, succeed in raising to its own level such scenes as a body of mounted gentlemen—half the wealth and intelligence of a county, perhaps—organised in the pursuit of a deer, a fox, or a poor little hare; and therefore degrades itself by the attempt. Such sport may be right, but it is assuredly unfit for art. It is true, Art can do something with a boar-hunt, or a wolf-hunt,—the sense of danger raises interest and sympathy; but our most mediæval aspirants do not require us to re-introduce boars and wolves. So we hope no tawdry visions of innumerable red-coats will ever disfigure these beautiful chambers. The two rooms in question are divided by a double screen, forming between them a small darkened picturesque vestibule, inclosing on each side a still smaller nest called and intended for a *bar*: and it is in connection with one of these, that the machinery ascends and descends to and from the kitchen. This kind of artistic shade between the two lights of the refreshment-rooms, this sort of sudden contraction and expansion of the space, in passing from room to room, is very charming: and is greatly enhanced by the open

screen-work, which encloses the entrances, and that of the bar, on each side. There is a third refreshment-room connected with these, but smaller. The Library, for the use of the Commons, occupies an adjoining suite of four rooms, with their walls entirely covered with ornamental wainscot from top to bottom, and formed into tall narrow divisions for the books; which are thus in their detail kept artistically subordinate to the decorative character of the room, while their number as a whole effectually suggests the idea that all these accessories are but for them: it is a library we look on, and not merely rooms containing books. Valuable documents are kept in fire-proof cupboards, with handsome-looking white metal chasings on the exterior. The last of the four rooms looks not quite so handsome, through its occupation by the *mob* of books, which no treatment can render presentable in their original garb: so we suppose they are either kept here entirely, or until they can give such a good account of themselves as to deserve promotion to the more aristocratic-looking rooms beyond—after due manipulation from the binder. These rooms extend parallel with and open into the Commons' Corridor, on one side of the latter, while on the other is the House of Commons; toward which we will not yet direct our steps or our thoughts. This corridor extends from the wall of the Speaker's Corridor (before mentioned), under the various names of the Commons' Library Corridor, the Commons' Committee Corridor, the Peers' Committee Corridor, the Peers' Library Corridor, right through the entire length of the pile, to the Black Rod's Corridor, corresponding at the southern extremity with the Speaker's Corridor at the northern. Stately screens of division occur at intervals, in each corridor, and still more complete divisions occur in the centre, marking out the respective domains of the Lords and Commons.

Between the Libraries of the two great Estates are a series of rooms, likely to be interesting to future historians should stormy days, as is but too probable, again shadow the political horizon. These rooms form two sets, corresponding exactly with each other: first, we find next the library a very beautiful waiting-room, with a large oriel window opening upon the river-front; then two rooms for Select Committees; and then the *Meeting-room*, or Conference-room for both Lords and Commons; to which evidently the others, extending right and left, are but accessories. We can imagine how these rooms will be engaged in the event of any great contest and conference between the two Houses:—the members of both Houses that are not officially engaged crowding into the waiting-room to hear the result or progress of the negotiations at the earliest moment; the Chief Committee-room alternately occupied and left empty as the members return to the struggle or retire from it for fresh deliberation, and to commune freely among themselves, while the Conference-room, though confined to the results of the previous deliberation on both sides, yet witnesses as it were the actual clash, or the renewed efforts at con-

ciliation, and the final results which history waits to record. These rooms are all connected by doors with each other, as well as with the corridor outside, so that the marchings and counter-marchings remain all unseen by any eye. How jealously Parliaments have guarded the secrecy of these rare deliberations may be judged, from the fact (and it is one that M.P.s may as well bear in mind) noted by Sir Edward Coke, in his 'Institutes':—"Arthur Hall, a Member of the House, for discovering the conferences of Parliament, &c., was judged to be committed to the Tower; fined £500, and expelled;"—a tremendous sentence, considering the then value of money, for what might have been done in an unguarded moment. It will be noticed that there are two Select Committee-rooms interposed between the Waiting or Oriel-room and the Conference-room; is it that one of these was considerably interposed between the Waiting-room and the room where the Conference Committee would actually deliberate, and so to guard too curious listeners against the fate of Arthur Hall? These oriel-rooms are very handsome, and the sense of pleasure excited by the form and effect of the windows on entrance is more than repeated as we turn and perceive the beautiful screen beneath which we have passed. The walls of both will be nearly covered with oil paintings; though each individual painting will, at the same time, have its own appropriate framework or setting, formed by the divisions that ascend at intervals over the walls, from the rich wainscot below. The Conference-room or Painted Chamber, as it will probably be called, in perpetuation of another time-honoured association of the Old Palace, is worthy of its high uses. This is magnificently lighted by the three central windows, of the River front. There are in it no less than thirteen spaces for paintings. The subjects proposed by the Commissioners are curiously infelicitous *here*, however good in themselves. The principle of selection is, that the subject shall have reference to the acquisition of the countries, colonies, &c., constituting the existing empire; a magnificent theme, but who would dream of looking for it in the Parliament Conference Chamber?—*Have we no history* here waiting to be illustrated? Surely so eminent an historian as Mr. Hallam could tell us, as one of the Commissioners, of many a most interesting scene that would be here strictly in place, and eminently suggestive and valuable. There is ample room and suitable place in other parts of the pile for the noble series they suggest, and which will only be the better appreciated, if there be no disturbing preliminary inquiry forced upon the spectator—*what do they here?* Yes; we hope to see elsewhere all these stately visions arise in obedience to the Commissioners' conjuration—*Ireland* and the marriage of Strongbow and Eva, daughter of Dermot, King of Leinster; *Wales*, and Edward I. presenting his infant son to the Welsh as their prince; *Scotland*, and its James VI. (our James I.) receiving the news of the death of Elizabeth; gorgeous *Hindustan*, and Clive's victory of Plassey; *America*, and Penn's treaty with

the Indians (a subject only the more noble that it indirectly illustrates our penitence for wrong doing); *Australia*, and its colonization; *Chinese Trade* (and may that never be mistaken by ambitious but nationally dishonouring Englishmen for China) and the treaty of Nankin; *Nautical Science* and *Heroism*, and the voyages to the Poles; the *Mauritius and the Cape*, and the anecdote connected with their acquisition; *Gibraltar*, and the day on which Sir George Rooke planted the English standard on that impregnable rock-fortress; *Malta*, and its surrender.

A little nest of rooms to be used for offices, which are found in the immediate neighbourhood here, are interesting from their quaint picturesqueness; they are small in size, have rich wainscot, high windows, carved ceilings, occasional skylights artistically set in the ceilings, and tiny passages or corridors.

Above the long range of corridors just described, extend the range of General Committee-rooms,—the private workshops, so to speak, in which are prepared, and discussed, the measures presented to the public in the House. These rooms are, of course, necessarily accessible to the public; no inconsiderable portion of which annually flow into and out of such Committee-rooms for examination on all sorts of topics, or for the promotion of local and private bills. For so important a portion of the public, there exists, very properly, Visiting-halls, or lobbies, independent of the halls and lobbies previously passed through, that belong to the Houses generally. Into the lower of these Visiting-halls we now find ourselves advancing from the Commons' Corridor. This presents us with stately arches on all its four sides, containing alternately in each arch a window, and then a panelled space to correspond, whilst beneath three of the arches are doorways leading off respectively to the Central Hall on the way out, the Peers' and Commons' Corridors, and the Public Staircase leading up to the Upper Waiting-hall, and to the Committee-rooms: the fire-place occupies the lower part of the fourth arch. Ascending towards the upper hall we have another of those very agreeable surprises which in different parts of the structure await us, a peculiarly interesting and beautiful staircase, with rounded portions, elegantly panelled walls, veined ceilings (ribbed is too harsh a word for such gentle beauty), graceful curves, and light windows made still more light by the architectural radiance that also plays about them. Gaze a moment at these panelings; see how they run up, and form the panels by playfully meeting in pairs, at certain intervals, and interlacing, then starting off separately to their common goal—the roof, there again meeting and intertwining as before, and so going on, but at quicker and quicker intervals, until they have shaped out the whole roof, and made it lovingly their own. In the Upper Hall, or as it is sometimes called, the Poets' Waiting-hall, we step suddenly into the presence of Art; here alone, as yet, beginning to appear properly enthroned, with something like acknowledgment of complete sovereignty. On each of the four sides, the genius of our rising

artists has already well expressed itself in the novel mode,—fresco. Here Cope shows us Chaucer's immortal *Griselda*,—that sublime example of Christian love and fortitude, which we, less perfect Christians, find it difficult to understand, solely because she so far exceeds our utmost ideal. On another side, Herbert writes in his colour-language, and in this new material, not altogether unworthy of him who wrote it in the ordinary verbal one, the story of Lear, at the moment of his disinheriting Cordelia. Horsley is content with no less a theme than that of our first parents' sin, and with Milton for its narrator; choosing the moment when Satan is touched by Ithuriel's spear, while suggesting evil desires to Eve. And lastly, Tenniel has been smitten with Dryden's vision of St. Cecilia,—the inspired earthly representative of the most peculiarly heavenly spirit among the "sacred nine;" and so gives us a worthy illustration of the glorious Ode of Alexander's Feast. It will now be seen why the place is known as the Poets' Waiting-hall; all the subjects of the frescoes are chosen from the poets. So also will be the other four yet required to fill the entire art-spaces here afforded: to these Spenser and Pope are to contribute two of the subjects.

And now at last we reach the Corridor out of which open the doors of the Committee-rooms. The first sight of this Corridor will not soon be forgotten. We hardly know how to describe an effect so novel and so enchanting, and yet so harmoniously connected with such business-like associations. Standing in the centre, and looking one way, appears an almost interminable square-shaped vista, of which the end is scarcely perceptible. Innumerable gleams of light cross the floor from one side, and reveal continuous ranges of windows, not otherwise to be followed by the eye to any distance from our point of observation. Bar-like shadows alternate with these gleams, similarly suggesting the spaces between the windows; and the two give a peculiarly interesting effect to the far sweep of the vista-floor. As the eye returns from its distant gaze, the warm rich colour of the wainscot gradually stands out with a very cheerful effect, while nearer still the delicate beauties and other details of this magnificent whole reveal themselves one by one,—the architectural windows—the carvings of the wainscot and of the lofty doors—the benches in the slight recesses on the one side, and the little tables on the other, placed invitingly beneath the windows. Whilst yet wondering at the length of that vista, and the general sense of the grandeur of the scale on which the Houses are erected, you unconsciously turn,—and lo! you are startled to perceive that it was but half of the real distance that you had gazed upon so long and absorbingly. Certainly nothing so charming or novel as this Corridor exists anywhere else in England, of the same kind.

There are nineteen of these Committee-rooms, and to describe one is in effect to describe all; for, although there prevails through them (independent of minor modifications, made with a view to particular uses,) just such a continual change in the colours of the

walls, and the arrangement of the furniture and fittings as may relieve the eye from sameness, there is also such a general uniformity as simplicity and good taste require to impress the sense of the unity of their object. So we will say a few words upon Committee-room, No 16. This is nearly square, very large and high, and has two magnificent windows extending nearly from floor to ceiling, opening upon the Thames. Richly carved wainscot covers the lower part of the wall, and rich crimson velvet pile the upper, extending to the cornices; which, with the ceiling, is of wainscot, formed into bold geometrical patterns with coloured shields at intervals. As to the furniture, &c., there is, first, a bar extending across the room, at the end where the people are admitted,—a hint easy to understand; then there are tables and seats arranged in a symmetrical and picturesque form in the body of the room, while further still are two rather high elegant-looking and partially-rounded screens, enclosing the corners; which, having pierced panels, with crimson silk showing through the open patterns thus made, superadd an agreeable air of refinement to the whole, that makes one acknowledge the upholsterer has his place even here. The object of the screens is, we presume, temporary retirement for brief private conversation, as well as to afford M.P.'s that breathing-time on passing from the public corridor to the committee-table, which is as convenient for active men, with their pockets as full of paper as their brain is over-charged with ideas, as for the dignified men, who, like Byron's hero, know the importance of concealing all vulgar haste, and of entering with an air into the presence of one's fellow-men on all important occasions. There are two doors to each room, and over them you read respectively, in antique gilt letters, emblazoned in colour, "Member's Entrance," "Public Entrance." If you desire information as to the business going on, that little and very bright brass frame, hung face-high on each side the door, will satisfy you. If there be only the virgin metal visible, glittering in unbroken richness of surface, there is nothing to-day going on within. If otherwise, you see a large snow-white card filling the bright brass frame, and printed in very bold letters, with some such phrases as these:—"Standing Orders" (or as it might be called, the Committee of Self-discipline), "Committee of Selection," and so on. We hope strangers, attending the Committee-rooms in a hurry, will take care to inform themselves as to the whereabouts of the room in which the fate of their new railway or grand system of drainage is to be decided by a favourable or unfavourable report, for assuredly they will find it no joke, under such circumstances, to run up and down this corridor in search.

The "Houses" are now close by; but this is not the way in which we propose to take our readers into them. We have desired to give them some idea of those internal arrangements of the pile which will be for the most part unseen by the general public, and may now, therefore, return to New Palace Yard, and re-enter the edifice through the people's own glorious

vestibule—Westminster Hall. And while we go, suppose we briefly run over some of the more conspicuous phases of the early parliamentary history of our country, down to the period of the growth of the Commons into a strong, independent, and, in some degree, rival power with the Lords. This kind of review may fitly prepare us for the sight of the Houses themselves, which we are now approaching, and make clearer any further historical notices that may chance to occur in connection with their separate records.

The name—Parliament—is obviously derived from the French *Parlement*; a word first used, it is said, in France, in the reign of Louis VII., in the twelfth century, and which first occurs in our statutes in 1272; but Sir Edward Coke says it was used in England so early as the period of the Confessor. As to the institution, it is commonly derived from the Saxon *Witena-gemote*, or meeting of wise men. How far this view is strictly correct, it is now impossible to discover. The question has excited much controversy, and especially that important part of it—what share the people possessed in the meeting. Authorities of the first order—Coke, Spelman, Camden, and Prynne—all agree that the Commons formed part of these great legislative synods or councils that existed before the Conquest. Sufficient, then, be it to say, that *there* was developed the germ of our representative system; a germ, however, the growth of which was rudely checked, and appeared for a time almost destroyed, by the Norman Conquest. Then, while the great body of the Anglo-Saxon people were doomed to a state little better than slavery, social and political, the entire soil was parcelled out among the chief military followers of William, some seven hundred in number, who thus became the direct tenants of the crown, and was then further subdivided by the latter into about sixty thousand knight's fees,—that is to say, portions of land large enough to support a knight, and enable him to appear, with horse and arms, properly equipped, whenever the lord required his services. The former class comprised apparently the sole parties who were then entitled to the honour and influence of a share in the business of the great council of the nation; and of these, it was only the barons, the chief prelates, and others specially summoned by the king's letters, who, in conjunction with the king, really exercised any legislative power. The king, indeed, at first, was all in all. For a considerable period after the Conquest, law and legislation seem to have been little more than the record of his will, as expressed (in its more favourable manifestations) in his answers to the petitions presented to him and to his council. That some sort of public opinion, however, even then modified the absolutism of our sovereigns, is clear from many facts; here is one, in connection with the first-known instance of an English sovereign addressing a legislative assembly in a set speech. Fearing his subjects would be—or possibly knowing they were—discontented at his apparent harshness to his elder brother Robert, and by the heavy taxes he had laid upon

them, Henry I. called a general council of the nation, and there explained his conduct so fully and so eloquently to them, that, at the close, his auditors enthusiastically declared they were ready to sacrifice their lives and fortunes in his defence. From kingly explanations to the people must follow in due time occasional kingly submissions to the people; then the development of a system of regulations of their respective rights and powers, still, of course, so much clear gain to the popular influence, which was—nothing, and loss to the royal influence, which had been all; and lastly, the entire legislative supremacy of the real over the merely representative authority; that is to say, of the nation over its chief magistrate. Thus has it been with us. And the instrument with which all this great work has been accomplished is the very simple prosaic-looking one of—*no tax without consent of parliament*. Let us recall the state of things preceding the operation of this new power. Let us imagine, for instance, our gracious queen, Victoria, happening to be particularly in want of money, and proceeding in some such fashion as the following to obtain it. A searching examination is made into the affairs of the inhabitants of the chief cities and towns of the whole country, by means of official spies, popular reports, and so on, and there is a list formed of all the richest persons resident in the places in question. Letters are then addressed to the whole, summoning them for presentation at court; and however suspicious or alarming the summons may appear, no excuses are admitted; bad may follow going, but it will be worse for those who stay behind. Everything is so well managed that only a certain number are presented at a time to the sovereign, who, *en passant*, intimates to each the sum of money that she is graciously pleased to require from them. About a tenth of each man's whole income goes thus at one blow, independent of any other regular or irregular modes of taxation. Those who are refractory are sent to prison, to learn better behaviour in—payment. Imagine this state of things prevailing now? Why, we cannot really do so; yet we have only literally described what took place (and probably in this old Palace of Westminster) during the reign of Henry II., on the plea of a crusade. We may add, that London contributed to this roll of pillage two hundred names, and York one hundred. It was high time to look somewhere for protection; and protection was gradually found in the growing institution of parliament, but not before England had passed through many terrible ordeals. Magna Charta began to loom portentously through the gloom upon the astonished eyes of king John; and simultaneously with its appearance, we find also dark intimations of the advent of the power that could alone make that instrument of any value. In the Great Charter granted by John, in 1215, he promises to summon all archbishops, bishops, abbots, earls, and greater barons, personally, and all other tenants in chief under the crown, by the sheriffs and bailiffs, to meet at a certain place, with fifty days' notice, to assess aids and scutages, when necessary;

in other words, to determine the taxes that were to be levied upon the people. Here, evidently, were the rudiments of our Houses of Lords and Commons, and rudiments merely: for the elements of representation were the same in both cases—the land-owners of the country—simply divided into the greater and the lesser. But the era was now approaching when a new and vast element was to be introduced in favour of the people—the representation of Trade, Commerce, and Industry, and when the conflicting principles supported respectively by the king and his adherents on the one side, and by the people led by the parliament on the other, were to try the last issue. Constantly postponed and constantly renewed from the day of the signing of the Great Charter, the mortal struggle was at last precipitated by the arbitrary and faithless character of Henry III., whose long reign was as conspicuous for his violation, at every opportunity, of all those principles of government that were held sacred in the popular heart, as for his unprincipled and treacherous renewals of his oath to observe the Charter, when the popular pressure was too great for him. At that time rose in awful majesty before him and the people, the man of all men who has the best claim to be considered the true founder of the modern representative system of England,—Simon de Montfort. After the battle of Lewes, when Henry fell into De Montfort's power, and when, if the charges made against the great earl by his enemies had been true, he would have been busy in devising means for consolidating his personal power, what he did do was this—he summoned by his chancellor, Nicholas de Ely, *two knights for each shire, two citizens for each city, two burgesses for each borough*. Scarcely had he promulgated this grand scheme of reform, when he fell at Evesham, amid the tears of the people, and was canonized in their hearts and in their poetry as a saint and martyr. Here is a part of one of the ballads of the day, written in Anglo-Norman French, and translated by Mr. George Ellis:

"In song my grief shall find relief:
Sad is my verse and rude;
I sing in tears our gentle peers,
Who fell for England's good.
Our peace they sought, for us they fought,
For us they dared to die;
And where they sleep, a mangled heap,
Their wounds for vengeance cry.
On Evesham's plain is Montfort slain,
Well-skill'd the war to guide;
Where streams his gore shall all deplore
Fair England's flower and pride.

Ere Tuesday's sun its course had run,
Our noblest chiefs had bled;
While rush'd to fight each gallant knight,
Their dastard vassals fled.
Still undismay'd, with trenchant blade
They hew'd their desperate way:
Not strength, or skill, to Edward's will,
But numbers gave the day.
On Evesham's plain, &c.

Yet by the blow that laid thee low,
 Brave earl, one palm was given;
 Not less at thine than Becket's shrine
 Shall rise our vows to Heaven!
 Our church and laws, your common cause,—
 'T was his the church to save;
 Our rights restored, thou, generous lord,
 Shall triumph in thy grave!
 On Evesham's plain, &c.

With De Montfort fell for a time the system he had devised; but it was for a brief time only. The man who overthrew him, as he subsequently overthrew and murdered the Scottish patriot Wallace, Prince (afterwards King) Edward, and whose conscience had evidently been with De Montfort, as for some years had been his influence, now treated this great principle as he did most of the other principles against which he had fought in fighting De Montfort, their representative,—he accepted them, and consolidated into law and practice much of what had been previously only parts of the written Charter. We cannot quarrel with Edward for this; but neither can we forget his previous slaughter of De Montfort, and of the patriots of England, to whom we are really indebted for what appear to be Edward's statesmanlike acts. Let us, therefore, never forget those men. How is it we do not see De Montfort's name among the list of personages who are to have statues in the new houses? Edward is to be there, and his other illustrious victim and "traitor"—Wallace; why not De Montfort? We can conceive nothing more nationally degrading than such an omission must appear to an enlightened foreigner. And it would be as meaningless as degrading. Include Hampden and Cromwell, and exclude De Montfort? The thing is too absurd. Lord Campbell well observes, that—

"Some writers have attempted to give a much earlier date to the popular representation in England, but I think without reason; for not only are no earlier writs for the election of representatives extant, but there is no trace of the existence of such a body in accounts of parliamentary proceedings, where, if it had existed, it must have been mentioned—as the trial of Thomas à Becket, which is as minutely reported as the impeachment of Warren Hastings. The great council of the nation hitherto consisted of the prelates and barons, assisted by the officers of state, and the judges;" and also, occasionally, as we have seen, by the knights or freeholders. Matthew Paris gives us an interesting anecdote illustrative of the personal relations of Henry III. and De Montfort, who, it will be remembered, had married the king's sister. In July, 1258, the king, leaving his palace to dine, took a boat at Westminster; but when on the Thames the sky grew dark, and such a storm of thunder and lightning and rain came on, that the affrighted monarch, who at all times was alarmed at tempestuous weather, ordered his attendants to put him ashore. The skiff was very near the noble palace of the bishop of Durham, where the earl of Leicester (De Montfort)

then resided; and the earl, on perceiving the king approach, gladly hastened to meet him. Saluting him most respectfully, and consoling him under his alarm in a becoming manner, he said, "Why should you be afraid, since the tempest is over?" To which the king replied, not lightly, but seriously, and with a severe countenance, "Above measure I dread thunder and lightning; but, by the hand of God! I am more in terror of thee than of all the lightning in the world."

The reign of Edward I., for the reasons above shown, becomes apparently, therefore, the great epoch from which may be dated many of the more important features of our parliamentary system. The general objects of parliament were most felicitously expressed in the writs issued by Edward:—"It is a most equitable rule that what concerns all should be approved by all; and common danger repelled by united efforts." Have we really improved upon this formula? Of course we have greatly improved some parts of the practical machinery for carrying it out, so far as we have chosen to carry it out; but a more frequent reference to this first great principle, so clearly enunciated by our English historians, would even now be very beneficial, in our parliamentary deliberations. Following this enunciation of the general theory of parliament, we find the particular—and grand—essential of its practice also boldly avowed by the parliament, and frankly acknowledged by the king in the council of 1296; when, on the 1st of August, it was enacted, "that no tax should be levied without the consent of the knights, citizens, and burgesses in parliament." So De Montfort's great plan *was* realized; the citizens and burgesses maintained, under Edward I., and ever after, the right to a share in the representation of the country which the great earl had bequeathed to them at the price of his blood.

It is interesting to mark the positions by this time taken up by these several powers. The great Council was still essentially the parliament; but had condescendingly taken advice from time to time from the knightly or free-holding body, and now they admitted to a similar privilege the representatives of the chief industrial places in the kingdom: of course for the same object in both cases, the greater convenience of taxing, under such circumstances, the respective classes represented. That such was the state of things as regards all the three bodies that went to the composition of the parliament, in its more complete aspect, in the time of Edward I., is evident from the writs he issued in the 23rd year of his reign, which directed that the elected citizens and burgesses should have full power to act in behalf of the citizens and burgesses at large, *separately* from the county representatives, for transacting what should be *ordained by the great Council, &c.* But this separation of the two lesser bodies was but a temporary phase of their contemporaneous existence; the tendency of events speedily led to their amalgamation, and lo! the homely-sounding but grandly suggestive word "Commons," as applied to both knights and citizens, &c., for the first time appears in the records of

that great national measure of 1327, which closed the infamous career of Edward II. We learn from them that it was by the "council and assent" of the Commons, as well as by those of the prelates, barons, &c., that Edward II. was deposed and that Edward III. ascended the throne. Something had been obtained, however, even in that disastrous reign. The parliamentarians of that day, finding that the principles so well set forth by the first Edward, were not bearing fruit under the auspices of the second, but that on the contrary, to use their own words, "many people be aggrieved by the king's ministers, against right, in respect to which grievance no one can recover without a common parliament;" there was then added to the Great Charter, the following important law, "We do order that the king shall hold a parliament *once a year, or twice if need be.*" So that the regular executive government, the routine administration of law, was still a thing essentially of and for the king, and for such justice among his subjects as involved no question of the rights and privileges belonging to—or the wrongs and oppressions done by—the king and his official servants: when *they* offended, the ordinary tribunals, however high, were closed to the injured people; parliament alone could interfere to recompense them for the past, and shield them for the future. The use made of this new privilege shows its estimated value: during the following reign, that of Edward III., nearly fifty parliaments were held at Westminster. In one of these the popular weapon was fairly unsheathed, and its force and temper tried. In 1346, Edward compelled every landowner, by proclamation, to furnish horsemen and archers in proportion to his estate, while the cities and boroughs were required to furnish their staple commodity—money. The Commons petitioned against this ordinance, as issued without their consent; the king replied it was a measure of necessity; the Commons repeated their objection still more urgently, and then the king promised the ordinance should not form a precedent for future exactions. This was substantially the people's triumph.

And thus, at last, we see the people represented; not only by the freeholders of the land, but by the chief employers of all sorts of industrial labour in the cities and larger towns. Yet was the right so accorded anything but a pleasant one to exercise; and on the whole, knights and citizens seem to have alike looked on a seat in parliament as a thing particularly to be shunned. Each class had its own special reasons for disliking it. It was very expensive to the knights, who were not, like the citizens, supported by the places they represented. Serious changes had been going on in their position, as compared with that of the baronial body to which they in a great measure belonged. While the latter had been constantly rising, they had been apparently on the whole as constantly falling, during the progress of the mighty transformation that had been wrought in the social condition of England between the periods of the Conquest, and of the reign of Edward I. The power of the former was constantly

increasing through the increase of the value of the vast territories they possessed—the spoil of the Conquest, and wealth thus flowed in upon them in some shape or other, far beyond their necessary expenditure: on the other hand, the smaller occupants of the land—the knighthood or gentry generally, whose property and revenue were more narrowly balanced, found themselves pressed upon not only by their leviathan neighbours, but also by the growing power of the citizens and burgesses of the chief marts of English industry and commerce; who grew richer than themselves, obtained mortgages often leading to purchases of the knights' estates, surpassed them in general social energy of character outvied them in wealth and in all the external tokens that so impress the imaginations of the semi-cultivated. Again, "knight of the shire" was not then, as it is now, a mere figure of speech, for any sort of representative, who possesses the requisite qualification of landed property,—but veritable warriors, or men fitted for war, trained in all its discipline, and bound to be ready at any moment to lead forth their retainers, in whatever cause and to whatever part of the world the sovereign might require. Thus in the writs issued for the parliament of 1373, the sheriff of every county was "ordered to cause to be chosen two dubbed knights, or the most honest, worthy, and discreet esquires of the county, *the most expert in feats of arms, and no others.*" Lord Campbell calls these "new-fangled" writs; possibly the old rule had been relaxed, but every thing goes to prove that this, if a revival of an old rule, was no more. Now many of the gentry were doubtless by this time trying to settle down in peace to the cultivation of their estates, and were by no means inclined either to war, or to its severe and protracted preliminary training. Lastly, there was the sense of humiliation in the continuous approximation towards themselves and their power, of the men of the craft, and the town. The force of this feeling may be judged from a law passed in the reign of Henry III., enacting that "feudal lords [who were not necessarily barons, or the highest class of landholders,] who marry those they have in ward to villeins or others, *as burgesses*, whereby they are disparaged, shall lose wardship, and the profit shall be converted to the use of the heir for the *shame* done to him." And now these burgesses were acknowledged a power in the state like unto themselves.

The special causes of dislike on the part of the citizens were still more numerous and intense. To be elected was at once to become a mark, as a rich man, for the rapacious attacks of unprincipled but powerful personages of all kinds, from the king downwards. Then again, how could such an one avoid offending either the general authority on the one hand, or his own particular municipality who had elected him on the other, in the various questions that from time to time arose, as to the moneys to be contributed from his town or city, the privileges he was expected to obtain, the wrongs to have redressed, and so on? Doubtless he would choose on the whole the patriotic

side, and stand by his fellows; and then also, doubtless, fines and forfeitures would, at every possible opportunity, be rained upon his devoted head, with occasionally, perhaps, a taste of the air in the dungeon of some one of the king's castles. Then there were execrable roads to be traversed, and for distances in those days enormous; good businesses to be left to injury in the hands of subordinates at home, while voting away perhaps no inconsiderable portion of the profits already accumulated by hard industry and indomitable perseverance. Lastly, there was the bitter sense of contempt to bear up against. If the knights felt degraded to come near them, what must they have felt? Hume, commenting on the position of the citizens and burgesses,—the progenitors of our present all-powerful middle class, says, "they composed not, properly speaking, any essential part of the Parliament; they met apart both from the barons and knights, who disdained to mix with such mean personages: after they had given their consent to the taxes required of them, their business being now finished, they separated, even though the Parliament still continued to sit and to canvass the national business." This passage requires, however, to be understood with considerable modification, if it be applied to any lengthened period even of early parliamentary history. For in 1349, we find that Edward III. specially asked the advice of the Commons about his going to war with France; which, *after a debate of four days*, they declined to give, saying they were not able, and desiring the king to be advised by his nobles and council, and that, whatever *they* should determine, the Commons would confirm: an instructive passage, and not at all a difficult one to read. The king wanted as much money and war material as he could get, which objects would of course be most effectually served by making the war popular with those who were to supply his wants. On the other hand, the Commons evidently desiring not to promote the proposed war, but knowing they had no actual power to prevent it, took the most prudent and conciliatory way of letting their opinions be known. Clearly, however, here were the Commons sitting, in Hume's own words, to "canvass the national business;" but how that privilege would become a right they may not have cared to speculate; and certainly they could not ever dream of the portentous power they were really beginning to found. And so everything relating to expressions of their feeling on the subject of M.P.-ship, that has been recorded, is in the same strain—great unwillingness to serve—great efforts made to be relieved when singled out to serve, and doubtless great exuberance of joy at the escape when their efforts were successful. One fact speaks trumpet-tongued upon this matter; sureties had to be given for the attendance of the persons chosen.

The writs of 1373, before named, as pointing out that knights were really to be worthy of their name, proceeds with equal precision to point out what sort of persons should be elected for cities and boroughs; there were

to be from every city two citizens, and of every borough two burgesses, discreet and sufficient, and such as had the greatest skill in shipping and merchandising. Lord Campbell commenting on this says, "There was no open exclusion of lawyers any more than of non-combatant country gentlemen; but no individual of either class could well be brought within either category in the writ." Evidently the theory was very clear, simple, and profound; knights and (knights in embryo) the squires to deal with the military requisitions of the kingdom, citizens and burgesses to deal with its trade and commerce. Compare these with the great number and immense influence of the various classes that now claim, and successfully, to be represented in parliament; and which, as a whole, disturb, nay almost shut out, the idea so grand in its simplicity, so healthful in its unity of interest, the *people* itself, independent of all classes.

It is curious how often we go back, while very earnestly desiring to go more rapidly forward; and of course if the truth is behind us, there can be no better course. Thus the principle of payment of members, which many are striving to establish now, was an old and thoroughly established principle with our forefathers. Doubtless it was intended to lessen the extreme unwillingness to serve, that so often exhibited itself on the part of representatives, as well as to bear, in a spirit of justice, those expenses which the individual could not. It does not seem to have struck our ancestors, that the way to get over the difficulty, in the way of the *people's* being duly represented, was to require that all their representatives should be rich men. The payment of a knight of the shire, varied from three to five shillings a day, and that of a citizen, from two to three shillings—equivalent possibly to as many pounds of our money. Expenses for going to and returning from parliament were also defrayed. The burdens of the civic and town representatives fell upon the places they represented, which was their reason for so often petitioning to be relieved altogether from the right that they either found too costly for them, or that they fancied returned them no sufficient equivalent.

The comparative number of the knightly and civic representatives, during the reign of Edward III., will surprise many of our readers; there were only 74 of the former to 282 of the latter. An unmistakeable evidence of the declension of the one class, and of the corresponding rise of the other, that had within a century or two taken place. It was only fitting that the English language should be spoken in what was now become an English parliament, and so that improvement marked the reign of the third Edward. The earliest record of any parliamentary proceeding in English, occurs in that monarch's thirty-sixth year of rule. The roll of the year is found in French as usual, but it expressly states that the cause of summoning was declared (*en Anglois*) in English. From this time all the proceedings were carried on in the native tongue, with the exception of the giving the

royal assent to bills, "although," says Lord Campbell with covert satire, "the entry of some of those proceedings in the reign of Queen Victoria is still in Norman-French."

Another improvement, dating from the reign of Edward III., was the cessation of the migratory habits of parliament. Before that time they were held wherever the sovereign found it most convenient to himself to be at the time, so that they were as often held out of as in London; but since then the occasions have been few when any other place than the existing one was chosen. The last point we shall comment on refers to the question often debated—When did the separation of the parliament into two Houses take place? The answer commonly given, and by Lord Campbell among others, is—the reign of Edward III. We believe, on the contrary, that *they never did separate*, inasmuch as they were never united in any other way than the two houses are now united as forming one parliament; or at least, with only this difference, that occasionally the knights in the earlier period of parliamentary history, and subsequently the knights and burgesses, or "Commons," were allowed to participate in certain deliberations of the great council, and apparently in the same chamber. But that was the extraordinary not the ordinary state of things. The question put should, in fact, merge into another—when did the sittings of the Commons become sufficiently regular, and the subject matter of deliberation sufficiently wide in its scope, and their determinations enjoy sufficient respect, as to really constitute them a practical part of the parliament? A question, obviously, not to be answered by a reference to any particular date; for their power not only advanced slowly but fitfully, with alternate successes and failures. But there is one event that we think may be taken as really simultaneous with the recognition of their existence as an independent—and in that sense separate—body,—the election of a Speaker, which took place for the first time, so far as we know, in the year 1377. Certainly from that period we find the Commons exercising an important, and, on the whole, an increasing influence on the destinies of the country. In the reign of Elizabeth, we find the Commons quarrelling with their former masters, the Lords, for failing in civility to them, by receiving their messages with their hats on, and by allowing the Keeper to return an answer in the same negligent manner; but the Lords stood upon the "custom" and "usage of parliament," and so the matter ended. We must not attempt to enter into the subsequent history of Parliament. Such periods as that of the Civil War,—such events as those of the attempted abolition of the House of Lords by the Commons, the visit of Charles I. in the hope of arresting the five members who had offended him, the famous dissolution by Cromwell, &c., are, we think, best left in their own stern simplicity, by the briefest possible mention, unless more space could be devoted to them than is here at our disposal, or requisite for the fulfilment of our object, which is

to describe the House of Parliament—not its history; although we have thought an episodic account of the early growth of such a power, may be useful in itself, and calculated to enhance the reader's interest in the place devoted to it.

And now we are once more before the entrance, or north front of Westminster Hall; a part added to Rufus's original edifice by Richard II. We need not describe it; our engravings will make it familiar to those who are not already well acquainted with it. Let us enter, and in so doing, recall, in memory, the leading incidents of its history. An inexhaustible topic! So rich, various, and eventful, have been the uses of the Hall. Thus, looked at as the Banqueting Hall, we remember that here have taken place nearly all the coronation feasts of England, as well as many other feasts, involving even still more attractive features for those whose love of the past is based essentially on their enjoyment of its picturesqueness of incident. Parliaments used for some time to sit here. Here Cromwell was inaugurated. And here have taken place the chief state-trials of England—including those of Sir Thomas More, the illustrious author of 'Utopia,'—Lady Jane Grey's relatives,—Elizabeth's favourite Essex, and his friend Southampton,—Stafford,—Laud,—and, most tremendous of all, Charles I.,—the seven bishops,—Kilmarnock and his coadjutors in the rebellion of the last century,—and Warren Hastings. What events—all to have taken place within these same four walls that stretch around us! Could we but revive the echoes of the voices that have swelled forth within them in tones of the deepest pathos, most fervent indignation, most lofty eloquence, how one's heart would almost cease to beat, while we listened! Even now we seem to hear King Charles' startling Ha! reverberating through the place, as the word Traitor! was applied to him in the indictment. There is little to describe in Westminster Hall. Its two grand features are the size—239 feet long, 68 feet wide, and 90 feet high—and the roof of timber, formed into a continuous series of great arches, a work of almost unrivalled elaboration and magnificence. It is of oak, and very old. The superincumbent angels who look down from the bases of the central arches seem to have kept true watch and ward over it. Mr. Barry, who is repairing the hall in various parts, is, we believe touched with the true feeling of reverence for this almost sacred spot, and wishes but to conserve not alter. The chief novelties are these:—the window facing the entrance, at the other extremity, has given place to an enormous arch, embracing nearly the whole space from floor to roof, and beneath which rises a broad magnificent staircase, now in course of erection. On either side of this staircase rise two gigantic pedestals for statues. If the shades of great men are permitted to revisit us, it must make them shiver to think of being mounted in effigy on such a base. A man must be very great indeed, to deserve to be immortalised there. The other change is the opening a new archway in the left or eastern wall, which leads into a low corridor

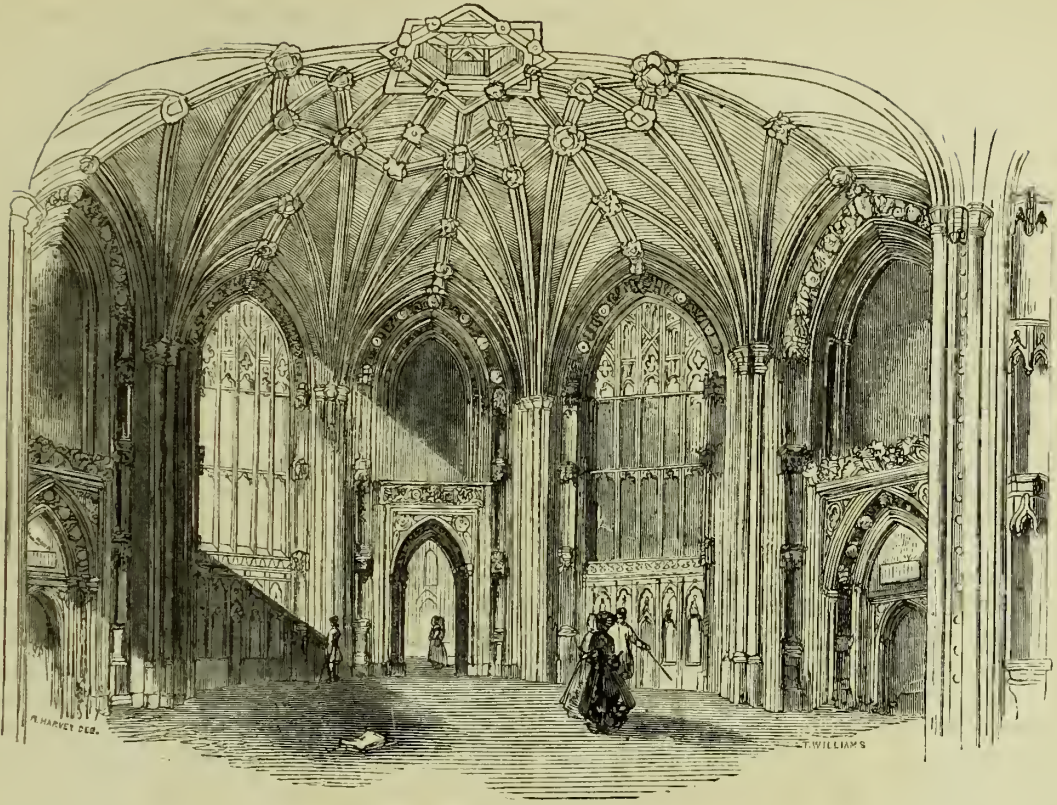


4.—ST. STEPHEN'S HALL.

profusely decorated, presently winding, and growing richer and richer at every step, until the very walls seem ornament-shaped into and answering for walls, rather than walls made ornamental, and so at last we arrive at a spot where the way divides into three; the door on the left opening into the Star Chamber Court, which will be the Commons' chief entrance, a staircase in front, leading up to their house, and on the right the Cloisters, a perfect blaze of architectural light. The richness here surpasses all belief that the eye itself does not suggest and confirm. The roof, a perfect marvel of sportive play in stone, is ancient, but the continuous row of windows that look into, and as it were, enclose the cloister court, are for the most part restorations. Projecting into the court beyond the inner outline of the cloister walls and windows, is an antique looking building, the Oratory of the old convent, entered from the cloisters by a curious, old, very monkish-looking sort of door, with stained glass above. Within it are niches with rich canopies, and a roof still more elaborately beautiful, (in the same style,) than that

of the cloisters itself. The view from this cloister court is extraordinarily fine. Exquisite beauties surround you closely at the base; the exterior of St. Stephen's Hall rises above; also the gigantic Central Tower contrasting with one of the light towers for ventilation; and lastly, you see the upper portion of Westminster Hall, with its flying buttresses; all these are comprised within the horizon of this little court. While here we must not forget to look into St. Stephen's Crypt, the former basement story of St. Stephen's Chapel, the old House of Commons; and which is about to be restored and converted into a place of worship for the residents of the new pile: a happy idea. There will be doubtless many participants with them from beyond the walls.

Returning now to Westminster Hall, and ascending as well as we may, over the great brick arches that are to support the grand staircase, we pass beneath the enormous arch we have spoken of, which nearly occupies the whole height and breadth of the Hall, and find ourselves in a porch of the same breadth, and *the entire*



5.—CENTRAL, OR OCTAGON HALL.

height of the hall, ninety feet, and having still before us a window of corresponding gigantic proportions, suggesting the idea that the old window of the hall had been heightened, and carried so far back, as to leave room for this extraordinary porch in front of it. Ascending and winding round to the base of the window, we find ourselves in a gallery commanding a glorious perspective of the hall, as seen through the porch. What a position! and what spectacles may some of us yet enjoy from it! The scaffolding which at present occupies the porch, prevents our seeing much of the details, but they are all in a stately style, and of proportions corresponding with the gigantic height of the place. We may here remark that the particular kind of effect produced by narrow horizontal spaces, stretching upward to great height, is extremely attractive and novel, to our eyes at least, and has been made extensive use of by Mr. Barry in various parts. This however is the most imposing example of the whole. A friend suggested the idea of “wells” in connection with them, but to look down into such places, and to look up through them, makes all the difference. A great difficulty has here, we think, been made a great triumph. Six statues are to be placed in this porch, and two subjects are already pointed out, Nelson and Marlborough.

Turning to the left, a second staircase leads us into a hall worthy of the porch—and similarly named—St. Stephen's. (Cut, No. 4.) This occupies the site of the

old House of Commons. Its dimensions are 95 feet long, 30 feet wide, and 60 feet high to the apex of the stone groining. Facing us, we see arch raised upon arch, and both inclosed within one vast arch—admitting to the Houses, and to the general interior of the pile beyond. The corresponding arch is behind you. A row of massive pedestals flanks the walls on each side, to be surmounted by marble statues. These are recommended to be of—Selden, Hampden, Lord Falkland, Lord Clarendon, Lord Somers, Sir Robert Walpole, Lord Chatham, Lord Mansfield, Burke, Pitt, Fox, and Grattan. Great compartments cry out, as it were, in their blank eloquence, for the frescoes that are to occupy them. Here is the list suggested by the Commissioners, chosen with a view of illustrating some of the greatest epochs in our constitutional, social, and ecclesiastical history—A sitting of the Witenagemote; the Feudal System illustrated in the homage of the Barons to William the Conqueror; the Origin of the House of Commons illustrated in the first writ brought down to the City of London; the Termination of the Baronial Wars shown in the crowning of Henry VII., at Bosworth, over the dead body of Richard III.; an early Trial by Jury; the Signing of Magna Charta; the Abolition of Villanage illustrated by a lord, on his death-bed, attended by the clergy, manumitting his vassals; the Privileges of the Commons asserted by Sir Thomas More against Cardinal Wolsey; the Conversion of the Anglo-Saxons to Christianity by the

Preaching of St. Augustine; and lastly, the Reformation typified in the incident of Elizabeth's receiving the Bible in Cheapside. Above these is a range of glorious windows, five on each side, of the most cathedral-like character and proportion, and which are as strikingly effective from without the pile, as they appear here, from within. Of course there is the eternal groined roof—and as eternally beautiful: a thing never to be wearied of. The bosses of this roof,—in fine keeping with its associations,—are strictly ecclesiastical. The five larger ones in the centre represent in alto-relievo the chief incidents in the life of St. Stephen—his preaching—arrest—his vision—stoning—and burial. Four other bosses between these represent angels playing on musical instruments—the heavenly chorus, as it were, that looks on while so grand a personage is passing over life's stage, and soothing his pangs by a foretaste of the harmonies that shall ever after sound in his ears. Six smaller bosses on each side represent the twelve apostles; while others, smaller still, illustrate the passion of Him whose presence, visible or invisible, animates alike martyrs and apostles to brave all, endure all, patiently, unto the glorious end. The great arches have also their angels, apostles, and devices, connected with bands of lilies and thorns—the types of all that is pure and beautiful in ideal life and aspiration, and of all that is full of suffering and humiliation in the inevitable actualities that await the endeavour to realize them.

Passing through the magnificent arch at the other end of St. Stephen's Hall, we find ourselves in the Central Hall, a place in every way worthy of its position—in the centre of the entire pile. (Cut, No. 5.) From this radiate in various directions the paths to the different parts of the structure, and especially towards the Lords on the right, towards the Commons on the left and the Committee-rooms' Corridor before you. The shape first strikes us as remarkably picturesque and novel. The entire space occupied by the Hall, including the walls, forms a great octagon, but the rise of the massive walls of the octagonal tower, divides the inner surfaces into eight principal divisions, which are again enriched in their effect, by their presenting each two surfaces, one towards a doorway by its side, the other to the centre of the hall. One arch over another, rising to the roof, alternates with a window over an open space, all along the walls. The lower of each two arches forms, of course, the door; the upper is blank, and will be filled with mosaic work. Rich clusters of columns rise between each of these two alternating series, and form the entire hall into eight grand arches, marking clearly its octagonal character.* Two tiers of niches farther enrich the lower or entrance arches, one on each side; and there extends horizontally across, between the two arches, a most sumptuous band of sculpture, with angels, crowns, and insignia. The octagonal roof of stone suggests a new beauty by the manner in which it is made to illustrate the peculiar shape of the hall. It gradually concentrates

its beauty as the size of the circle lessens towards the apex. Everything about us breathes an atmosphere of grandeur, richness, repose. Fitting prelude to the scenes we approach! Even the statues of the patron saints of Britain that are to be placed here acquire a new significance. It is the welfare of *all* the children of all these once separated countries, now happily joined, that is here entrusted to the truest hearts, and wisest minds, of our legislature; and holy indeed should be the spirit—one above all petty interests and personal aggrandisement—in which their labours are performed.

Taking the archway on the left, we pass through a short but noble looking corridor, called the Commons' Corridor, with an elaborately groined stone roof, of great height, supported on engaged clustered columns, lighted by what look like the tops of so many beautiful pointed windows, their proper lower portions appearing to have given place to compartments for oil paintings, which are to embody the following subjects. Charles II. assisted in his escape by Jane Lane—the executioner tying Wishart's book round the neck of Montrose—Monk declaring for free Parliament—the Landing of Charles II.—Alice Lisle concealing the Fugitives after the Battle of Sedgemoor—the Sleep of Argyle—the Acquittal of the Seven Bishops—and the Lords and Commons presenting the Crown to William and Mary in the Banqueting House.

This Corridor conducts us into the Commons' Lobby, a name that various incidents have made us familiar with, in connection with the immediate entrances to the Lower House. It was in the lobby of the House that the minister Perceval was shot by Bellingham. This new lobby is very lofty, has a magnificent roof of carved wood in nine divisions, while the entire surface of the walls is enriched with the various resources of architectural skill; great windows where there is open space with air and light beyond, blank panels to correspond, sumptuously worked over and emblazoned with heraldry, where there is not. The four sides present as the chief features, standing out from the rest, four stately arches. Below the windows are pierced screens shutting off while showing darkened spaces within, full of that soft gloom on which the eye loves to turn and refresh itself, after any lengthened examination of the splendour around. Mark the little door by the side of one of the arches; that leads up into the Strangers' Gallery of the House; and of course, therefore, the arch itself is the one that admits us into the place, toward which we have been so long journeying—a place that occupies possibly a more conspicuous position in the mental vision of the whole civilised world than any other—the British House of Commons.

Yes, enter, and you are in the New Home of that august body to which England owes much of her dearest liberties, and to which, when she has made it more truly an emanation from her *entire* self—an exposition of *all* her wants and aspirations, she hopes yet to owe a Future more brilliant and at the same

time more solidly enduring, as regards the prosperity, material, mental, and moral, of the great masses of the people, than she can at present claim to have afforded them. It is not easy to describe the aspect of the place, for it is yet in a transitional state. The House is oblong in shape, with a roof sloping from the sides upwards to the flat centre. This will be, as the other parts are, of wainscot, richly decorated. The windows occupying the upper part of the walls only, on each side, will be filled with stained glass—in order to “subdue the excessive glare.” It is the ideal light one wants to attend to here, not the physical. These windows, and the triple row of emblazoned shields, that extend all round the house on, under, and above the gallery, are the only gleams of bright colour vouchsafed in the Lower House. A gallery extends on each side, the length of the chamber (for members); then over the Speaker’s chair at the farthest end, for the Reporters, and over them, behind a pierced screen, for ladies and other favoured visitors; while at the opposite end, above the entrance, is the Strangers’ Gallery, with the front portion divided off into stalls for the accommodation of Peers and persons admitted by the Speaker’s order. Right and left of the public entrance are the official seats, and between them is the part technically called the bar. Here persons stand who are summoned to the House, in order to be examined or reproved.

The dimensions of the House, since the recent alteration, are as follows:—about 69 feet long, 45 feet broad, and 44 feet high to the centre. Flanking the House on two sides, are the Lobbies, to which the members retire during divisions—places in appearance something between corridors and apartments. Very agreeable places to retire to, on other and less bustling occasions than divisions. They have a studious looking character: and the very air seems filled with a consciousness of the importance of the questions that are to be solved by the members ranged here, on either side. The entire surface of walls and ceiling, is covered with rich wainscot, except where towards the cornice little spaces of colour are left.

Returning now to the Central Hall, and passing through a corresponding corridor to that already mentioned as leading to the Commons’ Lobby, we reach the Peers’ Lobby. And here we pause—startled into wonder and admiration. Here the artist-decorator begins to put forth his strength in earnest. How the colours glow—how the gilding burns—everywhere around you! One knows not what to look at first—we are confounded by the lavishness of the wealth. The floor is of encaustic tiles of the most superb colours; its centre and margins of Derbyshire marble, rivalling jasper in its texture; enamel inlaid with brass surrounds the centre with additional magnificence. The windows are filled with gorgeously stained glass, and contain the arms of the early English aristocracy. The walls between the windows are emblazoned to correspond with them, and present an unbroken surface of gold, and crimsons, and blues. The arch-piers of the

chief-entrance arch to the Lords’ House, are garlanded by gilded crowns and roses, joined by gilded foliage entirely encircling the whole arch, while its spandrels are heavy with the superabounding magnificence of the gilded sculptures, comprising lions and unicorns, crowns and shields, and wreaths of the foliage of the plant so dear to all English hearts—the oak. All this gorgeousness below seems to be reflected with fresh lustre from the roof, which springs from corbels, supported by angels, bearing the orders of the garter. Then, in each of the four corners stands a gilded and bronze candelabra, suggestive of oriental than British luxury and taste; so lofty is it, (twelve feet high at least,) so picturesque, and so brilliant and costly-looking, that one would rather expect to find it in the magnificent Alhambra of the Moors, than here. Amid all this blaze, the eye is not fatigued, for there are the open screens again, along the lower part of the walls, into the soft shadows of which it can always take refuge. In this, as well as in the general arrangement of the walls, the architectural dignity of the Lobby has been steadily kept in view. Each of the four walls is divided into one grand central division, with two lesser divisions by its side: the centres include the great arches of entrance; while the others contain alternately the screen and window over, and the screen and the panelled compartments corresponding with the windows. But lo! another and previously unnoticed piece of splendour! A pair of gilded gates are closing upon the entrance into the Peers’ House—gates of wondrous beauty and brilliancy. They are formed of brass, and weigh, we are told, a ton and a half.

Let us step through them into the House of Peers,—the masterpiece of English art in the nineteenth century in the way of internal domestic magnificence. Here all the available powers of all the entire group of artists and artist-workmen whose services have been required for the pile, have been put into requisition, regardless of expenditure in time or money. Nothing has been left undone that they could do, to contribute to the effect lavished upon these four walls, and make the place an actual and visible type of the order to which it belongs. Remembering what the English aristocracy is, in its past history, and in its present wealth, power, and social influence, that was an attempt of no ordinary character, but it has succeeded. Our illustration spares us the necessity of describing the general shape of the House. (Cut. No. 6). If on looking at our representation of it, the spectator invests the whole with the hues, and harmonies, of some one of the most gorgeous sunsets he has ever beheld, he will have the nearest idea we can give him of the indescribable splendour of this place, and of the artistic tone, that like an atmosphere, subdues all to its own gentleness and delicacy. Nothing stands out obtrusively to the injury of the general effect, although some of the individual objects are so extraordinarily rich and conspicuous, that when one looks steadily at them, you are astonished that they did not sooner arrest the eye;

the throne, for instance, a most sumptuous erection of carved work in wood, gilded all over, large enough to contain within its light and elegant triple canopies, the chief chair for the Queen, and smaller ones for her husband, and her eldest son, raised upon steps, that are covered with a carpet of the purest scarlet velvet pile, spotted with heraldic lions and roses. The massive ribs of the ceiling are like so many bars of gold, between which the heraldic emblazonry streams forth, richer yet more subdued. Twelve windows of the noblest dimensions, and filled with stained glass, admit the light, and temper it to the magnificence within. These windows represent the kings and queens of England, under canopies, from William the Conqueror to Adelaide lately deceased. A gallery extends along beneath the windows, of the most elaborate open brass work, itself again farther enriched by compartments of coloured mosaic. It is useless to speak of minor decorations, such as shields, and pendants, and small terminal busts, and inscriptions, and candelabras, and devices, and carvings, etc., in such a place as this. We cannot even pause over the unbroken sweep of fretwork that extends all round the lower portion of the walls, behind the rows of crimson benches, and which seems to outvie the most elaborate stalls of our finest cathedral choirs. At each end of the house, (over the throne at one extremity, and over the corresponding lofty canopy at the other,) three arches of the most stately span enshrine as many frescoes: and, it is sufficient to be able to say of them, that they are not unworthy of their position. They comprise the Baptism of Ethelbert, by Dyce; Edward III. conferring the Order of the Garter on the Black Prince, by Cope; Henry, Prince of Wales, committed to Prison for assaulting Judge Gascoigne, also by Cope; the Spirit of Religion, by Horsley; and the Spirit of Chivalry, by Maclise. Between all these windows, and frescoes, and in each of the four corners, extends a range of niches for statues of colossal size, in bronze gilt. These are to be devoted to the bold Barons, who obtained for us the Great Charter. Beneath all this accumulation of art, and luxury, and material decoration, the blue carpet, powdered with stars, has a charming effect, and enhances all the rest. Of course the body of the house is occupied by the seats for the Peers (of a deep crimson), the clerk's (oaken) table, and the red woolsack of the Chancellor. Lord Campbell tells us the origin of this remarkable piece of furniture. Having premised that there "are wooolsacks for the Judge and other assessors, as well as for the Lord Chancellor," he continues: "They are said to have been introduced into the House of Lords as a compliment to the staple manufacture of the realm; but I believe that, in the rude simplicity of early times, a sack of wool was frequently used as a sofa—when the judges sat on a hard wooden *bench*, and the advocates stood behind a rough wooden rail, called the *bar*." What a very different House of Lords must have existed then from that now before us! There are, of course, galleries here also, for the reporters and

for strangers. The dimensions of the House are, 97 feet long, by 45 feet wide, and 45 feet high.

And now let us step aside, for a moment's quiet enjoyment of one of the loveliest little promenades that one may ever hope to find in an architectural interior—alas! that Peers alone are privileged to take such a walk—we refer to the Peers' Corridor. This is utterly unlike anything else in the edifice, although of course the same kind of material must be used for its construction and adornment. But there is an effect produced by the elegant yet limited dimensions—the blue star-spotted floor, the wainscot-covered roof and wall of one side, and the range of delicate windows that pierce the wall on the other, the stained glass of the most ethereal tints, with here and there a sparkling bit of red, the deliciously luxurious crimson benches within the recesses formed by the bold divisions of the wainscot,—all, this we repeat, is so moulded together into a certain effect, that the words, How inexpressibly lovely! seem to flow from one's lips spontaneously the instant it is beheld.

In the neighbourhood of the House of Peers, are their Robing-room, Refreshment-rooms, Library, and the apartments occupied by the Commissioners of Fine Arts, and by the Commission (under the same Presidency, Prince Albert) for the Exhibition of 1851: that event without precedent in civilised history, for its character, magnitude, and probable consequences, not only on the industry of all nations, but on their mutual feelings toward each other. The Room of the Commissioners of Fine Arts (who are entrusted with the regulation of the subjects for all these frescoes and oil paintings, and statues, that will give England a new National Gallery of the works of our own time, without professedly appearing to do so,) contains, for the present, various pictures which obtained prizes in the recent public competitions, and which, on account of their excellence were purchased by the commissioners for the New Palace. They comprise a Sea-view, by Knell; the Burial of Harold, by Pickersgill; Alfred exciting the Britons to resist the landing of the Danes, by Watts; and Cœur-de-Lion forgiving his Assassin, by Cross. The Refreshment-rooms need not be described since they do not materially differ from those belonging to the Commons, although much handsomer; but there is an entrance-screen connected with them, of striking beauty. The Lords' Library dates only from the appointment of the present librarian, Mr. Leary, about some twenty-five years ago, and yet already numbers 20,000 volumes. These consist mainly of the parliamentary documents of both houses, which from the time of the union of Ireland until now are complete. The collection of law books, for the service of the judicial business of the House is also full and invaluable. The departments of general history, and of works of reference, are well represented. There is also a magnificent collection of French parliamentary and historical works, sent over by Louis Philippe in 1834. The books are contained in a magnificent suite of four apartments, which among



6.—HOUSE OF PEERS.

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their other decorations, exhibit the armorial bearings of all the chief-justices of England from the Conquest. This library is for the exclusive use of the Peers.

We now approach the conclusion of our walk through the Houses. There remains but to follow from the House of Lords the course taken by the Sovereign in her visit, and which lies, as we have seen, through the Victoria Tower, then up the ascent of the grand staircase into the Norman Porch, where the royal procession pauses, in order that the robes may be donned in the Robing-room adjoining. From thence, the Royal Gallery is entered, where, at its northernmost extremity, the Prince's Chamber receives for an instant the gorgeous throng, and their imperial mistress, preparatory to the advance into the House of Lords; which, we need hardly remind our readers, presents at such a time one of the most brilliant assemblages the world can show. Even the House itself somewhat fades in the presence of the new splendour.

The Prince's Chamber is so called, not, as people might fancy, in order to pay a personal compliment, but to preserve the remembrance of a former chamber similarly named and located in connection with the old House of Lords. As the lobby on the one side, so does the Prince's Chamber on the other, seem to preserve the exclusive magnificence of the Peers' House from being too closely pressed on by inferior adjuncts. Each of them is only less gorgeous than that to which they lead. Among the peculiar features of the Prince's Chamber may be named the three frescoes, for which spaces of truly enormous dimensions have been left on the upper side of one of the walls, and which are divided from each other by gilded pillars resting on the lower story. These must be intended to stimulate some new Michael Angelo into immortal vigour: no less a man could look unmoved upon such expanses of art-territory, and say, "I can worthily claim them for ever." There is to be here also, a series of portraits of kings, in oil, on a gold ground. The colours of the roof are blue and gold, wonderfully brilliant. Carvings are distributed over the walls in the greatest profusion. The chimney-piece is a gorgeous combination of colours and ornamental workmanship; furniture, fittings, all are on a scale of corresponding splendour. The great arch of entrance into and from the Royal Gallery is, like others we have named, garlanded round with gilded foliage, and with massive crowns and flowers. Opposite this is a corresponding blank arch, and on each side of it are the smaller entrances which lead into the House of Peers, close by the sides of the Throne. The blank arch just mentioned will, when completed, have in front of it a pedestal and statue of Her Majesty, sitting on a throne, encircled by her attendants.

The Royal Gallery is as yet unfinished; but sufficient is done to show that it will be worthy of a position which exacts the utmost skill of the architect to harmonise with the Tower he has placed on the outside, and with the House he has elaborated within, and between which this is the connecting link. We confess

to a passing feeling of disappointment at the first glance; the words, "Royal Gallery," had suggested to us a place of greater length in proportion to its height and width than we found. Nor are we sure that this feeling had not some sound basis. And yet the measurements look vast enough—considering that this is but one of the multiplicity of places all comprised within a single edifice:—the Gallery measures 110 feet long, 45 feet wide, and 45 feet high. Along the lower portion of the wall will be frescoes, while the upper is occupied with a range of great windows on each side, which are to be filled with stained glass. The flat roof, in deep divisions, is supported by bold shafts, springing from the side walls, and begins here and there, as the workmen proceed, to positively glitter with gay colours on each side of the great archways that lead into the Prince's Chamber, into the Norman Porch, and into the adjoining Robing-room, as well as on each side of the great oriel window that faces the Norman Porch, are lofty pedestals for colossal statues. But among the future decorations of the Gallery will be places for no less than one hundred and six statues; a fact that may suggest to the imaginations of our readers what the present blank aspect of the walls could not,—the elaborately sumptuous character that it is intended to give to the Gallery. Then there will be eighteen of the great frescoes—representing (as proposed) Boadicea inciting her army; Alfred in the camp of the Danes; Brian Borihme overcoming the Danes at the Bridge of Clontarf; Edith finding the dead body of Harold; Richard Cœur-de-Lion coming in sight of the Holy City; Eleanor saving the life of her husband, afterwards Edward I., by sucking the poison from a wound in his arm; Bruce, during a retreat before the English, protecting a woman borne in a litter, and checking the pursuers; Philippa interceding for the lives of the citizens of Calais; Edward the Black Prince entering London by the side of King John of France; the marriage of Henry V. at Troyes, with the Princess Katherine of France; Elizabeth at Tilbury; Blake at Tunis; Marlborough at Blenheim; the death of Wolfe; the death of Abercrombie; Lord Cornwallis receiving the sons of Tippoo as hostages; Trafalgar, the death of Nelson; and Waterloo; and the meeting of Wellington and Blucher. A stupendous vista of events and eras to walk through in the space of a score or two of yards:—yet will Art doubtless realize it for us, if we do not stop short, alarmed at our own aspirations, or at—the expense. The Queen's Robing-room is also unfinished. The exploits of King Arthur are there to be celebrated by means of a series of frescoes, already in progress by Mr. Dyce, who is regularly engaged by the Commissioners for some years to come, at a considerable salary.

The Norman Porch, so called from the intention that exists to illustrate in its frescoes the Norman history of England, and to place there statues of the kings of the Norman line, differs most refreshingly, from every other architectural feature of the pile, without, of

course, ceasing to harmonise with them. A clustered pillar in the centre, forms—by its expanding ramifications—the general roof into a series of roofs, each having in its centre a circular opening to the sky for the admission of light. There is a fine picturesque architectural effect obtained by looking through the arched depths of the porch on the right, across to the Guard Room and its Lobby beyond. These last-named places are also unfinished. In the Guard Room there is to be painted in fresco Young Talbot defending his father in Battle, and Isabella Douglas barring the door with her arm to protect James I. of Scotland: a very suggestive picture in such a locality. St. Edward the Martyr, slain by the Danes, will be the subject of the fresco in the lobby.

The Royal Staircase is designed in a style of chaste pure magnificence. It possesses no ornaments except the windows and slender shafts and mouldings that ascend the walls, and run over the roof, but these are sufficient. One does not desire to stop there. On entering the pile one needs a moment's pause after the spectacle of the Grand Victoria Tower, and the almost unrivalled arches beneath, before we again rouse all our latent powers to the due enjoyment and apprecia-

tion of the scenes that await us in the edifice. And now we descend once more, both in the body and in the spirit, to the level of the soil and of the daily bustle of the world without; not however, without a grateful acknowledgment of the high skill and unremitting labours that have afforded us personally so much gratification and instruction, and which have given to the Parliament of the British people, a home worthy of it.

Let us chronicle briefly, and in the simplest language, a few of the names whom posterity will not think undeserving of honour and permanent remembrance: Charles Barry, architect; John Thomas, sculptor; Welby Pugin, the carved wood-work; Ballantyne and Allan, of Edinburgh, the stained glass; Hardman, of Birmingham, the metal work; and the firm of Minton, of Staffordshire, the encaustic tiles. The cost of the whole, up to the present time, has been £1,200,000; the estimated cost, when finished, amounts to £2,000,000. Startling sums to talk of, and be taxed for; but if there be one edifice in the kingdom on which we should be lavish of our means, there can be no question but that it is this.



VIEW OF THE NEW PALACE FROM HUNGERFORD BRIDGE.

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THE PORT OF LONDON, AND ITS COMMERCE.

Nothing is more marvellous in the 'Land we Live In' than the Port of London. The broad and busy and deeply-laden Thames; the noble bridge and its vast traffic; that triumph over impossibilities, the Thames Tunnel; the piers, and the steamboat traffic; the closely packed and widely-extended ranks of coal-ships; the trading vessels, from the clumsy Dutch eel-boat to the majestic East Indiaman; the quays and wharfs, the warehouses and granaries, with their millions' worth of produce for every corner of the globe; the docks, with their stores of goods and ships; the Custom House, governing with an almost regal authority over all that is passing—these form, collectively, the grandest commercial picture which our country presents. Liverpool alone, of all other seaports, makes even an approach to it in magnitude.

Let us take a glance first *over*, then *under*, then *upon*, and lastly *alongside* this mighty river—in those parts which form more especially the Port of London.

THE BRIDGE AND THE TUNNEL.

London Bridge is one of the noblest structures of the kind which the world presents. Its proportions are so fine, its width so great, its arches so symmetrically elegant, its style so majestically simple, and its construction so durable and perfect—that it forms at once a monument to the genius of Rennie and to the enterprise of the people. We may also point to it as a monument to the oddity of the mode in which we sometimes pay for our public works. Every Londoner, when he feeds his parlour fire with a modicum of coals, is paying something towards the expenses of constructing London Bridge and its approaches.

Every one has in his mind a picture of old London Bridge, so often was it painted and engraved and sketched in varied forms. Most readers, too, are aware that it was a very inconvenient structure; that, even after the houses were removed which used to surmount it, the smallness of the arches, and the irregularity of the bed of the river beneath rendered it very perilous to navigation; that it was pulled down in 1832; that the new bridge was built between 1824 and 1831; and that in the latter year it was opened in high holiday fashion by William IV. and his consort. Two millions sterling have been spent on the bridge and its approaches; and that this large sum has been *well* spent can scarcely admit of a doubt; for there is no one of our public works which more thoroughly answers its destined purpose than new London Bridge.

What a remarkable sight does this bridge present!

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Let the Frenchman enter London at this point, in his course from Boulogne and Folkstone; or the German from Ostend and Dover—let him stand for awhile on the bridge and look around. We know not any spot better fitted to give a due idea of the characteristics of the English nation. The never-ending stream of traffic over the bridge; the shoals of passengers bound to and from the fraternity of railways, whose station is near the foot of the bridge; the omnibuses—to be reckoned, not by the dozen or score, but by the hundred or gross—which connect the City with the belt of villages around the southern margin of the metropolis; the other stream of omnibuses which link the railway station with the east, west, and north of the metropolis; the cabs which thread their way, rattling and business-like, between the larger vehicles; the ponderous waggons, laden with wool, grain, malt, hops, and other commodities, which are, throughout the day, arriving from the granaries and warehouses of Bermondsey and Rotherhithe: these form the land view, north and south. Let him then glance westward, up the river; there are the wharfs and warehouses, as far as the eye can reach, lining both shores; there are barges, with their never-ending loads of coal and corn, of timber and other commodities; and there are the steamers—from the halfpenny 'Bee' to the shilling 'Locomotive'—carrying their crowds of up-river passengers. Lastly, let the foreigner direct his glance eastward, to the 'Pool' and the Port; and let him, if he can, unravel the maze which presents itself to his eye. The broad Thames becomes a mere dribble, a thread of white in a broad margin of black: it is so blocked up with shipping on either side, that the central clear avenue becomes every year narrower and narrower. Glancing to the left, there are the wharfs for steamers near the bridge; the lofty warehouses immediately beyond these wharfs; the network of rigging and slender masts belonging to the Billingsgate fish-vessels; the broad esplanade of the Custom House, backed by the fine building itself; the venerable quadrangular mass of the White Tower, which has, during so many centuries, been a conspicuous landmark; and beyond all these the forest of masts which marks the region of the St. Katherine's and the London Docks. To the right the scene is less diversified; for the Bermondsey and Rotherhithe shore, from London Bridge to the Thames Tunnel, presents one unbroken chain of warehouses, wharfs, and quays, fronted by coasting and foreign vessels of every class, and surrounded with appendages of a more exclusively commercial character than any other part of the Port of London.

Such are the scenes which a foreigner encounters on

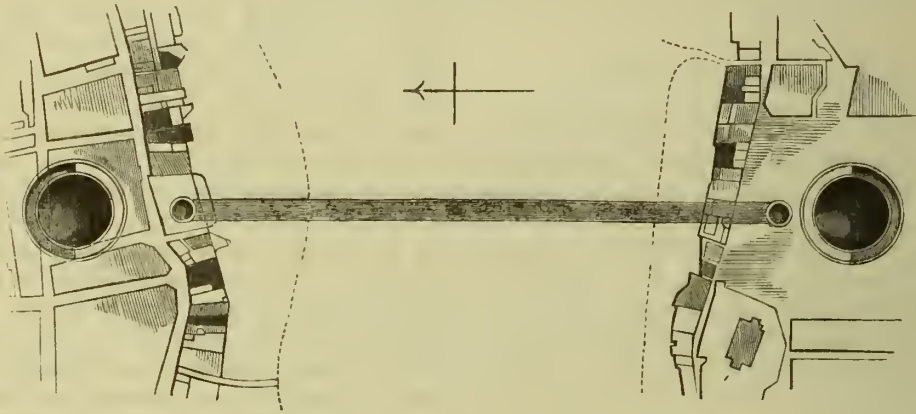
entering London by this majestic bridge; or such at least are the scenes which he *might* encounter did he not hasten so precipitately to the regions of Leicester-square. An Englishman himself, too, might spend an hour less profitably than in tracing the commercial philosophy of London Bridge.

Having gone *over* the Thames, we will now traverse *beneath* it, at a point a mile and a half further eastward.

Were we to estimate the merits of engineering works by their success in a commercial sense, the Thames Tunnel would have many brethren in misfortune—its youngest brother, the Britannia Tubular Bridge, being one of the most notable of the number. But as we have no right to suppose that either public companies or engineers have the gift of prophecy more powerfully than other persons, so we must not deem the engineers morally or commercially responsible, if the speculation does not always yield its expected fruit.

The Thames Tunnel, however, is not merely noticeable as a work of art. There was really, at one time, reason to believe that such a work would be valuable. We must not view everything with the railway-eyes of the present day; nor censure a project—which had its origin when railways were not, and when steamers

were in the infancy of their history—for being unsuited to the present wants of the community. Towards the close of the last century, Mr. Ralph Dodd, the engineer, proposed the formation of a tunnel under the Thames from Gravesend to Tilbury; but the scheme fell to nothing. A few years later, a similar tunnel was proposed at Rotherhithe, by Mr. Vesey, and carried forward to some extent, but subsequently abandoned. After an interval of many years, Mr. (afterwards Sir M. I.) Brunel brought forward his plan for the Thames Tunnel, in 1823. Much of the foreign produce, deposited in the docks on the north of the Thames, is distributed by vessels which leave the wharfs on the south of the Thames; and in the present as well as the past days, an immense amount of goods has crossed London Bridge as the only means of getting from one side to the other of the river for this purpose. It was a sound commercial thought that, if by a tunnel beneath the river, (a bridge over the river in such a situation being clearly inadmissible) a passage of twelve hundred feet would serve the purpose of a circuitous route of four miles, there might be goods-traffic enough to pay the engineering expenses of the project, besides what might accrue from passenger-traffic. (Cut, No. 1.)



1.—PLAN OF THE TUNNEL AND ITS APPROACHES.

We only know the Thames Tunnel as a passenger-artery; and even this is more connected with holiday-pennies than with daily trade; but we must view it as a once-intended waggon-road before we can do justice to Brunel's idea. A company was formed in 1824; and for eighteen years this company had to struggle against difficulties of a most formidable kind. It was not till 1842 that the tunnel was finished and opened. The Thames water ran into the tunnel, and the money ran out of the company's coffers, at an equally fearful rate. The continued disasters, and the indomitable resolution of Brunel in fighting against them, form quite a history in themselves. In 1826, the works were commenced; in September, in that year, the river broke through the soil into the excavation; in October it did so for a

second time; in May, 1827, it so completely overwhelmed the tunnel as to stop the works for three months. But the sad calamity occurred on August 12th, 1828, when the river burst in with awful force, destroyed the working machinery, drowned six men, and reduced the unfortunate company almost to a state of bankruptcy. For seven long years the works were suspended; Brunel, unshaken by difficulties, was still ready as ever to work on bravely, but the directors had exhausted all their funds. Government at length came to their aid; and seven years of suspension were succeeded by another seven years of very slow and cautious progress, marked by several irruptions of the river into the tunnel, but none so serious as that of 1828. (Cut, No. 2.)

To describe the Thames Tunnel is scarcely necessary; almost every one, Londoner or provincial, has seen it. It is about 1200 feet long; it has two arches, side by side, connected by smaller lateral openings at intervals. The approaches are by two large sunken circular shafts, one at Wapping and one at Rotherhithe, which have spiral staircases, winding round their interior; these shafts are each about fifty feet in diameter; but they are insignificant compared with those which would have been constructed had the waggon-route been completed. These larger shafts, if made in accordance with the original plan, will be much farther from the river than the present passenger-shafts; they will consist each of an immense spiral road, winding twice round a circular excavation about sixty feet deep; the extreme diameter of the spiral road will be about two hundred feet, the road about forty feet wide, bounded on the exterior by warehouses and cellars, and the slope easy enough for horses to ascend with heavy waggons. It would be a mockery to a company, who have already spent £400,000 with so little return, to wish them to complete the work; yet it would be no mean homage to the genius of the elder Brunel, if the plan could be ultimately carried out as he intended it. As matters now stand, the Thames Tunnel has scarcely a shadow of connection with the commerce of the Port of London generally. In Cut, No. 2, the two arches of the Tunnel are so represented as to show the mode adopted in conducting the excavation.

THE SHIPPING OF THE THAMES.

Transferring our attention next to what is passing on the bosom of the busy river, we have to notice the ships and the seamen who navigate them.

The numbers of vessels and of seamen engaged in the maritime commerce of this country are truly remarkable. It is estimated that there are not less than 200,000 British subjects belonging to the mercantile marine. The merchant vessels belonging to the British empire are about 34,000, with an aggregate tonnage of more than 4,000,000 tons, and a complement of about 230,000 men; the excess of this last number over the number before given being made up of foreigners employed in British ships. Our merchant-vessels increase in number at the rate of 600 to 700 per annum. It has been estimated that the British merchant-ships now existing are worth £38,000,000; that upwards of £10,000,000 is spent annually in building, repairing, and outfitting these ships; that nearly £10,000,000 more goes in payment of wages, and provisions for the seamen who navigate them; and that about £28,000,000 is received annually by the shipowners for freight. These are, indeed, astounding sums, such as no other country could parallel! The vessels, British and foreign, which enter and leave our various ports in a year, are about 35,000 in number, with a tonnage of 6,500,000 tons, and crews amounting to 350,000 men; by these vessels merchandise is exported, and imported to the value of £75,000,000 in a year! Our steam

vessels amount in number to about 1,200, with nearly 100,000 horse-power. A little arithmetic has enabled an ingenious writer to show that these steamers, if extended in a line end to end, would exactly reach from Dover to Calais across the British Channel: we thank him for the illustration; for it is in this way that large numbers are best brought home to familiar apprehension. About 8,000 voyages are made in a year, from and to British ports, by steam-vessels carrying cargoes, wholly in the foreign trade; this number does not include coasting-steamers, river-steamers, or passenger ocean-steamers. Of the 8,000 voyages, 6,500 are made by British steamers.

But it is with the Thames and the Port of London that we have here to do; the preceding items are given merely to show the *ratio* which the Thames trade bears to the whole British trade. This ratio is about 1 to 4; that is, about one-fourth of the whole British shipping-trade is conducted in the Port of London—so far as regards trade with foreign countries. About 9,000 vessels enter the Thames annually from foreign ports, equivalent to 25 in a day; and they have an aggregate burthen of about 2,000,000 tons. London has about 300 steamers engaged in foreign trade, and many of these are so large, that the whole present an average tonnage of more than 320 tons. Of the 8,000 steam voyages made in a year between British and foreign ports, more than 2,000 are made to or from London.

Of the merchant ships which trade between London and foreign ports, those connected with the ports of Germany, Russia, France, and Holland, bear a very near relation to each other: the numbers in 1847 having been respectively 1110, 1033, 1018, and 874; in this enumeration, Prussia is included in Germany. All other countries take a far lower rank. The *tonnage* to and from Russia exceeds that in relation to any other country, on account of the size of the vessels and the bulk of the cargoes.

Another very important part of our maritime commerce is connected with the *coasting-trade*. This trade, as the name designates, is simply from one port to another, within the United Kingdom. The vessels which conduct this trade have a peculiar build, and are smaller than those which have to cross the seas in foreign trade. The coasting-trade from the Scotch ports to London used to be carried on in *smacks*; but the smacks are now almost superseded by *clippers*. These clippers are schooners from 100 to 190 tons burthen, with sharp bows, flat bottoms, and considerable length in proportion to their breadth of beam; they are navigated by crews from seven to ten men each, and carry goods almost exclusively; for the fine steamers, and the two lines of railway, have nearly cut up the long-existing sailing-route for passengers between London and Scotland. The coal-trade from Northumberland and Durham to London is conducted in *colliers*, or coal-ships, from 80 to 300 tons burthen, and navigated by crews of from four to fourteen hands each. The trade from Ireland to England is conducted



2.—RELATIVE POSITIONS OF THE TUNNEL AND THE THAMES.

in *schooners* and *brigantines*, from 100 to 190 tons burden; bringing cargoes of corn, butter, bacon, cattle, and pigs; and navigated by crews from five to nine hands each. The Welsh coasting-trade—which consists chiefly in cargoes of coal, iron, slate, lead, tin, and copper—is conducted in vessels varying greatly in size, according to the distance of the voyage to be made. The regular coasters between London and the various ports on the eastern coast, take their cargo usually from one destined port to another, without stopping to trade at any intermediate ports; but there are small schooners called “billy-boys,” which, in their voyage from London to Bristol, Liverpool, &c., stop to trade at other ports.

There are about 150,000 voyages made in a year by trading-vessels from one port to another of the United Kingdom; representing a tonnage of 13,000,000 tons. Of this number, about 18,000 voyages are made by steamers. Limiting our attention to the Thames and the Port of London, we find that the number of coasting voyages made to London in a year by steamers, is about 1,100; by fishing-vessels, about 5,000; by colliers, about 10,000; and by other coasters, about 13,000. So that we come to this astounding result: that, including the 9,000 voyages made to London in a year, from foreign ports, there are no less than 38,000 voyages made per annum to this busy centre of commerce; more than 100 vessels per day sail or steam up the Thames from British, Colonial, or Foreign ports, with cargoes; and those which proceed down the Thames to the open sea, are about equal in number.

The Thames merchant ships differ in size and character according to the nature of the trade. The *East India* and *China* trade employs ships of the first-class, well built, and carefully appointed, from 500 to 1000 tons burden, with twenty to forty

hands as crew. They bring home tea, sugar, coffee, silk, rice, spices, &c., which the larger vessels land in the East India Docks, and the smaller in the London and the St. Katherine's Docks. The *Australian* trade, which has advanced with remarkable rapidity during the last few years, employs two classes of ships; those which take out emigrants are inferior to those which go for cargo, but both are inferior to those employed in the India trade; the size is smaller, the complement of hands fewer, and the general arrangements less complete: the cargo-ships bring home chiefly wool and copper ore. The *West India* trade is accommodated by ships from 300 to 500 tons burden, with nine to fifteen hands: they generally make two voyages in a year; taking out a few passengers and miscellaneous merchandize, and bringing back sugar, molasses, rum, coffee, &c. The *Honduras* trade is conducted in large vessels, of 600 to 800 tons, with a crew of twenty to thirty hands. They go out in ballast, and return with mahogany and logwood. The *Canadian* trade has vessels from 400 to 1000 tons, with crews from eighteen to forty men. They start in spring and autumn, mostly in ballast, and return with cargoes of timber. The *Baltic* trade is very similar to the last, except that the vessels are somewhat smaller, and bring home corn, tallow, flax, and hemp, as well as timber. The *South American* trade has vessels from 300 to 800 tons, with crews from fifteen to thirty men each. They sail at various seasons of the year, and bring home miscellaneous cargoes of sugar, coffee, rice, spices, hides, skins, tallow, horns, hoofs, bones, guano, &c. The *Hudson's Bay* trade is managed by a small number of ships belonging to the Company, of 350 to 500 tons, well manned and appointed. They take out stores for the Company's servants in their dreary abodes, and bring back furs. The *United States* trade, which includes a

considerable amount of passenger-traffic, is conducted in fine vessels, from 500 to 1000 tons burden, with crews of twenty to forty hands. They bring home cotton, tobacco, and large supplies of provisions of various kinds. The *Mediterranean* trade is carried on in smaller vessels, of 300 to 500 tons; which bring home corn, wine, oil, fruits, and spices, in return for British manufactures. The *Peninsula* trade, which consists of passengers and merchandize outwards, and wine and fruits homewards, is conducted in vessels from 200 to 400 tons. The *Cape* trade is managed in small vessels, which take out and bring home passengers and miscellaneous cargoes. The *African* trade, to and from the west coast of that continent, employs ships about the same tonnage as the Cape trade; but the cargoes homewards include gold-dust, ivory, palm-oil, and cocoa-nuts. The *Whale Fishery*, to Greenland and the South Seas, is conducted in ships from 400 to 600 tons burden. They have a complement of twenty to twenty-five hands, who have not regular wages like other seamen, but receive a kind of per centage on the value of the whale's capture.

THE THAMES SEAMEN, AND THEIR LIFE ASHORE.

The rough, uneducated, and somewhat unsophisticated merchant-seamen, while temporarily sojourning in harbour between their several voyages, are sadly exposed to pillage from the land-sharks who are ever ready to pounce upon them. With a strong tendency towards drink, an absence of the domestic ties which bind other men to their homes, and very little practical acquaintance with the ways of the world on shore, they are no match for the sharp-witted rogues who are ever on the look-out for them. The coasting vessels, as well as those from foreign ports, have always to remain some little time in the Pool before they set out on their return voyage; and it is in this interval that the seamen's small stock of money is in danger. Seamen, too, out of employment, are exposed to somewhat similar temptations.

The worst class of boarding-houses for seamen are kept by personages who are better known by the name of *Crimps*. They are often *lumpers*, men employed to stow the cargo of ships, who eke out a living by letting lodgings. They infest the docks and the bridges, ready to entice the seamen directly they come on shore. Some of them employ *touters* to bring them lodgers, paying a per centage according to the richness of the prize captured; *i. e.*, to the amount of wages which the seaman is supposed to be entitled to. The lodging-houses are mostly in courts and alleys turning out of Wapping, Shadwell, and East Smithfield,—dirty and disreputable. The crimps look out for the soft, the stupid, or the simple among a ship's crew, as likely to be better game than those who have their wits about them; and when once a seaman is entrapped, he is seldom allowed to get free until his pockets are pretty well emptied. Whatever vicious habits he may have, they are pandered to,—the crimp managing to get his

share of the spoil. Many of the touters who bring seamen to the crimps are coal-whippers; others are dock-labourers; and they make up a living by various means, not always the most honest. The 'Morning Chronicle' correspondent, in his account of the crimps and their agents, speaks of these touters as in effect *selling* their prize to the highest bidder; that is, taking a seaman to one house or another according to the amount of fee which he can procure. One of the men themselves spoke as follows:—"They (the touters) will run away with the seaman, if they can, and sell him. They sell him to anybody—to any bad boarding-master. The price of the man depends upon what money he may have. One man was sold the other day by the porters; there was a good power of them, and they took him—he was a black man—to one of his countrymen, but he would not buy him; but Mr. — bought him at 6s. 6d. If we take a man to a decent boarding-house, we get 1s. or so for our trouble. A bad boarding-master will regulate his price to the porters according to what clothes the seaman may want, for one thing. We've heard of £1 being given for a Chinaman. A two-years' voyage man will fetch £1."

A still worse system is occasionally practised by the crimps—worse, because it is practised on foreigners, who have no ready means of redress. This is *kidnapping*. When a foreign ship arrives, the crimps watch for an opportunity, and entice one or more of the seamen to leave the ship clandestinely, under a hope of obtaining better situations in some English ship. The men are kept concealed, under various pretences, until the ship is about to depart; and the captain is frequently compelled to offer a reward to obtain his hands back. The crimp contrives means to re-convey the poor duped seaman back to his former ship, receives the reward, and leaves the captain to deduct its amount from the wages due to the seaman.

But these dark pictures of rascality are not unrelieved by brighter details. The *Sailors' Homes*, of recent years, are means intended to better the condition of merchant seamen while on shore. The one which especially goes by this name in London is situated in Well-street, near the London Docks. It was opened in 1835, with accommodation for 100 seamen; but it has been enlarged, so as to contain 300. The Institution was mainly set on foot by a few benevolent naval officers, with a view to shield the seamen from the snares of crimps, slopsellers, and others. The men are boarded and lodged in the "Home;" they are recommended where and how best to make their purchases of clothes and other necessities; they are very frequently paid by the ship-owners in the building—a pay-office being established for the purpose; and they are invited to deposit their spare cash in a Savings Bank belonging to the "Home." The number of seamen who, for a longer or shorter period, have taken up their abode within the "Home" during the last ten years, has varied from 3,000 to 5,000 annually. The sum paid by the seamen is not sufficient to defray the

expenditure, and the deficiency is made up by voluntary gifts. The late Queen Adelaide bore the charge of fitting up some of the dormitories, and others have been established by other persons.

This Sailors' Home has a good deal of completeness in its arrangements. There is a large hall, with fires and seats, and the walls containing various placards and advertisements, relating to ships about to sail, seamen's register tickets, and other matters interesting to seamen. There is a dining-hall, with ranges of dining-tables, at which the men take their meals. Around the sides are reading tables, with shelves of books, comprising Bibles and Testaments in almost all known languages, religious tracts and periodicals, and nautical books. There is a museum containing numerous knick-knacks such as seamen are wont to pick up in their voyages; together with maps and charts. There is a school-room, where evening education is given to such of the inmates as will avail themselves of it. The dormitories are well ventilated ranges of oak cabins, on either side of long passages. In the Savings' Bank department the seamen can invest what money they please when they please, and can take all or part out without any previous notice, receiving the usual Savings' Bank rate of interest. At the date of the last year's Report of the Institution there were 235 depositors, with an average of about £11 each. No less than £25,000 of the seamen's private money passed through the hands of the cashier in the year. For board, lodging, and washing, the men pay fourteen shillings per week, lads twelve shillings, and apprentices ten shillings and sixpence—about the same as the charges at the low crimps' houses. There are four ample meals a day, and various comforts which would be looked for in vain in less extensive establishments.

A few persons of reputable character, who are at the same time able to make simple calculations in £ s. d., have found out that fourteen shillings a week is really sufficient to treat a seaman well, and to yield a profit into the bargain. Hence there have arisen a small number of well-conducted lodging-houses, where seamen are treated justly, pay for all they receive honestly, and are not dependent on donations or subscriptions for any part of their daily support. It is in this way that the Sailors' Home will probably render most service, by showing others how to adopt a *self-paying* system, which will be at the same time just and kind. Mr. Green, the eminent ship-builder and ship-owner, has established a "Home" for the seamen belonging to his own ships, at a somewhat lower rate of payment.

There are particular laws in force with respect to merchant seamen; and these apply to the seamen of the Thames as to those of other ports. Many statutes were from time to time passed to regulate the bargains between the seamen and their employers; and these were weeded, amended, and consolidated, by the 'Merchant Seamen's Act' of 1835. The provisions of this statute were numerous; they included the establishment of a registry of seamen; a particular form of articles of agreement between shipowners and seamen; a system

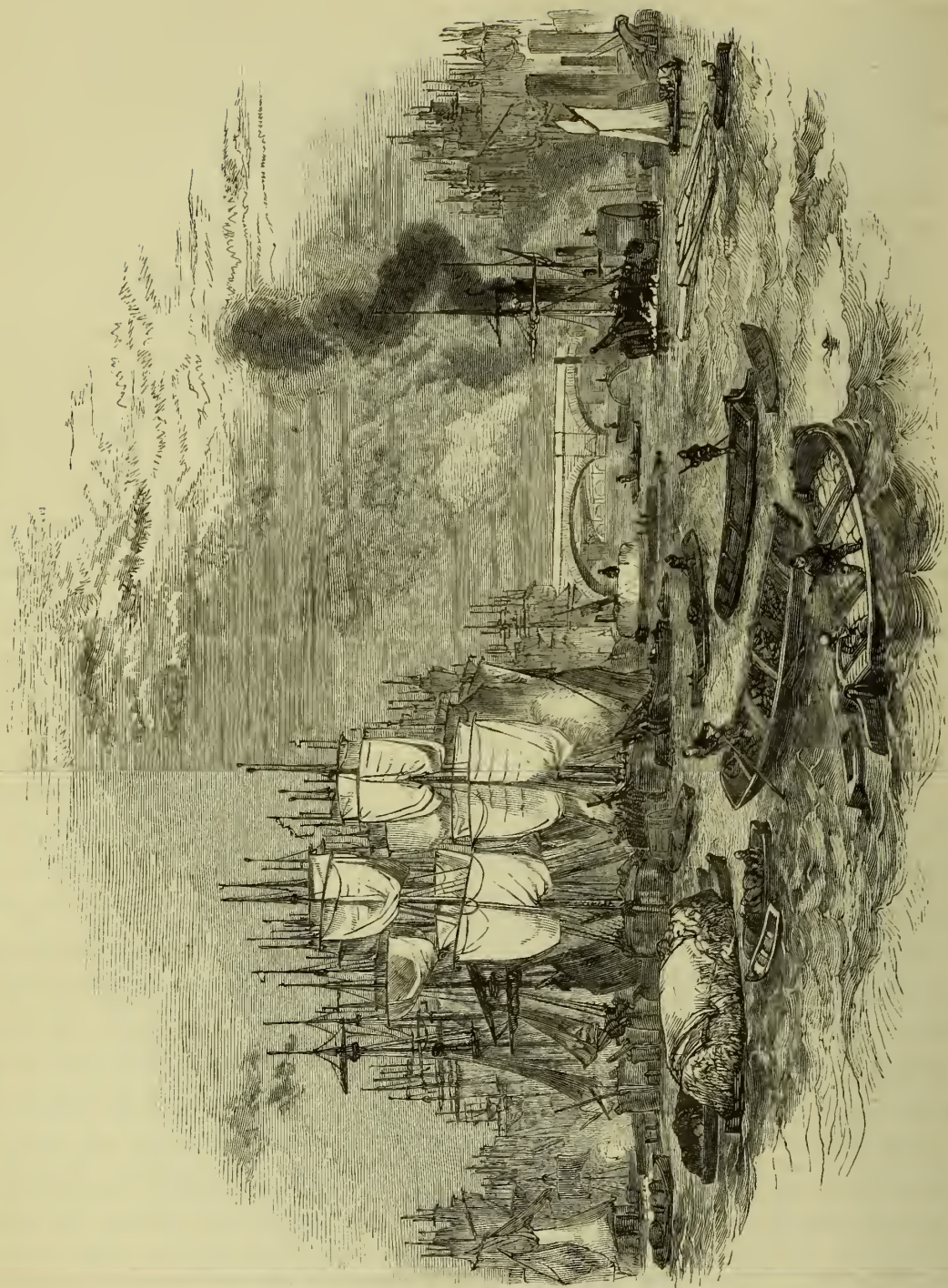
of penalties and punishments for desertion or misconduct; a mode of recovering wages when overdue; security against the men being abandoned on foreign shores; regulations concerning surgeons and medicines for ships; regulations for apprentices; and the enforcement of a registry of casualties during a voyage. By another Act of 1842, most of the above provisions were enforced and a few new ones added, among which is that of providing lime-juice, and other useful vegetable acids, in vessels bound on long voyages; while another relates to the issue of register tickets to all seamen, as a means of carrying out the agreements between masters and men. Merchant seamen, in the Thames and elsewhere, have always been sadly preyed upon by *crimps*, as just described, and the Legislature has tried whether it could grapple with this evil. In 1845 an Act was passed, with a view of remedying these abuses, but it has not been found to work effectively; and hence the 'Mercantile Marine Bill,' introduced early in the session of 1850. This Act, among other things, provides for the proper ventilation and for giving more room in the sleeping berths of vessels, for a sufficient supply of water and provisions of good quality, and also of medicine in cases of need. The formation of Seamen's Homes are also authorised by some of its clauses. As matters are at present arranged, the supply of seamen for merchant ships leaving the port of London is managed by a small number of licensed *shipping-masters*, who employ the men, send them to the captain for approval, make out the articles of agreement, and deposit the names of the crew at the Seamen's Registry Office.

GOVERNMENT OF THE THAMES AND THE PORT.

Little need we feel surprise that such an amount of commerce as the Thames presents requires stringent regulations on the part of those who hold control over the "silent highway." Whether Victoria be queen of the Thames, or whether his Lordship the Mayor be king of the Thames, certain it is that there ought to be some central source of power, to determine what shall or shall not be done on this mighty stream; and if things go wrong occasionally—if the "Editor of the *Times*" is appealed to to settle some grievance arising out of an over-crowded river—let us withhold our censure until we really see what are the labours to be performed and the difficulties to be overcome.

The *Port of London* (Cut, No. 3) is generally recognised as extending from London-bridge to a little below Blackwall; but for some purposes, especially in connection with the coal-trade, it is considered to extend below Gravesend. The *Pool* extends from Ratcliff-cross, near the mouth of the Regent's Canal, to Execution Dock—a distance of about a mile. It is divided into two parts, the Upper and Lower Pool. In the Upper Pool, the colliers are arranged on the Surrey side; while in the Lower Pool they are ranged in tiers on the Middlesex side. The control of maritime affairs within the limits of the Port of London rests chiefly

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3.—PORT OF LONDON.

with the harbour-masters; of whom there are four, one principal, and three subordinate. The Corporation of the City of London receive dues varying from one halfpenny to three farthings per ton on every vessel which enters or leaves the Port, whether engaged in foreign, colonial, or coasting trade: these dues amount to about £13,000 per annum; and in return for them the Corporation make arrangements for the orderly reception of the vessels. Out of this sum the Corporation expend about £8,000 or £9,000 for moorings, salaries to harbour-masters, wages, &c. The Corporation are the conservators of the river; and the Lord Mayor is the chief-magistrate of the Thames as well as of the City. The Corporation, under the Charter of Henry VI., claim the right to the banks and soil of the Thames; subject, however, to the power of the Brethren of the Trinity-House to dredge for ballast below bridge. To assist in the conservancy and management of the Thames, a "Navigation Committee" is annually appointed, consisting of forty-six members, viz., sixteen aldermen and thirty common councilmen; the appointment is for four years, and one-fourth of the Committee is elected every year. The Committee meets once a week, and determines on applications for jetties, driving of piles, and other matters relating to the banks of the river; and the harbour-master carries out the decisions of the Committee. The general duties of the four harbour-masters are to superintend the entering, mooring, unmooring, and moving of the numerous vessels in the river; to inspect the state of the mooring-chains; to take soundings of the varying depths of the river; and to report to the Committee any alterations that may have taken place in the state of the navigation.

The ordering of the vessels is regulated in great measure by the nature of the cargo. Every collier on arriving at Gravesend, sends a boat on shore to the "Collier-office" at that place, to deliver the "certificates of cargo" and "Custom-house papers;" and these papers are forwarded twice a day to the coal-factors in London. The harbour-master at Gravesend assigns to each collier the spot to be occupied by the vessel, until its turn in rotation for proceeding up the river to the Pool, for the purpose of discharging her coal. There are several stations where the colliers are thus temporarily placed,—in Woolwich Reach, in Gallions Reach, in Halfway Reach, in Long Reach, near Greenhithe, near Northfleet, and between Gravesend and the Medway Canal. Some of these stations are under the control of the harbour-master of Gravesend, and some under the harbour-master of Greenwich; and these harbour-masters give the necessary orders when the colliers are to proceed up the Pool. In the Pool the colliers are ranged in tiers, which tiers will accommodate about 240 at one time when full.

With respect to the coasters and the trading steam-vessels, all of them are bound for some definite wharf, dock, or station in the river; and are so far different from the colliers. The harbour-master has nothing to do with them, beyond seeing that they observe the rules for the navigation of the river.

The chief among these rules are, that there shall be a clear water-passage in the middle of the river, 300 feet across; that the ferries and in-shore passages shall be kept clear; and that the dock-entrances and public landing-places be left free from interruption. No vessels are allowed to anchor or moor within a certain distance of the entrances to the several docks, or of the several piers: this distance varies from 75 to 200 yards. The regulation that there shall be a clear water-passage of 300 feet in the middle of the river, is one which it is found almost impossible to carry out fully. On a particular day, chosen to make the enumeration, it was found that the number of vessels moored in the Pool was as follows:—On the north side, between London-bridge and Limehouse Reach, 233; on the south side, between London-bridge and the Surrey Canal, 439.

The relation which the Trinity House bears to the Port of London, is in many respects an anomalous one. Were it not from its antique vested privileges, this Corporation would long ere this have yielded to regulations better fitted to realize the objects in view. The handsome building belonging to this corporate body, on Tower-hill, we speak not of; it is the influence of the Corporation on the Thames navigation, that here calls for a little attention.

The Trinity-House Corporation is believed to have been formed by Henry VIII. by increasing the powers of a Seamen's Guild existing long before. It gradually acquired a power similar to that exercised by the London Trading Companies; viz., to regulate the entry and training of apprentices, the licensing of journeymen, and the registry of employers. The State was more dependent on the masters of merchant-ships than in the present day for naval aid in troublous times, and the privileges conceded to the 'Guild of the Holy Trinity,' are supposed to have been a kind of purchase price for aid solicited and received. After a time, the ballastage and pilotage of the Thames were given up to the management of the same body. From the Thames these privileges extended to nearly all the coasts of England. Queen Elizabeth added the care of sea-marks to the other duties of the Trinity House; and when lighthouses were introduced, they also were, for the most, consigned to the care of the same body; so that a very complicated and important series of duties rest on the officers of the Corporation.

It is only so far as affects the navigation of the Thames that the Trinity House and its regulations concern us here. The Corporation consists of Elder and Younger Brethren. The Younger Brethren are unlimited in number; they are commanders of merchant vessels, and are nominated by the Elder Brethren. The Elder Brethren are in number thirty-one; twenty of them are elected from among the Younger Brethren, and the remaining eleven are honorary members,—generally persons of some distinction. The business of the Corporation is practically managed by a Board of thirty-one, who divide themselves into six Committees—the Finance Committee, the Examining Committee,

the Ballast Committee, the Lighthouse Committee, the Dues' Committee, and the Pensioners' Committee.

The management of the buoys and lights in the Thames does not call for the employment of many persons; but the operations of the Trinity House in respect to *ballast* have many points of interest. A large and hard-working section of the labouring men who assist in developing the wonderful commerce of the port of London, are the *ballast labourers*. These men provide the means of making an unladen vessel heavy enough to pursue her return voyage; and the routine of duties is such as to give rise to the classification into *ballast-getters*, *ballast-lightermen*, and *ballast-heavers*.

All ships sailing "in ballast" are exempt from many regulations which press upon laden ships; but still the sailing in ballast or with cargoes depends wholly on the exigencies of commerce. Very varied rules are acted upon in different countries, as to the materials employed as ballast, the place whence obtained, and the place where deposited when not of use. All vessels which come into the Thames in ballast must unload their ballast into a lighter, and none must be thrown into the river, under a heavy penalty. Similar regulations are in force in most ports. In order to insure something like order and system, the bed of the river Thames is made over to the Trinity House, so far as regards the obtaining of sand for ballast from that source. An immense quantity of ballast is required by the colliers, to weight them sufficiently for their return voyage northward. When the master of an empty collier is about to sail, he sends an application to the Ballast-office (belonging to the Trinity House) for a certain amount of ballast. This ballast is usually gravel or sand, dredged up from the bed of the Thames near Woolwich Reach. The ballast is sent to the collier in lighters belonging to the Trinity House, the master paying so much per ton for it. An average of about eighty tons of ballast is required for each collier; and it is computed that about 10,000 tons per week are thus raised and sold by the Trinity House. If the master prefers, he may ballast with chalk from any point below Purfleet; but above that point, he must be dependent on the Trinity House regulations. When the colliers reach the Tyne, Wear, or Tees, the ballast is carried on shore, and piled in heaps on the banks of the rivers, or on waste places on the sea-shore; for it is not permitted to discharge it into the rivers.—The bed of the Thames is thus taking daily journeys to the banks of the Tyne.

But colliers are not the only vessels which leave the Thames in ballast. In 1848, the Trinity House provided more than 600,000 tons of ballast; divided into 6,480 supplies for colliers, and 4,744 supplies for other vessels. There are about seventy craft employed in the Thames in furnishing this supply, on which are engaged several hundred men; some of whom are in the employ of the Trinity House, and some in that of the masters of the vessels.

First we have to notice the *ballast-getters* or *dredgers*.

Some of these work by manual power, and some by steam power. Every one who has passed along the Thames in a steamer must have seen both these methods in operation. In the hand-method, lighters, with six men to each, are employed. They have a long staff, or pole, with an iron ring at one end, beneath which is a leathern bag capable of holding a considerable bulk of gravel or sand. By an ingenious train of operations, the men find where the ballast-bed lies, temporarily fasten the lighter at that spot, throw overboard the heavy end of the staff, drag the ring along the ground until the bag is filled with ballast, haul it up, discharge the ballast into the lighter, and trim it or arrange it smoothly. All the men have their respective duties: the *staffsman* manages the staff; the *bagsman* empties the bag; the *chainsman* and the *heelsman* work the winch which raises the load; and the two *trimmers* trim the ballast in the hold of the lighter. This operation is only conducted when the tide is nearly down. The six men generally raise sixty tons in the course of one tide. They receive 8d. per ton, which is divided in certain proportions among the six men. These lighters mostly work about the neighbourhood of Woolwich, whence very clean sand is obtained. The dredging which is performed higher up the river, to deepen the bed in shallow places, is wholly distinct from ballast-getting, since the mud so obtained is not fit for ballast.

The ballast-getting by steam power is effected by three steam-dredgers, which are stationed between Woolwich and Erith; they are clumsy-looking vessels, of about 200 tons burden, and twenty-five to thirty horse power; and each has a crew of eight men. Each vessel has two sloping frames, one on each side, to which is connected an endless chain of twenty-nine buckets; each bucket will contain 2½cwts. of gravel, and has holes through which water can escape. The chain of buckets is set to work by the steam-engine; and each bucket in its turn scrapes or scoops into the ground, and brings up its quota of gravel. When the bucket comes up, it tilts over, and the contents fall into a lighter, moored alongside. So the buckets keep on at their work, filling and emptying in their turn. From 50 to 150 tons are thus raised in an hour by each steam-dredger, the quantity varying according to the depth of the ballast-shoal, and other circumstances.

Next come the *ballast-lighters*, which convey the ballast from the steam-dredgers to the vessels. There are about seventy of these, each capable of containing sixty tons of ballast; and all float up the river, to the station where the empty colliers lie. Fivepence per ton is paid for this service, divided between the five men who work the lighter.

Finally, we trace the chain of operations to the *ballast-heavers*, who are employed in transferring the ballast from the lighters to the vessels. The vessels are at the time either in the Pool or in the Docks; and it is at the Pool and the Docks, consequently, that the ballast-heavers are employed. Here begins a system analogous to that which disgraced the *coal-whipping*

employment before the recent changes. The ballast-heavers are wholly in the power of publicans and other small traders: the masters of vessels, in order to save themselves trouble, are accustomed to give into the hands of publicans, grocers, or butchers, (who act as contractors,) all the arrangements for ballasting a vessel. The contractor makes the necessary application to the Ballast-Office, gets the ballast brought to the side of the vessel, pays for it, employs the ballast-heavers to load the vessel, pays them their wages, and charges the master the whole in one sum. How this system affects the poor ballast-heavers, may be judged from the description we shall presently give of the coal-whippers. The Trinity House authorities are, we believe, about to introduce improvements in these matters.

THE COAL TRADE OF THE THAMES.

That the Coal Trade of the Port of London should require a large amount of shipping and of commercial machinery for its due management, will appear evident when we consider how much fuel is required for the domestic comfort of the two millions of beings who inhabit the metropolis. The best way to view this is by taking the ratio which the consumption of London bears to the production and the consumption of all England.

It is estimated that there are about 9,000 square miles of coal fields in Great Britain, which yield 32,000,000 tons of coals annually. This produce is thus appropriated, (taking the average of the last few years): 2,500,000 tons exported, 10,000,000 tons employed in the iron and other smelting works, 8,500,000 tons shipped coastwise from the coal districts to London and other British ports, and 11,000,000 tons distributed inland by canal and other transit for general consumption. Of the 8,500,000 tons shipped coastwise, no less than 3,000,000 to 3,500,000 tons are brought to London. About eleven-twelfths of all the coals brought coastwise to London are the produce of the Tyne, Wear, and Tees districts; and about two-fifths come from the Tyne alone. One-third of all the produce of those three districts is brought to London. Notwithstanding the efforts of the Railway Companies to compete for the carriage of coal, the distance of London from the coal-districts renders the transit so expensive, that the attempt nearly fails; the quantity of coal brought to London by canal or railway being a very small proportion of the whole.

We may then take the great Northumberland and Durham coal-field as the main source of the metropolitan supply: it is estimated that there are 12,000 persons in those two counties wholly employed in digging and shipping coals for London alone. The coal-owners have certain arrangements among themselves, concerning the quantity and price of the coals to be forwarded to London; and there have been many struggles by the coal-owners on the one hand, and the public on the other, for and against the maintenance of these regula-

tions. We may here refer the reader to the account of Newcastle and the Collieries, in Vol. III., for details up to the period of the arrival of the coal-ships in the Thames. These ships are subject to numerous dues, which serve greatly to increase the price to the consumer. There are pier dues, light dues, harbour dues, town dues, metage dues, market dues, bailliage dues, groundage dues, and many others. Some of these are payable before the ships start; some on their arrival in the Thames. The "Richmond Shilling" is no longer demanded. This enormity had the following origin. Queen Elizabeth granted certain privileges to the *Keelmen* or *Hostmen* of Newcastle; who, in return, granted her one shilling per chaldron on all coals shipped from the Tyne. This remained a royal perquisite; and in the next century it was made over by Charles II. to his children by Louise Querouaille, whence has sprung the ducal house of Richmond. By the early part of the present century the coal-trade of the Tyne had reached such a large amount, that this "Richmond Shilling" was estimated to be worth no less than £19,000 per annum; and it was at this sum that the grant was commuted by an Act of Parliament passed for the purpose. By the terms of this Act, the Richmond family received nearly half-a-million sterling in purchase of the grant; and since that time the "Richmond Shilling" has disappeared from the list of coal-dues. The dues have been lowered generally within the last few years. It is calculated, that when coals are marked in the wholesale lists at 18s. per ton, (before the coals leave the ship,) the price is, on an average, made up pretty nearly as follows: 8s., the value of the coals when placed in the hold of the ship in the Tyne; 8s. for the transit from the Tyne to the Thames; and 2s. Thames dues. In 1848, there were 3,418,310 tons of coal brought coastwise to London; they employed 2,717 ships, which brought 12,267 cargoes, of somewhat under 300 tons each on an average.

Once arrived in the Thames, the coals become subjected to the influence of a good deal of legislation. An Act of Parliament, passed in 1831, determines the following among many other points. The Coal Exchange was made a free market, belonging to the Corporation of London; who were empowered to appoint officers, to enlarge or rebuild the Exchange when necessary, to raise loans for managing the market, to pay off these loans by a duty of a penny a ton on all coals brought into the Thames westward of Gravesend, to make bye-laws for the management of the Coal Exchange, and to regulate the purchase and sale of coals in the Port. Various dues which had been granted from time to time to the Corporation, either by Royal Charter or by Act of Parliament, were commuted for a single payment or due of 1s. per ton, which due must be paid before the removal of any coals from the vessel to the wharfs. The vendor must send to the Clerk of the Coal Market, with every cargo of coal, a certificate, stating the date of shipment, the name and owner of the ship, the quan-

tity of coals, the collieries whence brought, and the price paid for the coals; and the certificate so sent is registered at the Coal Market on the arrival of the ship. An Act passed in 1838 confirmed most of the provisions of that passed in 1831, and gave additional powers to the Corporation in respect to stringent regulations for controlling the coal ships in the Thames. In 1845 another Act was passed, which will remain in force until 1862. The railways had begun somewhat to alarm the Corporation; and it was therefore enacted, that all coals brought within twenty miles of London by conveyance must pay the Corporation dues; but out of *any* of these dues one penny per ton is to be transferred to the Commissioners of Woods and Forests, to aid the funds for opening new streets, and making similar improvements in the Metropolis—an instance of bargain-making, on the part of the Legislature, about as curious as any we may meet with.

Let the reader suppose a coal-laden ship to have arrived in the Thames; let this ship have gone its proper course of proceeding at Gravesend, and to have made arrangements for paying all the dues demanded thereon. What next follows? The *Coal Exchange* is the scene of the transactions between the buyer and the seller. The *coal-factors* of London are, like the *coal-fitters* of Newcastle, agents or brokers between the buyers and the sellers. The owner of a coal ship knows little or nothing of the coal merchant who is about to become the buyer of the cargo—as little, indeed, as a railway shareholder knows to whom his shares are transferred in the event of sale. The coal-factors form a distinct body in themselves, whose headquarters are at the Coal Exchange. The merchants or buyers must conform to the regulations laid down by this body. The factors, acting in conjunction with the coal owners of the north, agree among themselves as to the number of cargoes which they will offer for sale on any given market-day; this number depends on two circumstances—the number of coal ships which may have entered the Thames between one market-day and another, and the market price of coals on the day. Although the “limitation of the vend” is not so stringent as it once was, there is still considerable power exerted by the northern coal-owners in controlling the metropolitan supply. On the other hand, the Corporation of London, who have no interest in these restrictions, have certain bye-laws which tend somewhat to throw open the trade; so that the actual price is determined by a kind of balance of opposite forces. Under certain states of the market, no less than 400 cargoes of coal have been lying in the Thames at one time, waiting for their turn to be sold according to the arrangement made by the factors.

The mode of conducting the sale of coal is pretty much as follows:—There are three market days at the Coal Exchange, Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays; on which days the market hours are from twelve to half-past two. Every factor has a list, setting forth the sorts of coal he has for sale each market day; and when a cargo is sold, an agreement is entered into with

the buyer, the price and conditions of payment being stated in detail. All sales are private; that is, they are not by auction. The factor will not take the consignment of coals, unless the owner conforms to all the regulations of the market, as to rotation, &c. The factors are paid by a commission of one half per cent. on the amount of sale, and threepence for the factorage. The factors take the whole risk of payment, being responsible to the owners for the purchase price of the coals.

Such, with perhaps a few minor modifications, is the nature of the dealings carried on at the new Coal Exchange—the opening of which afforded such materials for show and parade a year ago. The old Coal Exchange belonged to private individuals till 1807, when the Corporation purchased it, and made it an open coal market. In the year 1845, the leading firms in the coal trade petitioned the Corporation to build a new Exchange worthy of the increased importance of the trade; the Corporation assented; and Mr. Bunning, the City Clerk of the Works, made the designs for a new building, which was finished and opened in 1849. Great was the bustle, when, on the 30th of November, the Prince Consort formally opened the New Coal Exchange. How the river barges and steamers were decked out in their best holiday array: how the City barges, with their gilded prows and their red-coated rowers, took rank in the water pageant: how the bridges and the piers and the windows were crowded with spectators: how the guns fired and the music sounded, and the people applauded: how the speeches were made and the luncheon eaten:—all this was duly recorded in the newspapers of the day.

The new Coal Exchange, like all other buildings which deviate from customary rules, has been freely criticised. The sticklers for precedent are not quite satisfied with the tower at the corner, and sundry faults have been hunted out here and there; while many who advocate inventive design, think that if *they* had been consulted, they might have invented something better. Such, however, is architectural criticism in general; and Mr. Bunning, like others in his profession, must go through the ordeal. As seen from the river, behind or beyond Billingsgate, or from Thames-street a little westward of Billingsgate, the Coal Exchange presents to view two flat fronts, south and west, with a peculiar structure of a wholly different kind at the south-west corner. The two fronts—one in Lower Thames-street and the other in St. Mary-at-Hill—are built of Portland stone in the Italian style. The principal entrance is at the corner, by a semi-circular portico of considerable height, with Roman Doric columns and entablature; above the portico, on a plain circular pedestal, is a tower of Portland stone; the lower story having Ionic columns and entablature, supporting a stone pedestal with ornamental scrolls, on which the upper story is erected; this upper story has ornamental pillars and entablature, and is covered with a conical roof surmounted by a gilt ball. Within this tower is the principal staircase, leading to the various rooms and offices, and lighted by large windows.

The large hall or merchants' area presents a striking effect. It is a rotunda, sixty feet in diameter, covered in by a glazed dome, the centre of which is seventy four feet from the floor. Three tiers of projecting galleries run round the rotunda, in front of the doors and windows of the Coal Factors' offices. In twenty-four compartments or panels, immediately beneath the dome, are paintings in encaustic by Mr. Sang, representing various plants and fossil remains found in coal strata. The rotunda is floored in a beautiful manner with inlaid wood, composed of 4,000 pieces—arranged in heraldic and emblematical forms. The cost of the building was about £40,000. (Cut, No. 4.)

In the Coal Exchange, then, the merchant arranges for the purchase of his coals. Until 1831, there was a Coal Meters' Establishment, connected with the Corporation, for controlling the measuring or weighing of coals, on which a fee was payable; but this establishment is now abolished, and the coal-owners, factors, and merchants, have agreed on a substitute among themselves. A committee of owners and merchants pay for the services of a large number of weighers, the expense being borne in equal proportions by the buyer and seller.

The coal-owners, the coal-factors, the coal-merchant, and the corporation, all have their interests in these transactions, and all have certain conditions to fulfil. But this is not the end of the Thames coal traffic. The merchant has bought his coals; but how is he to transfer them from the ship to his wharf? This opens to us another scene of Thames industry: we have to take a glance at the hard-working, oft-complaining *coal-whippers*. A whipper is a man who removes the coals from a coal ship to barges drawn up alongside; he is said to *whip* the coals; but as this is a kind of whipping differing wholly from that to which school-boys or soldiers are subjected, we cannot venture to explain the origin of the term. The expense of this transfer is not borne by the corporation, by the factors, or by the merchant; it is included in the freightage which the coal-owner pays to the ship-owner. The crews very rarely whip the coals; it is almost always done by hired porters or whippers. These men usually work in gangs, generally of nine each, and the agreement is always so much per ton for the whole gang. The terms are usually about one penny per ton per man. The coal-merchant who has bought the cargo sends his own barges to the side of the ship, and the gang of coal-whippers work on until they have emptied the cargo into the barges. Some of them descend into the hold, and fill baskets or boxes with coals, and others draw up the laden baskets by means of ropes, pulleys, and a stage of steps, and empty the contents into the barges. The work is the coarsest and rudest kind of manual labour. Nine men can *whip* about 80 or 90 tons in a day. It has been calculated that each of these men, in an average day's work, makes about sixteen hundred ascents and descents. "The men can often earn a shilling an hour each while at work, but the number of

hours' work obtainable in a week is subject to much fluctuation. It seems plain, however, that the earnings are decidedly above those of labouring men generally. There are from 1,600 to 2,000 men thus employed on the Thames, and they have often found means to make the position of interlopers into their trade anything but agreeable. "Until within the last few years, these strong and hearty men suffered themselves to be duped in an extraordinary way by publicans and petty shopkeepers on shore. The custom was for the captain of a coal-ship, when he required a cargo to be *whipped*, to apply to one of these publicans for a gang; and a gang was thereupon sent from the public-house. There was no professed or pre-arranged deduction from the price paid for the work; the captain paid the publican, and the publican paid the coal-whippers; but the publican or middleman had his profit in another way. The coal-whipper was expected to come to the public-house in the morning, to drink while waiting for work; to take drink with him to the ship; to drink again when the day's work was done; and to linger about and in the public-house until almost bedtime, before his day's wages were paid. The consequence was, that an enormous ratio of his earnings went every week to the publican. The publicans were wont to rank their dependents into two classes—the 'constant men' and the 'stragglers;' of whom the former were first served whenever a cargo was to be whipped: in return for this, they were expected to spend almost the whole of their spare time in the public-house, and even to take up their lodgings there. As the coal-whippers contrived by intimidation to keep out strangers from their trade, so the publicans and their immediate adherents were able to harass those who wished to escape from this truck system; and the 'penny-a-ton men' used to receive many a drubbing from the 'penny-farthing men.' The captains preferred applying to the publicans rather than engaging the men themselves, because it saved them trouble, and because (as was pretty well understood) the publicans curried favour with them by indirect means. Grocers and small shopkeepers did the same; and the coal-whippers had then to buy bad and dear groceries instead of bad and dear beer and gin."—*Companion to the British Almanac*, 1850.

The Legislature has not thought it beneath its dignity to throw a shield of protection over these strong and hardy men, who with a little more self-reliance would be perfectly able to defend themselves; they have suffered themselves to be duped like children, and then ask the Legislature to protect them like children. Many of the earlier statutes relating to the coal trade sought to remedy the grievances of the coal-whippers; but the publicans outwitted the legislators. In the year 1834, a benevolent officer, Lieutenant Arnold, determined to try how far an individual could remedy the system; he established a Coal-whipper's Office, in which the men could receive the whole of their earnings, without the necessity of such constant resort to public-houses; but the publicans contrived to

render the plan nugatory. The Legislature at length established a stringent system. The Coalwhippers' Act of 1843 contains the following provisions:—A Board of Commissioners is appointed for registering and regulating the coal-whippers, consisting of nine Commissioners—four appointed by the Board of Trade, four by the Corporation of London, and one by the Ship Owner's Society. All coal-whippers are registered by the Board, and receive certificates, for which they pay a small fee. Offices and stations are provided by the Corporation, at the request of the Commissioners. The Commissioners provide all the requisite stages, planks, gins, baskets, shovels, and tackle for whipping the coals; the coal-owner may use apparatus of his own, but if he borrow such, it can only be from the Commissioners, by whom the hire is charged at so much a cargo. The master of every laden coal ship is to send notice to the Coal-whipper's Office, as to the place, the quantity, and the time of the coals to be whipped. The officers of the Commissioners, upon receipt of this notice, hold a kind of auction among the gangs of coal-whippers there assembled; and the gang which will take the work at the lowest price is selected, subject to the approval of the master of the vessel. Upon the conclusion of the whipping, the master is to pay the wages to a person appointed by the Commissioners, and this money is handed over to the coal-whippers, with a deduction not exceeding a farthing in a shilling. These rules are operative for the whole distance from London-bridge to Gravesend. Another Act was passed in 1846, extending the operation of this statute, with a few slight alterations, till 1851.

The *coal-heavers*, sometimes called *coal-backers*, are employed in carrying coals from the barges to the wharfs and waggons. They work in gangs of five men each, two shovelmen and three porters; and are paid by the wharfinger at so much per ton. In winter time the coal-whippers make short days, as they do not work by candlelight; but the coal-backers work both before and after daylight, by the aid of the light of burning coals contained in an open suspended frame or cresset. These men are supposed to number about 1,500, and to earn about £1 per week each all the year round. Their work is among the most laborious known on the Thames. Besides the portering of the coals from the barges to the wharfs and waggons, the coal-backers often bring up the coals from the holds of the colliers; for, as has been before explained, coal-merchants are permitted to *whip* their coals by men in their own employ; and the collier is in that case often brought up so close to the wharf, that the coal-backers can carry the coals from the vessels, across three or four barges, to the wharf.

The reader will possibly think that we shall never have done with these coal-personages, these fuel-providers; but we must entreat a little attention to the *coal-sifters*, the *coal-fillers*, the *coal-waggoners*, and the *coal-trimmers*. We have followed the commercial history of the coals on the water; let us now trace them

on land. The four classes we have just named are the servants of the coal-merchant. When the coal-backers have deposited the coals at the various wharfs, the finest qualities of coal are rendered still more choice by a process of sifting or screening; and this is done by the *coal-sifters*. Then comes the work of the *coal-fillers*, by whom the sacks are laden, and deposited in the waggons to be conveyed to the houses of the consumers. Next are required the services of the *coal-waggoners* or carmen, who understand the management of horses, and contrive to worm their way through the crowded streets of London; and these men are accompanied by the *coal-trimmers*, who assist in depositing and trimming the cargo in the purchasers' cellars. All these classes of men form collectively the body of *coal-porters*.

Calculations have been made which tend to show, that besides the 36,000 miners, sailors, and whippers, who are always engaged in supplying London with coals, there are about 1,000 coal-dealers, 3,000 coal-porters, and 2,000 waggoners and trimmers, 400 wharfs, and 5,000 horses, employed in a similar direction,—a black army of more than 40,000 strong, besides the dumb creatures.

THE CORN-TRADE OF THE THAMES.

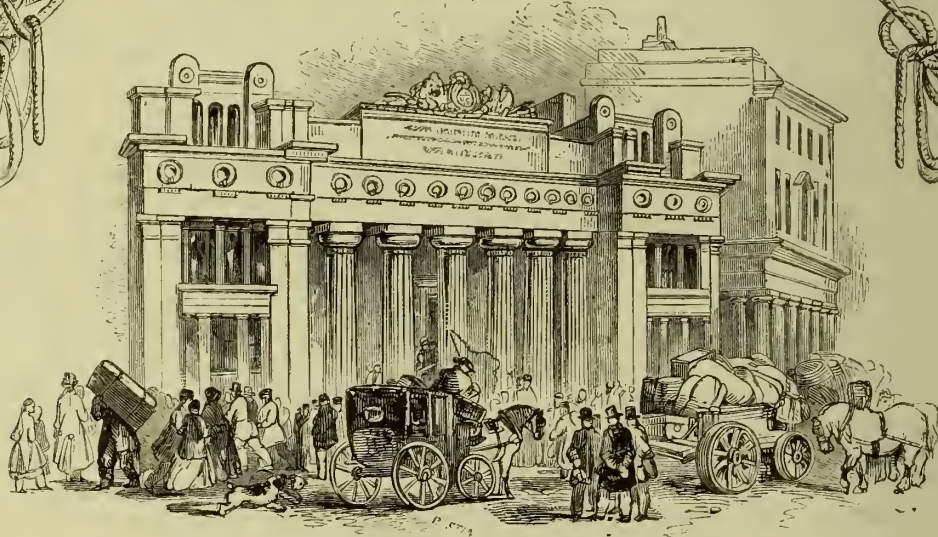
Of all the various departments of commerce on the Thames, that of *Corn* employs the greatest number of ships, after *Coal*. What with the foreign vessels and the coasters, the river and the docks often exhibit a very busy scene, in corn ships alone. The most important article of food, to a population of upwards of two millions, must indeed be a matter of high concern; and as the immediate vicinity of the metropolis exhibits vegetable gardens rather than corn-fields, we are all the more dependent on distant supply.

It has taken society many ages to learn the truth, that the supply of a large town with food may pretty safely be left to the every-day interests of buyers and sellers, without any intricate legislation. Kings and Parliaments, mayors and magistrates, were wont to think that the people would be exposed to occasional starvation, unless both quantity and price of provisions were determined authoritatively. The commercial history of England is a running commentary on this principle, and on the steps by which it has gradually given way to a sounder view.

At early periods London received its supply of corn almost wholly from Kent and Essex. Sussex, Suffolk, and Norfolk were afterwards added to the list. About three centuries ago a proclamation was issued, prohibiting corn-dealers from having more than ten quarters in stock at one time; and the substance of this proclamation was soon afterwards embodied in a statute, which provided that no persons should buy corn for the sake of selling again. The object here seems to have been, that by having no parties between the grower and the consumer, the price to the consumer might be lower,—a fallacy which the general history of trade easily refutes. In

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4.—COAL EXCHANGE.



5.—CORN EXCHANGE.

London, the Corporation and the Livery Companies were accustomed to provide a store of corn to guard against scarcity. Sir Stephen Brown, Lord Mayor in 1438, established a public granary; and such granaries became frequent in later years: the main purpose being to supply corn to "the poor at cheap rates when the market-price became high. But the operations of the regular dealers became disarranged by these artificial proceedings; and there is now little question that the market-price of corn suffered more fluctuation from these causes than if the sale and purchase had been left to settle themselves. By about the year 1521, the city was regularly provisioned with corn by the Corporation and the Companies; a large store being always kept at the Bridgehouse. After a time it was determined that each of the twelve great Companies should buy their own corn, and store it up at the Bridgehouse, there to be sold from time to time. The garners at the Bridgehouse were divided into twelve parts, each for one Company. Baking-ovens also were built, some at the Bridgehouse and some at the Companies' halls. At length the Great Fire destroyed the granaries, mills, and ovens; and as it was found by this time that this corporate mode of buying and selling corn was not so effectual as the operations of private trade, the system died out. The corn at that time was landed at Queenhithe and Billingsgate, whence it was meted and carried on the backs of horses to various parts of London. There were two corn-markets, one in Cornhill, and one at the west end of Cheapside. Bread-street was for many centuries the chief market for baked bread; the bakers were compelled to sell their bread in open market, at fixed prices; and they were subjected to many penalties and punishments for deviating from the rules. In one instance a baker, for giving deficient weight, "was drawn on a hurdle through the streets of the city, with a fool's cap on his head, and about his neck were suspended his loaves of deficient weight." The *Assize* of bread was determined first by the City authorities, and afterwards by Act of Parliament; its object was to compel the bakers to increase the size of the loaves in proportion to the fall in the price of wheat. The bakers of Stratford, in the fifteenth century, used to bring much bread up to London; the corn came to Stratford by the River Lea, and the bread was brought to London in carts, which took up their station in Cornhill and Cheapside, where the bread-carts soon became surrounded by the buyers.

At the beginning of the eighteenth century the Corn-market was at Bear Quay in Thames-street; and there were flour and meal-markets at Queenhithe, and near Holborn-bridge. It was at this period that the commercial system of *factorage*—now employed in so many branches of trade—was first applied to the corn-trade. The change is said to have been brought about in the following way. A number of Essex farmers used to frequent an inn at Whitechapel, and leave with the landlord samples of corn, with a commission to sell for them, so as to avoid the necessity of the farmers attending the next market. The next stage was for persons

to establish themselves as factors or agents for different farmers, and to establish stands in different places. These stands increased so much in number, that a Corn Exchange was built to accommodate the factors, in Mark-lane, in 1747. Eighty years afterwards the New Corn Exchange was built. Before describing the market operations at these places, we must speak of the corn-ships in the river and the docks.

The corn arrives in the port of London in various-sized vessels, containing from 200 to 3,000 quarters; those from Essex and Kent bring from 300 to 500 quarters; those from Norfolk and Suffolk, 500 or 600 quarters; those from Ireland, 700 to 1,200; while those from foreign countries bring yet larger quantities. To make a ton in weight, there are about 37 bushels of wheat, 40 of beans or peas, 45 of barley, or 56 of oats. When a corn-laden ship arrives in the Thames, whether from British or foreign parts, it is subjected to numerous dues and corporate charges. There are water-bailiage, groundage, Lord Mayor's dues, cocket dues, and others. The city claims the right of measuring the corn, which is done by sworn meters and fellowship-porters. The meters are appointed by the City Corn and Coal Committee; whereas the porters are appointed by the Alderman of Billingsgate Ward, *ex-officio* Governor of the Fellowship-porters. There are meeting-places for both bodies, where they receive instructions as to the work to be done. The corn brought from the counties near London is mostly in sacks; but that which is brought from more distant places is in most cases stowed in loose bulk in the ships; and the metage arrangements vary slightly in the two cases. At the appointed time and place, a sworn-meter, accompanied by seven or eight fellowship-porters, board the ship, and proceed to measure the corn. If the corn is in loose bulk, two of the porters lade the corn into the measure with concave wooden shovels, pass the "strike" over the surface, and empty the contents of the measure into a sack held by a third porter; when filled, the sack is hoisted up by three porters on deck, and shot by one of them over the ship's side; it falls into a lighter, in loose bulk. If the corn is in sacks, the sacks are emptied on board into the measures, and turned over the ship's side. When the lighter arrives at the granary, the corn is again measured, and is carried in sacks to the floor where it is to be stored, where it is again shot loose. When the corn is sold, the buyer sends sacks for it to the granary, and another measuring takes place. The meter and his gang of porters can measure from 400 to 800 quarters in a day, according to circumstances.

We follow the corn to the granaries, which are large lofty buildings, studding both banks of the river for many miles; but the chief of them are about the neighbourhood of Bermondsey and Shad Thames. There are also warehouses for corn at most of the docks. The duty on imported corn is now so small, (1s. per quarter on all kinds of grain, and $4\frac{1}{2}d.$ per cwt. on all kinds of flour and meal), that the speculative calculations of the bonding system are nearly abandoned; but in the

days of the "sliding scale," the rush of corn into the market on particular days was enormous. So long as the corn was in the bonding warehouses or granaries, it paid no duty; but the duty had to be paid before the corn could be removed. The duty fell lower as the price rose; and the corn-merchant, with a granary well stored, looked out for a period when the market price was as high, and the duty as low, as possible; if such a favourable time arrived, he instantly paid the duty, liberated his corn, and threw it upon the market. But as other dealers were as sharp as he, they all did more or less alike; and the market received a very flood of corn. This sudden and large supply speedily lowered the market price, and thereby raised the duty; so that another merchant, three or four days afterwards, would perhaps be unable to take his corn out of bond without actual loss. Such is the mode of explaining the enormous fortunes and the enormous failures which marked the progress of the corn-trade. Occasions have been known in which many thousand quarters of corn have been thrown into the Thames; it was actually worth less than nothing, owing to a glutted market, a very low price, a very high duty, and a constant outlay for granary rent. The granary rent, fire-insurance, and wages for tending and screening, amount to about 7s. per week for 100 quarters of corn.

The present Corn Exchange, (Cut, No. 5.) we have said, was built about eighty years after the first—that is, in 1828. The old building was not destroyed, but remains as a kind of adjunct to the new one; both were, however, much endangered, and the older one considerably damaged by a destructive fire, which burnt down some adjoining premises, on Sept. 19th, 1850. The Exchange stands on the east side of Mark-lane. It presents a front in the Grecian Doric style with six columns, surmounted by an entablature and cornice, and having side buildings in the form of wings. The interior is chiefly occupied by a large open hall, lighted by a central lantern. Around this hall are the stands belonging to corn-factors, corn-merchants, millers, granary keepers, and lightermen; but chiefly to the corn-factors. The samples of grain are displayed in small bags and wooden bowls; and every purchaser places undoubted reliance on the honour of the factor, that the bulk of the corn shall correspond with the sample. There is a seed-market held in another part of the building. The market-days are Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, between the hours of ten and three. The Kentish and Essex dealers have certain privileges of long standing, in the Corn Exchange, and generally transact their sales for ready money; but nearly all other corn is paid for by bills at one or two months.

THE TIMBER AND FISH TRADES OF THE THAMES.

From *corn*, we pass on to say a word or two concerning *timber*, so far as regards the commerce of the Thames. That the timber docks of the Port of London, and the arrangements for importing and unshipping timber, are matters of considerable importance to the comfort of the metropolis, may be shown in many

ways. It has been estimated that the houses built *every year* in the metropolis, if placed in a row, would reach from London to Windsor; and that the wood employed in building these houses would amount to 150,000 forest trees—mostly pine or fir. Then there is the timber, for the most part of a superior quality, used in making the furniture for these houses; the elm for making coffins for the 50,000 persons who die every year in the metropolis; the oak for the large amount of ships yearly built; and the large quantity of wood consumed for the countless minor purposes to which this material is applied. How much of the timber imported into the Thames is sent for use into the country, it is quite impossible to determine; but it is certain that this must form a large addition to that which is actually applied to use within the metropolis. About 1,000,000 timber-trees are supposed to be used annually in house-building in Great Britain; 160,000 in making furniture; 240,000 in building ships; 40,000 in making coffins. Without reckoning minor uses, we have here a million and a half of timber-trees annually consumed,—the produce of perhaps fifteen thousand acres of forest; and the Thames has to accommodate much more of this timber than is equivalent to the metropolitan population.

How much of this timber is grown in Great Britain and how much imported cannot be known. All that can be determined is, the amount of imported timber on which Customs duties are paid. The timber is divided into various classes as a means of determining the rate of duty. Trees hewn and squared into logs are termed *timber*; but when sawn into thinner pieces they become *deals*. Timber consists chiefly of pine, elm, oak, ash, and birch; mahogany and dye-woods do not receive the name of timber. But the sawn logs have themselves different names, according to the sizes into which they are cut—such as battens, batten ends, deals, deal-ends, planks, boards, and firewood. The quantity of all kinds imported into Great Britain yearly varies from one million and three-quarters to two millions of loads—a load being equal to fifty cubic feet. It is calculated that the surprisingly large number of 67,000 seamen are employed in bringing timber from the Colonies and foreign countries into British ports.

Omitting all other ports and confining our attention to the Thames, it is found that about 800 timber-laden ships enter the Thames annually, of an average burden of about 350 tons each. By following these 800 ships to their destination we gain an insight into the timber-trade of the port of London. They take up their station in one or other of five docks—the West India and the Regent's Docks, on the Middlesex side; and the Commercial, the Surrey Canal, and the East Country Docks, on the Surrey side. The Commercial Dock receives more timber-laden ships than any other in the Thames.

About 1,000 men are employed at the timber docks as porters and rafters; a small number of them permanently, but the majority earning a precarious living.

In some cases the dock authorities and the timber-merchants employ their own men to clear the cargoes; but in others it is customary to give the work to a contractor, called a *lumper*, who undertakes to get it executed for a certain definite sum. These lumpers are often publicans; and, like most middlemen, they are accused of grinding down the wages of the regular hands, by employing any worthless or reckless fellows whom they can obtain at low wages. They can even underbid the Dock Companies themselves, where allowed so to do; because they make a portion of their profit by inducing the men to spend the greater part of their earnings at the public-houses. At the West India Docks the mahogany and fancy woods are taken from the ships and piled in heaps, by men who work six or eight in a gang. They have a few simple machines to assist them in raising the logs from the hold, dragging them along the quays, and stowing them in the warehouses.

In the more extensive timber-trade of the southern docks, various systems are acted on according to circumstances. Some foreign timber-ships are unladen by their own crews, but all others by the timber-porters. Some are unladen in the docks; but others (when having heavy cargoes) in the river. Some of the cargoes are termed *rafted goods*, and some *landed goods*. The rafted goods are hewn timber; the landed goods comprise deals, battens, sleepers, &c. When a vessel is unladen in the river, the landed goods are discharged by lumpers who also load the lighters; but when small vessels go alongside a quay the lumpers discharge directly to the shore, where the wood is received by the dock-porters. The lumpers do not work on shore. The dock-porters are divided into two classes—deal-porters and stave-porters, who receive the landed goods and sort and pile them. The hewn timbers or rafted goods are thrust by the lumpers through the port-holes of the vessel into the water; here they are received by the rafters, who put them into lengths and sizes, and arrange them into floats of eighteen pieces each. If the ship is discharged in the river the rafter floats the timber to the pond of one of the docks; but if the ship is discharged in the dock, the rafter floats the timber only from the main docks to the pond. The rafter has much demand on his skill, in gauging and sorting the timber according to size, quality, and ownership, and making it up into floats. The rafters are all freemen of the Waterman's Company, to enable them to navigate their rafts in the river. There is an inferior class of rafters, called *pokers*, who are only allowed to work in the docks, not in the river. Rafters and pokers work directly for the Dock Companies, but deal and stave porters work under contractors or middlemen. The rafters are generally paid by the day; but the porters are paid by the piece, receiving so much for carrying and stacking a hundred deals or staves, &c.

Much of the timber thus brought into the Thames is cut up into veneers and other forms on the spot. There are about twenty saw-mills on the Thames, between London-bridge and Stangate, applied to this purpose.

Altogether in the metropolis there are about seventy timber saw-mills, some owned by timber-merchants, but the majority by persons who merely cut timber for the trade.

The *Fish* traffic of the Thames has a history of its own, wholly distinct from others.

Billingsgate had a long struggle with Queenhithe, in respect to precedence as a fish-market. Billingsgate is below bridge, Queenhithe above; and this alone would have given a superiority to the former; but in the time of Henry III., and for many generations afterwards, the customs or dues of Queenhithe were the perquisite of the queen-consort; and royal influence was not slow in enforcing such regulations as would bring the fish to that market which best suited the chexcquer of the royal ladies. Hence there was often a struggle between the fish-dealers and the Court party, between whom the Corporation held its way as best it could. Queenhithe never did and never could extinguish its rival; on the contrary, as freedom of commerce gradually arose, the fish-dealers gradually brought into a regular system the location of the fish-market just below the bridge. When Queenhithe was the chief landing-place for fish, the fishmongers congregated in the neighbouring streets; and Old Fish-street, Fish-street-hill, &c., thus acquired their names. Old Fish-street first had mere fish-boards, then stalls, then sheds, then shops, and lastly houses for the accommodation of the fishmongers. There was in the 15th century a considerable space occupied as a fish-market, a little to the north-west of old London-bridge, where now narrow streets abound. Fish were also sold at Stocks' Market, on the site of which the Mansion House now stands; and many of the principal fishmongers established themselves in the street directly in a line with the bridge, then called Bridge-street, but now New Fish-street and Fish-street-hill. The fishmongers and dealers in these places made strenuous efforts at different times to suppress the sale of fish by humbler dealers or by hawkers; but this they could not effect. The Fishmongers' Company was a powerful corporation from a very early period: at one time an offshoot from it existed, comprising the *stock*-fishmongers, or those who dealt only in dried and salted fish. The Company had halls in Old Fish-street, New Fish-street, and Thames-street.

In 1699 an Act of Parliament was passed, which made Billingsgate a free market for fish, and established certain regulations which somewhat curtailed the monopolizing powers of the more wealthy fishmongers. Among the strangest statutes passed in by-gone times are two or three having for their object to induce the people to eat more fish; and at different times within the last century, associations and projects were framed having the same object in view. It was sometimes urged that fish would be cheaper to the people than meat; at others, that by eating the fatness of the sea instead of the fatness of the land, our national wealth would be husbanded; and at others again, that by encouraging the fisheries we should raise up a



6.—BILLINGSGATE.

goodly number of hardy fishermen, and at the same time, form a nursery for seamen.

Billingsgate, we need hardly say, occupies an open nook westward of the Custom House. It comprises a dock for the ships, and an open market for the fish dealers. The fishing vessels come from various stations—Feversham, Maldon, Rochester, Colchester, Dover, &c. The vessels arrive in the evening and during the night, and take up their moorings alongside of each other in regular order—the oyster-boats being placed by themselves. A floating-barge or platform lies withinside these tiers of boats, and to this platform flights of steps descend from the market. The market is divided into avenues, lined with stalls, each of which is occupied by a fish salesman; and there are fish porters, who form the means of communication between the vessels and the stalls. (Cut, No. 6.)

A visitor who wishes to see Billingsgate in all its life should rise betimes, and reach the market by five in the morning. At a few minutes before five the salesmen take their seats, each at his respective stall; but before this time the porters have all got their loads ready for instant transmission to the stalls; for there is a rapidity in the operations at Billingsgate not paralleled in any of the other markets. Fish is so precious when of fine quality, so worthless when stale, that fluctuations in its value may be almost measured by minutes; and as the west-end fishmongers are willing to pay a higher price for the privilege of first choice,

both fishermen and salesmen are eager to have their fish displayed as early as possible. Hence, as impartiality is strictly enforced by the clerk of the market, each dealer is left to make the best of his time when the proper hour arrives. At the striking of the hour the porters, who have been standing in a row at the lower end of the market, with their laden fish-baskets on their heads, run forward, deposit their fish at the stalls of the respective salesmen to whom they are consigned, and run as nimbly back to bring fresh supplies. So uncertain is the supply at the hour of commencement, that there is no knowing what price the fish will command until the salesmen have fairly displayed their stores, and the dealers have assembled. The salesman names a price, high or low, according to his judgment of the relation between supply and demand at the moment. In most cases the dealer offers a lower price, and an actual purchase price soon establishes itself between them. Oysters are sold in a different way; the dealers go on board the oyster-boats and there make their purchases. During the first hour the market is wholly in the hands of the higher class of fishmongers, those who select the best fish and pay the highest price; then come the fishmongers of humbler rank, and afterwards the street hawkers, who buy up everything that is left. Fish, unlike corn, cannot be kept back until the price rises: it must go for whatever it will fetch; hence, towards the close of the market, hawkers can sometimes buy fish at remark-

ably low prices. The wholesale market is over at nine o'clock, after which time the stalls are occupied for a few hours by retail dealers.

THE CUSTOM-HOUSE AND ITS SYSTEM.

These four commodities—coal, corn, timber, and fish—all present peculiar features in respect to Thames commerce and shipping. All other articles of merchandize may be conveniently noticed, so far as it falls within our present purpose to notice them, in connection either with the *Dock* system or the *Custom House* system of the Port of London.

The Custom House, like all the other great commercial institutions of the Port of London, had its growth by slow degrees. As early as the year 1000, in the reign of Ethelred II., customs duties were made payable on vessels arriving in London. Billingsgate was at that time the chief landing-place; and ships and boats arriving there had to pay from one halfpenny to fourpence each, according to their size and cargoes. Most of the merchants of the Port of London in the thirteenth or fourteenth centuries were aliens or foreigners; and they were, in many cases, dignified ecclesiastics, who were not too spiritually-minded to attend to their own pockets. Licences were not unfrequently granted by the sovereign to popes, cardinals, and other clerical dignitaries, to export wool and other commodities without payment of the duties; all ecclesiastics in the country were uniformly exempt from such duties; and their foreign brethren often acquired a goodly slice of such privileges.

The first germ of a regular Customs establishment in London was the location of an officer at the wharfs where wool was weighed and shipped; for in early times wool was regarded as by far the most important product of industry in this country. In 1559 an Act was passed, appointing twenty quays or wharfs in different parts of the Thames, where alone goods might be shipped or landed; one for corn only, others for wine and oil, others for fish, corn, and salt, and others for general merchandize. The owners of these quays were bound by penalty to see that no goods were landed or shipped except in presence of the Customs' officers; and the old creeks and landing-places were forbidden to be used for such purposes. These newly-appointed quays were called the *legal quays*, three of which were Old Wool Quay, New Wool Quay, and Galley Quay; but as the amount of accommodation afforded was so limited, extra places, called *sufferance wharfs*, were established, for the most part on the Surrey side of the river. At that time, the London Customs' Establishment was farmed to one individual for a definite yearly sum, and employed about fifty persons; but in 1590, the Government took the management in their own hands, and the revenue rapidly increased. The original Custom House, which was destroyed at the great fire, was little better than a mere warehouse. It was replaced by a new structure which cost £10,000. Again was it burned down in 1718, and the third building was much more

commodious and important than either of its predecessors. For a period of ninety-six years this structure witnessed the astonishing growth of the commerce of London, when fire again did its work, and destroyed the third Custom House in 1814. A fourth structure was opened for public business, in 1817; and although that fourth may in one sense be deemed the same building as that which now exists, yet, as the foundation of the edifice gave way in 1825, and occasioned an expenditure almost equal to that which the structure itself cost, we may not unfittingly deem the present the fifth Custom House of the Port of London.

These several buildings showed by their successive enlargements the growth of the shipping trade of the Thames. The third Custom House was that which first exhibited the well-known characteristic of the *Long Room*, for the general transaction of business. This long room was 127 feet long, 29 wide, and 24 high. Some time before the fire in 1814, the Treasury had planned great extensions of the building; but the fire determined them to commence all *de novo*. The third Custom House was distant about 500 feet from Billingsgate; but it was resolved to bring up the new one as far west as the landing stairs close to Billingsgate. The site was before that a mere river shore, dotted with small quays; but as it was determined to build the new Custom House on a lofty terrace, it was essentially necessary to lay a firm foundation; and it was a defect in this foundation that led to the disaster of 1825. An immense number of piles were driven into the soft soil; beech sleepers were laid on the piles, filled in with brickwork; beech planking was laid on the sleepers, and the structure was erected on the planking. Notwithstanding all this care the foundation proved treacherous; the long room and the central part of the building gave way, and by the time the present structure was finally completed the cost had risen to about half a million sterling.

All the myriads of passengers by the Greenwich and Gravesend steamers are familiar with the external appearance of the Custom House. We first see that for which the citizens ought to be grateful to Mr. Laing the architect, and to the authorities—the fine open gravelled terrace, five hundred feet long. This is the only place of the kind on the Thames, within the limits of the City of London; and it is really a boon to have such a promenade in the centre of the world of commerce. If at low water, the terrace appears to be lifted up to a noble height above the river; if at high water, we can see what is transacting on the terrace. Behind the terrace rises the structure itself, 488 feet in length, and having a façade sufficiently varied to present a fine appearance from the river; in the centre is a hexastyle Ionic portico; and each wing has a detached hexastyle colonnade of the same order. There are three flights of steps, to afford access to the interior. The northern front and the two ends are less ornate.

Of the apartments in the Custom House, nearly two hundred in number, the Long-room is the only one

which possesses interest for a casual visitor: the others are such as meet the eye in all the Government establishments—board-rooms, counting-houses, &c.; but the Long-room is the finest room in England—perhaps in Europe—devoted solely to commercial matters. It is 190 feet long, 66 feet wide, and nearly 50 feet high, with an arched ceiling, supported by side pilasters, but without any columns. There are windows on one side, and curved skylights at the lower part of the ceiling. The room is not quite so ornate as the unfortunate one which had barely eight years' existence before it; but it has a simple grandeur, which is perhaps still better. Round the sides are the desks and counters for the officials who transact business in this room, about eighty in number; they are divided into three classes—the inward department, the outward department, and the coast department.

The business transacted in the Custom House is of a very varied character; involving not merely the commerce of the port of London, but correspondence with all the ports of the United Kingdom. It is not merely the Custom House for London, but the chief Custom House for all the kingdom—the head-quarters of the Commissioners of Customs. When we find that the net receipt of Customs, in the twelve months ending October, 1849, amounted to £18,657,563, and that about half this sum accrued in reference to the commerce of London alone, we may imagine how extended must be the transactions of the head Custom House of the country. Upwards of a million sterling is spent in the mere collection of the duties, so numerous are the persons employed. The number of officials under the management of the Commissioners of Customs equals that of all the other civil departments of Government combined; it is about 11,000 or 12,000. The amount of correspondence and of book-keeping is immense; and no other department of the Government affords so much or such valuable statistical information. There are about three hundred persons employed within the Custom House, and about an equal number on and near the Thames in connection with Custom House duties. Within doors, the collectors, comptrollers, and surveyors of the revenue department; the clerks of rates, clerks of ships' entries, computers of duties, receivers of plantation duties, of wine duties, and other duties; the cocket waiters; and the various officers for the coast department—all have their respective location. Out of doors the duties are not less varied. The *inspectors of the river* superintend the tide-surveyors, tide-waiters, and watermen, and appoint them to their respective duties for the day. The *tide-surveyors* visit the ships as they enter or leave the port, to see that the tide-waiters properly discharge their duty. The *tide-waiters* take up their station on board the laden ships; remaining on board until the cargo is discharged, if the ship is coming inward; and accompanying it as far as Gravesend, if the ship is going out. The *landing surveyors* superintend the *landing-officers*, who attend the quays and docks, to

take account of the goods landed, and to give permits for the delivery of them for home consumption. The *coast-officers* attend to the passage of vessels between London and the outports; they give permits for landing the cargoes, and take bonds for the proper delivery of the goods. The *searchers* superintend the shipping of goods to foreign ports, and see that the packages correspond with the entries. The number of supernumeraries is very large; for if a favourable wind sends an unusual number of vessels into port at one time, the ordinary hands are quite unequal to the task of managing all the Custom House business in respect to them within a reasonable time.

The following instructive account has been given of the commercial history of a cargo of foreign goods, so far as the Customs' arrangements of the port of London are concerned:—"First, on the arrival of the ship at Gravesend, tide-waiters are put on board, and remain until she reaches the appointed landing-place. The goods are reported and entered at the Custom House, and a warrant is transmitted to the landing-waiters, who superintend the unloading of the cargo. A landing-waiter is specially appointed to each ship. Officers under him, some of whom are gaugers, examine, weigh, and ascertain the contents of the several packages, and enter an account of them. These operations are subject to the daily inspection of superior officers. When warehoused, the goods are in care of a locker, who is under the warehouse-keeper. When goods are delivered for home consumption, the locker receives a warrant from the Custom House, certifying that the duties have been paid; he then looks out the goods, and the warehouse-keeper signs the warrant. When foreign or colonial goods are *exported* (instead of being taken out for home consumption), the process is more complicated. The warehouse-keeper makes out a 're-weighing slip;' a landing-waiter examines the goods, which continue in charge of the locker; and a cocket, with a certificate from the proper officers at the Custom House, is his authority for their delivery. The warehouse-keeper signs this document; and a counterpart of the cocket, called a 'shipping-bill,' is prepared by the exporting merchant. The goods pass from the warehouse-keeper into the hands of the searcher, who directs a tide-waiter to receive them at the water-side, and to attend their shipment, taking an account of the articles; and he remains on board until the vessel reaches Gravesend, when she is visited by a searcher stationed there. The tide-waiter is discharged, and the vessel proceeds; but before her final clearance, the waiter delivers to the searcher a document called a 'content,' being a list of the goods on board, and which is compared with the cocket. It is then only that the cargo can be fairly said to be out of the hands of the Custom House officers."—(*London*, vol. ii.)

The exportation of British goods and produce to foreign countries is attended with a somewhat different routine of Custom House supervision. A written declaration of the nature and value of the cargo is

prepared, whether the cargo is liable to duty or not. If it be liable, the declaration becomes the foundation upon which the amount is levied, the duty being higher according as the declared value is higher. And here the Custom House authorities act upon a well-devised plan, to prevent the goods from being entered too low as a means of evading part of the duty. The merchant of course will not *over-value* his goods; since he is here dealing, not with a purchaser who will pay him money for them, but with an officer who is about to take money from him; but, on the other hand, if the officer suspects that the merchant has valued his goods too low, he is empowered to offer to *buy them at that price*, which the merchant of course does not contemplate; hence the balance between these two opposite motives tends towards a tolerably fair valuation of the goods. Where the goods are free of export duty, a declaration of value is equally required; in both cases the goods themselves are subjected to proper examination, and their quantities accurately taken. A document, called a *cocket*, is prepared, for which the previous bill of entry is the foundation; and on the back of this cocket the fullest particulars of the transaction are recorded, while any unintentional error of the merchant is corrected; so that this document, a copy of which remains in the Custom House, becomes an authentic register of the shipment of the cargo.

THE QUAYS AND WHARFS.

So vast is the accommodation now afforded by the docks of the port of London, that we can hardly realise the state of things when no such docks were in existence. No longer ago than half a century, the large shipping which brought cargoes into the Thames were sadly hampered for means to land their commodities. To draw up by the river side was out of the question; for the quays fitted for such a purpose were altogether inadequate in number. East Indiamen, West Indiamen, colliers, trading vessels in general (except the very smallest) all anchored in the middle of the river, to discharge their cargoes. At the present day, notwithstanding the vast number of lighters and barges employed on the river, six-sevenths of the whole number are employed in bringing the three articles coal, corn, and timber, on shore; but at the commencement of the century, almost every kind of commodity had to be thus conveyed from the ships. East Indiamen anchored at Blackwall, and discharged their cargoes into lighters of 50 to 100 tons; the hatchways of the lighters were placed under lock and key; and the goods were conveyed to the wharfs where they had to be landed. West India ships came farther up the river, but were discharged in a similar way; and all other ships had to be dependent on nearly similar aid. In 1792 there were no fewer than 3,500 lighters, barges, punts, sloops, lugger boats, cutters, and hoys, employed in this way in the port of London.

It is almost incredible that the merchants of London

could have gone on so long, and entered on transactions of such immense magnitude, with such an absence of docks and such a paucity of wharfs and quays. The *legal quays*, established in the reign of Elizabeth, were all situated between Billingsgate and the Tower, and presented a united frontage of less than 1,200 feet. These were the only quays at which wines, spirits, sugar, and the chief foreign articles in which the Customs duties were high, were landed; but as it was found utterly impossible to carry on the whole trade there, *sufferance wharfs* (as has been before stated) were from time to time established, mostly on the Surrey side of the river; and at these wharfs the coasting-trade and the minor descriptions of foreign trade were accommodated. During the eighteenth century, the foreign trade of the port of London trebled in value and quintupled in tonnage; while the coasting trade increased pretty nearly in a parallel ratio; yet were there scarcely any additional facilities offered in respect to wharfs and quays.

In Mr. Colquhoun's work on the 'Commerce and Police of the River Thames,' and in other works of a like character, we have a strange picture of the perilous condition of Thames merchandise before the construction of docks. Among all the various kinds of river craft employed in conveying goods from the vessels to the wharfs, those only had decks which were connected with the East Indiamen: all others were open; and the amount of pilfering to which they were exposed was quite startling. "Wastage" and "leakage" were two kinds of perquisites allowed to the barge-men; and they took care that those two items should include as much as possible—such as the merchants would never dream to have come under that character; while the more openly dishonest robbed in a less apologetic way. Lightermen, watermen, labourers, sailors, mates and captains occasionally, and sometimes even the officers of the revenue—all were stained with the charge of pilfering valuables from these laden open barges. On shore there were regular establishments for receiving the stolen property, and getting rid of it to the best advantage. In 1798 the Marine Police, since called the Thames Police, was established, with a view to check this system of depredation; but though something was effected by this means, the depth of the mischief could not be reached so long as the quays themselves were in so overcrowded a state. On the legal quays sugar hogsheads were piled six or eight in height; while barrels, baskets, tubs, boxes, bales, and other packages were strewed in confusion wherever there was a square foot of space. The quays were not only a landing-place, but they were also a market for many of the commodities; and the export and import commodities were all wharfed at the same spots. The stripping and cutting of tobacco, the repair of hogsheads, the gauging of spirits—even these operations were occasionally carried on at the legal quays.

At length, towards the close of the century, it was found absolutely necessary to afford accommodation for the rapidly-increasing shipping and commerce of



6.—EAST INDIA IMPORT DOCK.

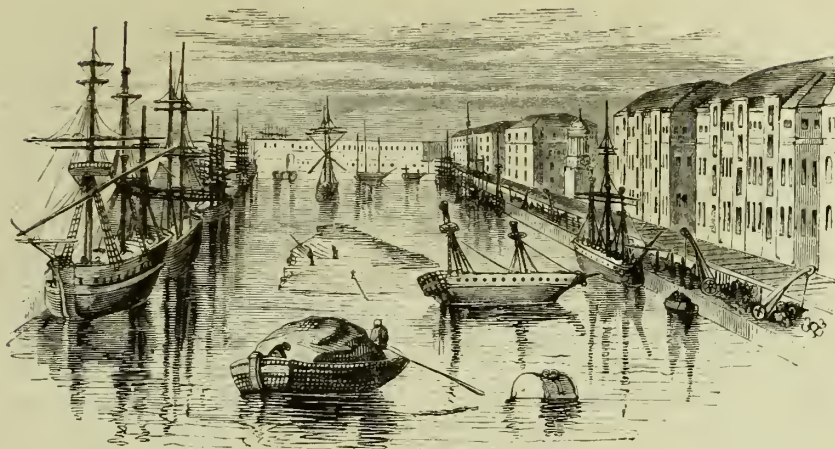


7.—EAST INDIA EXPORT DOCK.

the Thames; and then came the difficulty of deciding between a multitude of councillors. Eight different plans were submitted to a Parliamentary Committee which sat to investigate the subject. The first plan, proposed by a wharfinger interested in the quay system, was to spend about half a million sterling in deepening and improving the river, extending the number of the legal quays, apportioning a distinct part of the river to each kind of shipping trade, building a ballast wharf at Deptford, providing moorings for colliers and coasters, appointing harbour-masters, widening the existing legal quays, building warehouses at the back of them, and widening and improving the avenues leading from Thames-street. A second plan, approved generally by the merchants, and estimated to cost about a million sterling, was to purchase eighty acres of land in Wapping, to form a wet-dock of thirty-nine acres and a small one of two acres for lighters, to form a canal nearly three miles long from those Docks to beyond the Isle of Dogs at Blackwall, to build warehouses and wharfs, and to surround the whole by a lofty wall. A third plan, brought forward by the City authorities, at an estimated expenditure of considerably above a million sterling, was to form a dock of about a hundred acres in the Isle of Dogs, to form another of the same size for colliers at Rotherhithe, to extend the frontage and area of the legal quays, to widen the approaches to the quays, to arch over the quays, and to build warehouses on the arches. A fourth plan, brought forward by Mr. Wyatt, and esti-

mated to cost somewhat under a million sterling, comprised the construction of three docks in the Isle of Dogs, a basin with three entrances at Blackwall, another basin at Limehouse, and a floating wharf. A fifth project, known as the Southwark plan, was to form, at an expense only a little exceeding a quarter of a million sterling, a series of small docks at Rotherhithe, and a canal from thence to the Thames nearly opposite St. Paul's. A sixth plan, Mr. Walker's, for which he calculated an outlay of nearly a million sterling, was to excavate fifty acres at Wapping for docks, to devote an equal space to wharfs and warehouses, and to make a canal from thence to the eastern side of the Isle of Dogs. A seventh plan, due to Mr. Spence, and estimated at half a million sterling, involved the separation of the Thames shipping into twelve different classes, and the building of twelve small docks to accommodate them, either on the Isle of Dogs or between the Thames and Limehouse. The eighth plan, brought forward by Mr. Reaveley, was to form a new channel for the river across the Isle of Dogs, to convert the existing part of the river from Limehouse to Blackwall into an extensive dock, to make a similar new channel from Blackwall to Woolwich Reach, to make a dock of the present river between those two points, to make a new channel for the river near Wapping, and to convert the present river into a dock—in short, to cut off most of the bends of the river, and to convert those bends into docks.

Those who are acquainted with the present arrange-



8.—WEST INDIA DOCKS.

ment of the docks of the Thames, will see how many ideas, suggested by one or other of the above plans, have been acted on. All the projects were more or less objected to. The City plan included no warehouses, and therefore did not meet the requirements of the case; the Southwark plan was too local and limited; the Wharfinger's plan did not touch the necessity of lighterage in the middle of the Thames; the Merchant's plan had too long a canal approach from the east; Wyatt's plan included no warehouses; Spence's plan involved too minute a subdivision of shipping; Walker's plan bore much resemblance to the Merchant's; and Reaveley's plan was too vast. Yet we can see, among these various plans, the germs of the St. Katherine's, the London, the West India, and the Grand Surrey Docks, together with the City Canal, and the Grand Surrey Canal. The difficulties in putting any project into operation were immense, on account of the multitudinous and intricate privileges which tended to keep things as they were. The Customs' Board was too closely touched by one plan, the Corporation by another, the Trinity House by a third, the Tacklehouse and City porters by a fourth, the carmen, the lightermen, the watermen, the legal-quay proprietors, the sufferance-wharf proprietors—all raised their voices against some or other of the provisions involved in these several plans; and it was only by slow degrees that the various elements of opposition were borne down.

Before any of the docks on the north side of the river were formed, *Greenland Dock* (now known as *Commercial Dock*) was formed. *Brunswick Dock*, built in 1789, was the work of a private individual, Mr. Perry,—the predecessor of the eminent firm of Wigram and Green; he built by the side of his ship yard, at Blackwall, a dock capable of holding nearly thirty East Indiamen and double that number of smaller vessels. This dock is now included within the limits of the ship yard. The 18th century just saved its commercial credit, by commencing operations and new docks before the busy 19th was ushered in. The Act

of Parliament for the *West India Docks* was passed in 1799, and in 1802 the docks were opened. The *London Docks* bill was passed in 1800, and the large dock opened in 1805. The *East India Docks* bill was passed in 1803, and the docks opened in 1806. The *Regent's Canal Dock*, the *City or Isle of Dogs Canal*, the *East Country Dock*, the *Surrey Canal Dock*, rapidly followed their more important neighbours; and the *Greenland* was altered and enlarged into the *Commercial Dock*. After an interval of many years, an Act for the *St. Katherine's Docks* was obtained in 1824, and the docks opened in 1828. This was the last great enterprise in connection with dock-building in the Port of London, subsequent works having been of a very minor character. The negotiation and compensation involved in these undertakings formed no small part of the difficulties attending them. On the other hand, all the Dock Companies sought to obtain exclusive privileges, in some form or other. Thus, one clause in the *West India Docks Act* provided, that all vessels laden with *West India* produce must perforce use the *West India Docks*, during a period of twenty-one years; the *London Dock Company* obtained a similar monopoly for a similar period, in respect to ships laden with wine, brandy, tobacco, and rice; and the *East India Docks* became in like manner the compulsory station for *East Indiamen*. All these privileges expired within two or three years of each other, and all the companies sought for a renewal of them. But the merchants viewed such a contemplated renewal with distrust: they felt that the trade ought to be more open, that if it were nearer the city it would be all the more convenient, and that a new dock would give a little wholesome stimulus to the old companies,—and thus originated the *St. Katherine's Docks*, but not without a most vigorous opposition from the older companies. The owners of property and privileges always put a sufficiently high value on them when "compensation" is talked about; and such was certainly the case in respect to the vested rights interfered with by the various docks. In respect to the three great docks constructed at the begin-

ning of the century, there were demands for compensation to the extent of four millions sterling, but these demands were knocked down to one-sixth; of which the sum of £486,087 was paid as the purchase price of the rights of the legal quays, and £138,791 as that of the mooring-chains in the river. Each company purchased its own land and property; but the compensations just alluded to were made by Government.

A TOUR OF THE DOCKS.

Let us now take a rapid tour of the various Docks, and watch the busy scenes which they present.

The *East India* and the *West India* Docks, originally belonging to separate companies, are now amalgamated into one commercial undertaking; for when the India and China trade was opened a few years ago, the East India Docks lost much of their exclusive privileges, and were purchased by the West India Dock Company. The East India Docks are the most eastward of the Thames series. They occupy the little nook of land which is formed into a peninsula by the Thames and the lower course of the river Lea; and they may fully and fairly be said to occupy the eastern extreme of the great metropolis. There is one entrance near the ship-building and engineering establishments of Messrs. Miller and Ravenhill and Messrs. Ditchburn and Mare, two others on the Poplar side, and one adjacent to the terminus of the Blackwall Railway. There are two Docks, the *Import* (Cut, No. 6), and the *Export* (Cut, No. 7), and a Basin which places them in connection with the Thames. The Import Dock is larger and farther northward than the Export: the one has an area of nineteen acres, the other of ten, while the Basin presents an area of three acres. As they were constructed for the reception of vessels of large size, these docks have never less than twenty-three feet depth of water. The two docks can accommodate respectively 84 and 40 ships of 800 tons burden. As the East India merchandise, under the Company's monopoly, was chiefly warehoused in the City, the warehouses at the East India Docks are smaller than at the establishments which we shall presently have to describe. On entering the gates a stranger sees much less bustle than he would expect. The Basin and the Export Dock contain numerous steamers, undergoing repair; but there is less throng and activity than at the other docks. In the Import Dock, however, are always to be seen merchantmen of the finest class, drawn up against the quays, and receiving the cargoes of merchandise which England supplies to the nations of the east. A few months ago might have been seen the peep-show 'Chinese Junk,' drawn up, or rather boxed up, in the Basin; and in August of the present year a stranger might have seen four fine vessels, from 720 to 800 tons burden, drawn up in a line in the Import Dock, and busily engaged in taking in stores; these were the 'Randolph,' the 'Cressy,' the 'Charlotte

Jane,' and the 'Sir George Seymour,' chartered by the Canterbury Association to carry out the first body of settlers to Lyttleton, the incipient capital of the Canterbury settlement in New Zealand. These were fine ships, and were being fitted out in a manner much superior to emigrant ships in general. The number of ships that entered the East India Docks to unload in 1848, was about 300.

The *West India Docks* are further west, much larger, and accommodate more trade than the East India. They are very admirably placed. The Isle of Dogs, with its deep bend towards the south, presents much temptation to dock-builders, on account of the facilities for forming entrances both from Blackwall Reach and Limehouse Reach. Such is the case in the existing West India Docks; they stretch across the neck of the peninsula which forms the Isle of Dogs, directly southward of Poplar. To the north is the Import Dock, next south the Export Dock, then the South Dock, and lastly the Timber Dock. A basin connects the Import and Export Dock with the Thames at Blackwall Reach; a similar Basin connects them with Limehouse Reach; the South Dock similarly opens into both reaches; while the Timber Dock is connected with the South Dock. The South Dock was originally the City Canal, belonging to the Corporation, but it was afterwards purchased by this Company. The main entrance to this extensive series of docks is at the north-west corner, where is a station of the Blackwall Railway. The various docks collectively are of great magnitude, and occupy, with the quays and warehouses, an area of 295 acres. The Import Dock is 870 yards long, 166 yards wide, and 30 acres in area; the Export Dock is the same length as the Import, 135 yards wide, and 25 acres in area. The South Dock is 1183 yards long, with locks at each end so capacious as to admit ships of 1200 tons burden. The warehouses are on a scale of great magnitude: those especially which bound the four sides of the Import Dock are calculated to contain 180,000 tons of merchandise. It is the northern side of these warehouses which displays such a length of lofty buildings, as seen from the Blackwall Railway. There have been known to be at one time on the quays, and in the warehouses and vaults of this Import Dock, colonial produce to the value of £20,000,000 sterling; comprising 148,563 casks of sugar, 70,875 barrels, and 433,648 bags of coffee, 35,158 pipes of rum and Madeira, 14,000 logs of mahogany, and 21,000 tons of logwood. Since the expiration of the privileges given to this Company in their original Act, these docks have been used by all kinds of shipping. The Import Dock can accommodate 300 vessels, and the Export 200, of 300 tons each. More than 3,000 vessels entered the several docks in the year 1848. These arrivals are so fluctuating, being so dependent on the state of the wind, and other circumstances, that while in one week there may be less than thirty, in another the number will exceed two hundred; and this difference gives rise to analogous fluctuations in the number

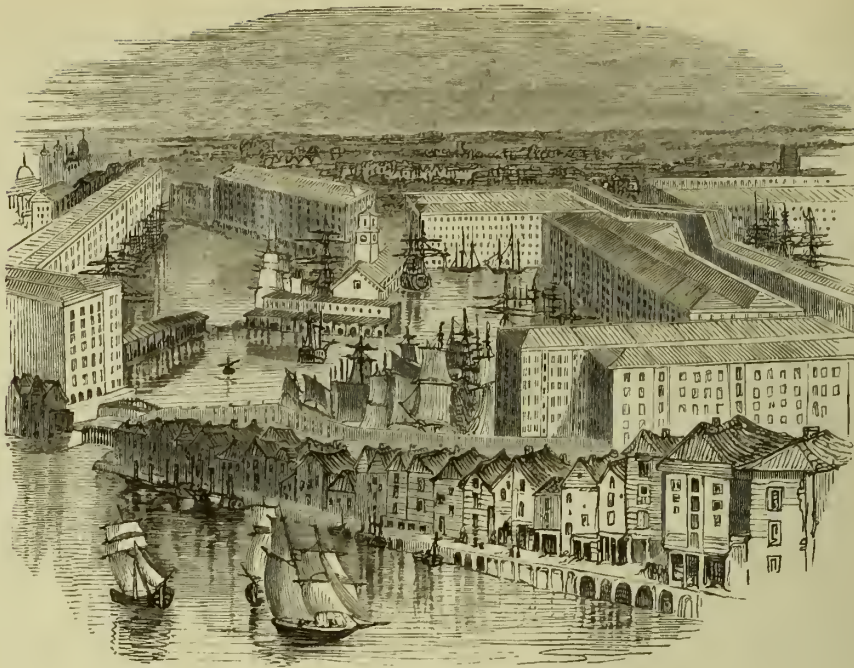
of dock labourers employed, and in the scene of activity displayed in the quays. (Cut, No. 8.)

The *London Docks*, in relation to their size, are the theatre of a larger traffic than any other on the Thames: they are nearer to the centre of commerce than the East or West India Docks. The whole area of ground occupied by the Company is about 100 acres—only one-third that of the West India Docks; but so valuable was the ground which the Company had to purchase, and so vast are the warehouses and general arrangements, that these Docks have cost upwards of £4,000,000 sterling. The water area comprises one magnificent dock, a smaller dock further eastward, and three basins connected with three entrances from the Thames. The two docks together can accommodate about 500 ships, and the warehouses 230,000 tons of merchandize. There are often 170,000 tons of goods in the warehouses at one time; there is accommodation for 60,000 pipes of wine and 24,000 hogsheads of tobacco. The vessels which enter the docks weekly vary from 30 to 140. An immense Customs revenue is drawn at these Docks; and the Custom House arrangements are on a scale of great magnitude.

A sketch of the London Docks, both without and within, given in the *Morning Chronicle* a few months ago, is graphic and truthful:—"The courts and alleys round about the Docks swarm with low lodging-houses, and are inhabited either by the dock-labourers, sack-makers, watermen, or that peculiar class of London poor, who pick up a precarious living by the water-side. The open streets themselves have all, more or less, a maritime character. Every other shop is either stocked with gear for the ship or for the sailor. The windows of one house are filled with quadrants and bright brass sextants, chronometers, and huge mariners' compasses, with their cards trembling with the motion of the cabs and waggons passing in the street. Then comes the sailors' cheap shoe-mart, rejoicing in the attractive sign of 'Jack and his Mother.' Every public-house is a 'Jolly Tar,' or something equally taking. Then come sail-makers, their windows stowed with ropes and lines smelling of tar. All the grocers are provision-agents, and exhibit in their windows tin cases of meat and biscuits; and every article is 'warranted to keep in any climate.' The corners of the streets, too, are mostly monopolized by slop-sellers, their windows party-coloured with bright red and blue flannel shirts, the doors nearly blocked up with hammocks and well-oiled *nor'-westers*, and the front of the house itself nearly covered with canvas trousers, rough pilot coats, and shiny black dreads. . . . As you enter the Docks, the sight of the forest of masts in the distance, and the tall chimneys, vomiting clouds of black smoke, and the many-coloured flags flying in the air, has a most peculiar effect; while the sheds, with the monster wheels arching through the roofs, look like the paddle-boxes of huge steamers. Along the quay you see now men with their faces blue with indigo, and now gaugers with their long brass-tipped rule dripping with spirits from the cask they have been

probing; then will come a group of flaxen-haired sailors, chattering German; and next a black sailor, with a cotton handkerchief twisted turban-like round his head. Presently a blue-frocked butcher, with fresh meat and a bunch of cabbages in the tray on his shoulder; and shortly afterwards, a mate with green paroquets in a wooden cage. Here you will see sitting on a bench a sorrowful-looking woman, with new bright cooking-tins at her feet, telling you she is an emigrant preparing for her voyage. As you pass along this quay, the air is pungent with tobacco,—at that it overpowers you with fumes of rum. Then you are nearly sickened with the stench of hides, and huge bins of horns; and shortly afterwards the atmosphere is fragrant with coffee and spice; nearly everywhere you meet stacks of corn, or else yellow bins of sulphur, or lead-coloured copper ore. As you enter this warehouse, the flooring is sticky, as if it had been newly tarred with the sugar that has leaked through the casks; and as you descend into the dark vaults, you see long lines of lights hanging from the black arches, and lamps flitting about midway. Here you sniff the fumes of the wine, and there the peculiar fungous smell of dry-rot. Then the jumble of sounds as you pass along the dock blends in anything but sweet concord. The sailors are singing boisterous nigger songs from the Yankee ship just entering; the cooper is hammering at the casks on the quay; the chains of the cranes, loosed from their weights, rattle as they fly up again; the ropes splash in the water; some captain shouts his orders through his hands; a goat bleats from some ship in the basin; and empty casks will roll along the stones with a hollow drum-like sound. Here the heavy-laden ships are down far below the quay, and you descend to them by ladders; whilst in another basin they are high up out of the water, so that their green copper sheathing is almost level with the eye of the passenger; while above his head a long line of bowsprits stretch far over the quay, and from them heavy spars and planks as a gangway to each ship."

The inside of the warehouses is not less striking than the Docks themselves. The *tobacco* and the *wine* are the lions of the establishments. The tobacco-warehouses lie on the east of the entrance at Pennington-street. They cover an immense area of ground, stretching north and east in long vistas, bounded on either side by piles of tobacco hogsheads, generally two in height. The opponents of the Virginian weed have here quite enough to disturb their equanimity, and to make them out of temper with the world and its smokers. It is not at all an uncommon circumstance for these warehouses to contain twenty thousand hogsheads of tobacco at one time; and as the hogsheads contain, one with another, about one thousand pounds weight of tobacco, we may leave the reader to decide, by a little easy sum in multiplication, the total amount of the store. Here the tobacco is deposited until the owners are ready to pay the duty of 3s. 6d. per lb. on it; and, if accident has damaged the contents of a hogshead, the owner will rather burn the tobacco



9.—ST. KATHERINE'S DOCKS.

than pay the duty on it:—this gives us a clue to the history of a certain *kiln*, in one corner of the warehouses, where spoiled tobacco is burned in large quantities, the ashes being sold for manure and for tooth-powder. As you walk along the alleys of these warehouses, with a wall of hogsheads on either side, you see here large scales where tobacco is being weighed,—there the little wooden counting-house of a revenue-officer,—at one place men knocking the hogsheads to pieces,—at another men cutting away the damaged portion of the exposed mass. If we leave the tobacco-warehouses and visit the *wine vaults*, we find a still more striking scene, and an odour which has fewer disapprovers. Such vaults are nowhere else to be met with in England, whatever may be the case in some of the wine-growing countries. One vault alone covers an area of seven acres; and the whole are lighted by lamps, which impart a sort of 'darkness-visible' effect to the long arched avenues. Here every kind of foreign wine, contained in various-sized casks, meet the olfactories at every step. It is one of the holiday-feats of a dock ramble to obtain a 'tasting order' for the London Docks. The wine is kept here until the owners pay the import duty; but each owner can give a tasting-order to any person or group of persons, which order empowers the wine-coopers in the vaults to draw wine from any of the casks belonging to that particular owner. How nicely-critical each visitor becomes of the quality of the wines! How desirous he is of tasting each particular kind for the sake of comparison; and how astonished he is if it happen that he cannot walk out of the vaults so steadily as he had walked into them!

The *St. Katherine's Docks* are the most westward of those belonging to the port of London, and the most

recent. They occupy almost the whole of the space (not very considerable) between the Tower and the London Docks. When it was decided, in 1825, to build new Docks, the district of St. Katherine's consisted chiefly of mean and wretched alleys; the whole of which the Company bought up. Upwards of 800 houses were taken down, the chief of which was St. Katherine's Hospital. This hospital or asylum, for a small number of 'bachelors and spinsters,' was founded in 1148, by Matilda, consort of King Stephen; its estates have gradually become very valuable; and the Dock Company had to pay an enormous sum for the purchase of the property, besides building a large group of structures (comprising chapel, almshouses, and master's residence) for the Hospital in the Regent's-park. The works were carried on with great rapidity, and two millions sterling were absorbed by the time they were finished. These docks are surrounded by loftier walls than any of those of earlier date; and within these walls is an irregular area of about twenty-three acres—eleven of water, and twelve of quays and warehouses. There is a six-sided basin, to which access is obtained by lock-gates from the river, and from which two other channels lead to two docks, eastern and western. The docks and the basin are surrounded by warehouses much more completely than those of any of the other Companies. There is accommodation for 120 large ships, besides barges and other craft. The quays are not much short of a mile in aggregate length. The warehouses, vaults, and sheds have accommodation for 110,000 tons of merchandise. The warehouses are vast structures, five stories in height; the ground-floors present an opening towards the docks and basin about eighteen feet high; and cargoes are raised into them

out of the hold of a ship without the goods being deposited on the quay—for the upper part of each warehouse projects nearly to a level with the water. The consequence of this skilful arrangement is, that goods can be landed in these docks more expeditiously than in any other. Two days suffice for discharging and warehousing a cargo of 500 tons; whereas at the beginning of the century a ship could not get rid of such a cargo in less than two or three weeks. A monster crane on one of the quays will lift a weight from thirty to forty tons. (Cut, No. 9.)

Spitalfields and the Docks being not very far asunder, it is found that the poor silk-weavers—when work is scanty and hunger is pressing—ply at the Docks for any portering work which may be obtainable. Decayed dealers and artisans of every class—men who may have failed through any one of a thousand causes—such men have *skill* enough to be dock-porters, if they have but the physical strength; and hence this employment becomes a sort of refuge for the destitute. In all the Docks many hundred porters are required to assist in loading and unloading the ships; and hence the aggregate number is very large: it has, indeed, been estimated, that the total number thus employed in the Docks on the Thames, exceeds 20,000; but this seems doubtful. At the London Docks there are four or five hundred permanent labourers engaged at regular weekly wages, and expected to be in a position to produce testimonials of steady character and so forth; but the number of casual labourers, employed when employment thickens, is very much larger; and it is among these that the poor pick up a precarious living. There may be three times as many such men employed one week as in the next following week—so uncertain are the periods of the arrival of laden shipping. The men are variously engaged—some in raising cargoes from the ships' holds, and others in conveying them from the quays to the warehouses or sheds.

The humblest member of these northern docks is the *Regent's Canal Dock*, between Shadwell and Limehouse. It is a small enclosure, occupied chiefly by bonded timber and deals.

The docks in London which have the privilege of legal quays, and are places of special security, are capable of receiving in their warehouses and other places for stores about 500,000 tons of merchandise, which are placed in bond under the inspection and care of officers of the revenue, and the duty need not be paid until the goods are taken out for home consumption. These advantages render London a free port; and, without them, its character as a great entrepôt for the produce of the world could not be maintained. The gradual extension of the warehousing system is one of the most important commercial reforms of the present century. Previous to 1804,—that is, before there were any docks,—the duties on almost every species of merchandise were paid when imported, a drawback to the amount being allowed on re-exportation. Besides raising prices, this system encouraged frauds on the revenue, by which fortunes were dis-

honestly realised. On the opening of the West India Docks, the produce of the West Indies was admitted at those docks without the payment of duty being required at the time; and, when the London Docks were opened, rice, tobacco, wine, and spirits were admitted there also on the same terms. Until the out-ports obtained warehouses of equal security, London enjoyed advantages which have since been partially extended to all the ports of any consideration.

Let us now cross the river, and glance at the Docks on the Surrey shore. These will not detain us long; since, with the single exception of the timber trade, they are far less important than those which have already engaged our notice. They comprise the Grand Surrey Docks, the Commercial Docks, and the Greenland, or East Country Dock—all situated in the peninsula bounded by the Pool on one side, by Limehouse Reach on another, and by the Deptford Lower Road landward.

The *Grand Surrey Dock* is in some respect similar to the Regent's Canal Dock, as being merely an entrance basin to a canal. It will accommodate about 300 vessels; and there are warehouses, chiefly granaries, which will contain about 4,000 tons of goods.

The *Commercial Docks* lie next eastward of the Surrey Dock. They occupy an area of about fifty acres, of which forty are water surface, and ten are quays and warehouses. There is accommodation for 350 ships and 50,000 tons of merchandise. These docks and warehouses were originally used for the shipping employed in the Greenland fishery, and were provided with the necessary apparatus for boiling blubber; but the whale fishery being given up about the year 1807, the Docks were appropriated to the vessels engaged in the European timber and corn trades; and ranges of granaries were built. The number of timber-laden ships which discharged their cargoes in the different docks of London, in the year 1849, was 833, with an aggregate tonnage of 279,194 tons. The Commercial Docks alone accommodates one-half of the whole number. Generally speaking, and taking the average of timber ships, twenty men will discharge a timber-laden ship in about seven days. Of the whole number of ships above alluded to, rather fewer than one-half, being foreign vessels, were discharged by their own crews; about five-elevenths by *lumpers*, or porters employed by contractors; and the small remainder by the Dock Companies, who employ their own porters.

The *Greenland* or *East Country Dock* lies between the Commercial Docks and Deptford Dockyard. It was originally constructed for the same purposes as the Commercial Docks, and, like them, is now chiefly occupied by timber ships, of which it will accommodate about thirty. It has an area of about seven acres, and accommodation for 3,700 tons of goods.

Such is a rapid view of the Port of London and the commerce of the Thames. To go far from the margin of the river; to dive into the manufacturing operations

of Southwark and Bermondsey; to trace the warehousing and mercantile arrangements of the City,—these would carry us beyond our limits. The Thames and its margin are, indeed, a great subject in themselves, and, as we hope the reader will have seen, present many striking features. We might dwell on many minor characters and characteristics of the Thames; such as the *purl-man*, who, licensed by the Waterman's Company, rows his boat around and among the shipping, ringing his bell, selling his malt-liquor from a keg, and warming it, if required, at a fire contained in a sort of

cage or grating; or such as the water-postman, who goes about from vessel to vessel to carry messages and letters; or such as 'Jack,' who paddles his little canoe about and among the steamers. But having seen what it is, we may, as a matter of curiosity, call a moment's attention to what it might have been. In Sir Christopher Wren's plan for rebuilding the City after the Great Fire, it will be seen a very different provision for quays was designed, and the necessity for docks on any great scale had not then arisen. (Cut, No. 10.)



[Wren's Plan for Re-building the City.]

[The shaded part shows the extent of the Fire.]

A. The Royal Exchange.
B. Post Office.
C. Excise Office.
D. Mint.

E. Insurance Office.
F. Goldsmiths'.
G. Guildhall.
H. St. Paul's.

I. Doctors' Commons.
K. Wood Market.
L. Custom House.
M. Piazzas.

N. Market.
† Churches.
‡ Continuation of London Wall.

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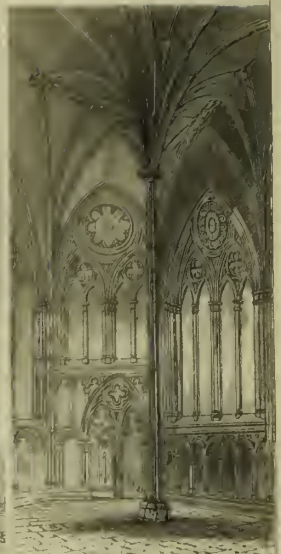
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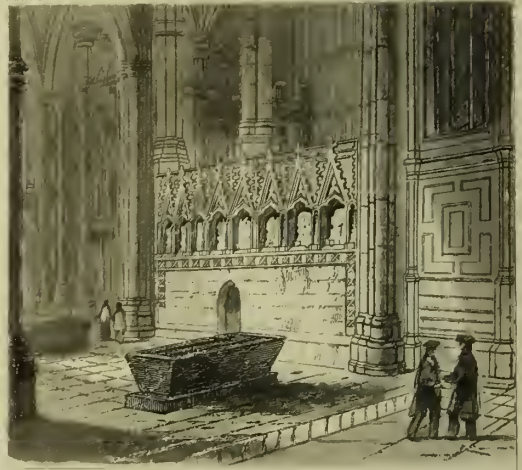
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HARTEN HOUSE



WINCHESTER CATHEDRAL



INTERIOR



ST. CROSS



EXTERIOR

WINCHESTER

WINCHESTER.



1.—WINCHESTER.

THE history of England is perhaps more identified with the city of Winchester than with any other city in the kingdom, not even excepting the metropolis itself. It has formed the seat of government of successive British, Roman, Saxon, Danish, Norman, and native English rulers. It witnessed the conversion of Kenegals, one of the first native princes, to Christianity; the coronation of Egbert, the uniter of the Heptarchy, and the first king of England; and he who gave our country the outlines of that constitution which stands destined to live 'as long as the Saxon race itself,—he, the great Alfred, lies buried within its walls. Here the court and the church flourished in our earlier reigns pre-eminently; and when the former took its departure for the metropolis, this city remained the essential home of spiritual affairs, possessing a greater number of religious houses than any other place in the kingdom.

To give a history of the events which have occurred in this time-worn old city, situated in its beautiful valley, watered by the clear Itchen, would be to give an index of some of the principal actions of the early periods of our national existence.

As far back as tradition can trace, the spot on which this city stands gave laws to an extensive

district. When the Britons ruled, a city here was planted, called *Caer Gwent*, or the *White City* (from its chalky soil); when the Belgæ took possession of the southern portion of the island, they still retained it as their metropolis, calling it *Gwent Bolg*; and when the Romans held possession of the country, it was named *Venta Belgarium*. From the second invasion of the Romans, and its final subjection to the armies of the Emperor Claudius, the city of Winchester (or *Venta Belgarium*) must, however, date as a place of historical importance. It was then formed into a square, surrounded by a wall, and adorned with some fine buildings, built in the classical style of its masters. "The New Temple of Apollo" rose upon a site near the present cathedral, and a college for the education of priests here taught the mysteries of Polytheism. The city was also made the starting-place of several of those admirable roads which even to this day testify to the ability of their engineers. One of these great highways led to Southampton, another to Exeter, and a third to London, whilst a fourth reached *Porchester*, through the deep valley at the back of *St. Catherine's Hill*. Here also, during the reign of Claudius, it is said that a workshop for weaving embroidery for the imperial use was established, and

the tackles and sails for the Roman fleet on the southern coast were all made within this city. It was during the reign of the emperor Claudius that the British hero Aravagus, called by the Romans Caracatus, revolted. His subsequent capture, and his noble defence before Claudius, are themes which every schoolboy is acquainted with. There seems some evidence for the belief that the noble chieftain afterwards married the daughter of the emperor; it is certain, however, that he returned to Britain, and, taking up his residence at Venta, ruled the adjacent provinces, under the assumed name of Tiberius Claudius Cogitubunus, styling himself "King and Legate of the August Emperor in Britain." So much we learn from an inscription on metal, in Latin characters, lately dug up at Chichester. In the year A.D. 62, Boadicea marched upon the city, but was defeated by Paulinus; and the queen, who poisoned herself to avoid falling into the hands of her conquerors, was brought here and buried. The first notice we have of the erection of a Christian church in Winchester was during the reign of Lucius, the last of its tributary kings. Tradition relates that he was converted to the Christian religion at the latter end of the second century, and that he erected a splendid cathedral here, which was destroyed in the time of Diocletian. After the retreat of the Romans, in the year 418, Vortigern was elected chief of the Britons in their wars against the Picts, and Venta formed his head-quarters. A more powerful enemy, however, than the northern barbarian was destined to seize upon Britain. The city was taken by Cerdic, the Saxon, in 515; when the greater part of it was destroyed, and its name changed into Wintanceaster, since contracted into Winchester. The Cathedral was converted into a temple of Thor, and for a considerable period paganism flourished. In 635 king Kenegals was baptised in the Christian faith; and a new and magnificent cathedral was commenced by him, and completed by his son.

Throughout the Saxon Heptarchy, Winchester remained the chief city of the West Saxons; and as we have before stated, Egbert was here crowned King of all England, in 827, and was buried in its magnificent Cathedral. In the following century the first guild was established here—a fact which points to the commercial importance of the city at a very early date, for London itself had not any corporation of the kind for nearly a hundred years after. In this city, in the middle of the ninth century, two persons dwelt whose names are even now household words. Here, at the knee of St. Swithin, the great Alfred gathered that wisdom which in after years marked him as one of the mighty lawgivers of the human race. This celebrated prince, after his triumph over the Danes, rebuilt Winchester, which had suffered greatly from that enemy, and founded the Newan Minstre, a religious house close to the Cathedral; in which, according to his own directions, his remains were interred. During the reign of Athelstane, the city appears to have been exceedingly prosperous, for it contained no less than

six mints; and money being thus made plentiful, we suppose a habit of drinking sprung up, which was carried to such an extent, especially in the friendly tipping contests with the Danes, that King Edgar was forced to enact the pegged cup,—a vessel studded in the inside, at regular intervals, with pegs, it being rendered penal for a man to drink below his due peg; a law which might, for all we know, have given rise to the saying, that a person out of spirits is "a peg too low." Edgar also established the celebrated Winchester measure; the old wooden vessels, or standards, of which are still preserved at the County Hall. During the reign of this prince, St. Ethelwold, Bishop of Winchester, rebuilt the Cathedral Church, and dedicated it to St. Swithin; many portions of which still exist. During the reign of Etheldred the Unready, the massacre of the Danes was commenced in Winchester, after which the disgusting "Hock-tide Sports" were established, to commemorate the indecent part the women of England took in this brutal proceeding. These sports have been continued, singularly enough, until within a very recent period. Sweyne avenged this treacherous proceeding upon the inhabitants, who opened their gates to him on his first summons. Under the reign of Canute Winchester effaced the ravages of the former conqueror; and here, after the king's celebrated reproof to his flatterers on the sea-shore at Southampton, he suspended his crown before the high altar in the Cathedral, and never put it on afterwards. During the reign of Edward the Confessor, Emma, his queen, underwent the fiery ordeal in the Cathedral, walking, as it is said, upon a number of red hot ploughshares, with naked feet, uninjured! With the Conquest came an important addition to the city of Winchester. Its military history might be said to have begun with the erection of the Castle, at the elevated west-end of the city,—a stronghold which lasted for upwards of six centuries, and which took part in most of the intestine wars which existed during that period. King William here enacted the ringing of the curfew, or eight o'clock bell, at which time all persons were forced to extinguish the fires and candles. This custom, as if to show how forcible is habit in this country, is still continued; and the writer, only a short time since, whilst sitting by the light of a blazing fire and a couple of spermacetis, listened with wonder to the old bell which had tolled on through the strange vicissitudes and changes of eight centuries, and which formed an aerial connecting link between the old time of the Normans and these days of progress. Here also William had the materials collected for forming the survey of all the lands in the kingdom, entitled the Roll of Winchester, but which the people, from their aversion to it, called the Domesday-book. The Norman king kept his court here with great pomp every Easter; and it must then have put on an aspect of feudal pomp such as it had not hitherto witnessed. The New Forest in the vicinity was formed to afford him the pleasure of the chase, and many a gallant hunting-party no doubt set

out from the old city with a regal hunter at its head. William Rufus, his successor, as history tells us, fell a sacrifice to his love of the chase; and the streets of Winchester witnessed his dead body, still transfixed by the arrow of Tyrell, borne along in a charcoal-burner's cart to the Cathedral, where he was buried. Portions of the wheels of a cart, said to be the identical wheels which conveyed the dead body of Rufus, were preserved until very lately by a family named Perkis, residing in the New Forest. They had been handed down from generation to generation, until they were burnt by accident some time since.

The city suffered from a great fire in 1102, which destroyed the palace and several other buildings, and—what was of more importance still—most of the city records. Notwithstanding the devastation caused by this conflagration, we find the city, shortly after this period, arrived at a most flourishing condition. If we are to put credence in its records, it covered at that period much more ground than it does at present—extending at least a mile in four given directions further than it does at present. Thus on the south it extended to the Hospital of St. Cross, whilst to the east it stretched to the foot of St. Magdalene's Hill, on the north it extended to Worthy, and on the west to Week. At that time Westminster Abbey (now the resting-place of so many kings) was a new building, many parts of it not even built; whilst Winchester contained the ashes of most of the Saxon kings, and was the richest of all the religious establishments in the kingdom. The city also contained three royal minsters, a great number of religious houses, and upwards of sixty churches. As the seat of royalty, it also boasted its sumptuous palace, its strong castle on the hill, and the fortress of Wolvesey, the palace of the Bishop. One of the greatest fairs in the kingdom annually drew crowds of the young to its gates, and its manufactures made its name known to foreign countries. This flourishing state of things did not long continue, however. In the contests between Stephen and Matilda, Winchester suffered very materially. The opposing armies of the two factions—the one led by Matilda herself, and the other by Stephen's queen—made the city their battle-ground for many weeks; Matilda's forces holding possession of the north side of the High-street and the Castle, Stephen's party occupying the Bishop's fortified Palace, the Cathedral, and the south side of the High-street. Thus the two armies were drawn up and protected by opposing lines of fortifications, and the fighting went on, we must suppose, from the bedroom-windows. Matilda's party was at length driven into the castle—from which we are told she ultimately managed to escape in a coffin, it having been previously given out that she was dead. In this sanguinary contest nearly all the southern part of the city was destroyed, the royal palaces, twenty churches, the abbey of St. Mary, and the monastery of St. Grimbald. Henry II. rebuilt the palace; in which he resided much of his time. In his reign a charter was first granted to the city, and it

was ordered to be governed by a mayor and corporation; forming the first municipality, we believe, in England. That the treasury must have been very rich at Winchester at the death of the king is evident from the fact that his son, Cœur-de-Lion, found no less than £900,000 worth of gold and silver in the treasury, besides costly pearls and precious stones. In the succeeding reign, Winchester suffered the indignity of opening its walls to a foreign prince, Louis, the Dauphin of France,—under whose authority it remained, together with the neighbouring country, until the French party were driven from these realms during the minority of Henry III. This prince was born in this city, and hence his surname, "Henry of Winchester." During his reign the morality of the city appears to have been at a very low ebb, for the chief people seem to have been nothing better than a band of robbers. The king himself suffering by these audacious thefts, called together the bailiffs and chief inhabitants, and put the matter to rights, as we are informed by one of the old chronicles, in the following characteristic manner. Having assembled them in the castle, he thus addressed them,—“What are these crimes that are laid to your charge? There is not a part of the country in such bad repute for robberies and murders as this city, with its suburbs and neighbourhood. I am witness to them myself, and a sufferer by them; my wine is openly and triumphantly carried away from the carts, whilst they are carrying it to my castle. I am quite ashamed of the city from which I derive my birth. It is possible, nay, it is certain, that you citizens and countrymen now before me are partners in these crimes. However, I am resolved to extirpate them, though it should be necessary to assemble all the people of England for the purpose.” Saying this, he cries aloud to his attendants. “Shut the castle gates! shut them immediately!” Twelve men of the city were empannelled to make a report of the robberies; but they, after some consultation, stated that they could not discover any cause. Upon this, the king is provoked to a degree of fury, and exclaims, “Carry away these artful traitors; tie them, and cast them into the dungeons below, and let me have twelve other men of the city, who will tell us the truth.” A new jury was empannelled, and they discovered a confederacy in the city, which comprised the chief people in it, and also some of the king's own nobles; and thirty of them were hanged. The excuse these people gave for their misdeeds, however, was not without some weight. “They received no wages from the king,” they said, “and were obliged to rob for a maintenance.” Winchester during this reign regained much of its former prosperity.

The canal connecting it with Southampton was opened, and conducted much to its foreign trade. It imported, we are informed, large quantities of claret wine, exporting wool in exchange. The first serious check given to the trade of Winchester occurred in the reign of Edward III., when the wool trade, of which this city formed one of the six markets established

throughout the kingdom, was transferred to Calais; a measure which resulted in the emigration of all those persons connected with the staple, and the choking up of the canal. Whilst the commercial importance of the city, however, was thus receiving its death-blow, its ecclesiastical establishments were being magnificently renewed and endowed by Wykeham, one of the most celebrated of her sons. This able and munificent churchman almost entirely rebuilt the Cathedral, and left the signature of his genius and care on most of the religious edifices of the city; as we shall hereafter show, when describing its ecclesiastical establishments. The temporal interests of the city continued to decline, however, with every succeeding reign: the Court had long taken up its permanent residence at London, although parliaments still continued to be held here until the reign of Henry VI., and the king occasionally visited the city to a much later date. In 1449, we find that there were no less than 997 houses destitute of inhabitants, and no less than seventeen parish churches shut up,—a sad state of things, considered with respect to the size of the city. The reign of Henry VIII., and his seizure of the remains of the religious houses, completed the ruin of the city: with the decline of monasticism, the last remnant of its importance departed. All the four orders of friars, — the Carmelites in Kingsgate-street; the Augustines, near Southgate; the Dominicans, at Eastgate; and the Franciscans, in Middle-Brook—all of which had been established here since the thirteenth century; the time in which they sprang up,—were at once dissolved, and the revenues of their different houses seized; together with those of the Postern, or hospitable houses, in Southgate. The priory of St. Swithin and the royal abbeys of Hyde and St. Mary's were suppressed. The hospitals of St. Cross, St. Mary Magdalene, St. Elizabeth, and St. John the Baptist, were also greatly despoiled. The crowds of persons who were wont to receive the bounty of these splendid establishments were at once reduced to poverty, and the city speedily became a wreck of what it once was. Henry VIII. spent a week here in 1522, with Charles V., emperor of Germany, viewing its antiquities; and who knows but the sight of so much wealth in the different establishments of the city had some influence in inducing him to determine upon seizing the revenues of the church? A few years later the two children of these monarchs, Philip and Mary, each the monarch of a great country, were married with much pomp in the Cathedral.

During the reign of Mary, the splendour of the Catholic establishment was somewhat revived. The lands of the bishopric, which during the two previous reigns had been alienated, were restored, and the queen would have compelled the re-establishment of the suppressed houses; but this was beyond her power, and the hospital of St. John the Baptist was the only one that was refounded. Queen Elizabeth seems to have cared little about Winchester; she paid it a flying visit when on one of her southern progresses—and that was

all. James, however, on the breaking out of the plague, in 1602, in London, removed the courts of justice to this city; and here was tried the "Sir Walter Raleigh's Conspiracy." During the civil wars Winchester took its part in the general strife. Waller became possessed of the city in 1642: the king got his own again, however, in the following year, and it was strongly fortified and garrisoned for the royal cause. The defeat of the Cavaliers, upon Cheriton Down, in 1644, again opened the gates of the place to Waller,—whose soldiers in their iconoclastic zeal destroyed many valuable monuments and relics of antiquity in the Cathedral. The Puritans at length drawing off to lay siege to Oxford, the royal authority was again restored. Cromwell, however, who always did his work thoroughly, completely destroyed it as a stronghold of the king's, after the battle of Naseby, by carrying it after a week's assault, and then blowing up the ancient castle, Wolvesey Castle, and the city-wall, with its other fortifications. What venerable remains of antiquity Waller's soldiers left untouched, those of Cromwell destroyed. To the gratitude of a Wykehamite, however, the College of St. Mary owes its preservation. Colonel Fiennes, who had been educated within its portals, prevailed upon the General to spare its hallowed precincts. Winchester, shorn of its commercial, royal, ecclesiastical, and military advantages at this period, was sunken to its lowest pitch of degradation. A momentary flash of prosperity succeeded to this gloom. In 1662, Charles II. resolved to make this city once more the seat of the Court during the recess. He accordingly commanded Wren to build a palace somewhat after the manner of Versailles, the foundation-stone of which was laid in 1683; and in two years the extensive but ugly brick buildings we now see arose upon the site of the ancient castle. The death of Charles put a stop, however, to the works, and to all hopes of Winchester ever recovering its former importance.

THE CATHEDRAL.

If a man, wearied with business, and tired of the incessant turmoil of the great metropolis, desired for a few days a thorough change of scene, we would recommend him to bid good-by to the roar of Fleet-street, to take the express train to Winchester, and in an hour and a half he might find himself wandering in the old aisles of its Cathedral, or treading curiously the gloomy crypt, fashioned by rude Saxon hands under the direction of St. Ethelwold,—an hour and a half only, and to all appearance he rolls back the eleven hundred years during which this great English nation has grown up and consolidated itself. The appearance of the Cathedral, as seen from the railway station, is indeed simple, massive, and speaking of an early, if not of a rude age. Its low massive tower, its immense length from east to west, and the gray ancient colour of its walls, tell of a time and a civilisation strangely different from our own. Those old builders

seemed to provide for the wants of all time, instead of, as in our moving age, providing only for the wants of the moment. It will be quite useless for us to enter into a history of all the various churches which in past ages have successively occupied the ground on which the present Cathedral stands; and it will doubtless be sufficient to state that tradition reports the erection of a magnificent Christian structure here as early as the second century after the birth of Christ, by Lucius, a British king. The first structure which we intend to speak of, is the one erected by St. Ethelwold, in the latter portion of the tenth century; a very considerable portion of which at present remains, testifying that this Founder at least has left something more behind him than "the baseless fabric of a vision." This Cathedral, which was finished in the year 980, was dedicated with great pomp to St. Swithin; the body of that celebrated saint, which had before lain in the churchyard, being sumptuously enshrined before the high altar. The extent of St. Ethelwold's Cathedral was, with the exception of some additions at the east end, the same as at present; indeed there seems to be very little doubt that the greater portion of this ancient edifice remains to the present day, forming the huge and hidden skeleton on which the sumptuous taste of Wykeham hung the more embroidered and delicate tracery of a later if not a more noble and impressive style of architecture. Of the yet visible remains of St. Ethelwold's Cathedral there are the crypts beneath the choir and the presbytery, and the extreme ends of the north and south transepts. In all these portions of the building, you have in full perfection the massive architecture of the Saxon period. The tower and the remaining portions of the transepts having fallen, it is supposed Bishop Walkelin, the chaplain and relative of William the Conqueror, rebuilt them in the manner in which they exist to the present day. We have thus, in the aisles, the Saxon and the Anglo-Norman styles side by side; the latter showing the splendid and beautiful development of the rude yet grand idea of the former. The tower is a noble specimen of the Anglo-Norman style, and seems as perfect now as the day it was built. The windows are long, narrow, and round-headed, giving much light into the building; although when made the tower was quite open, and served as a lantern to the choir. It appears that a vast deal of timber was expended in the construction of this portion of the edifice; to procure which the good Bishop Walkelin had recourse to the following fraud:—Having obtained the king's promise to be allowed to cut and carry away as much timber as he could in three days, from his wood of Hanepinges, he collected every woodman in the country, and with prodigious celerity cut and carried away every tree. The king was absent from the city at the time, hunting, but on his return over the eastern downs, a few days afterwards, as he drew near to it, he looked about with astonishment, and addressing himself to his attendants, exclaimed, "Are my eyes fascinated, or have I lost my

senses?—for certainly I thought I had a beautiful wood here adjoining to Winchester." Being thereon informed of the proceedings of his cousin Walkelin, he was prodigiously incensed against him, and demanded to see him. Walkelin managed afterwards to mollify him; when he exclaimed, "Most assuredly, Walkelin, I was too liberal in my grant, and you were too exacting in the manner you made use of it." An exceedingly mild reply from so wrathful a gentleman. The two aisles of the choir were rebuilt by Bishop Godfrey de Lucy, in 1200, in the early English style, just then introduced. Their clustered thin pillars of Purbeck marble, and their long narrow windows without mullions, are exceedingly characteristic of the infancy of the gothic, which will be observed more extensively in the neighbouring cathedral of Salisbury; the east end of which is said to have been built after the model of De Lucy's Chapels. The great renovator of this ancient structure here was William of Wykeham, who held the see from 1366 to 1404. This prelate during the plenitude of his power seems to have breathed a new soul into this city of his diocese; the stranger who lingers amid its antiquities meets his name at every turn, it seems written on each ancient stone, and his spirit yet breathes in many of its great institutions.

The nave of the Cathedral,—one of the grandest and most imposing in the kingdom, measuring 250 feet in length, and 85 feet in breadth,—is as far as the eye can see entirely his work. This is the old Saxon nave,—the same in which Queen Emma underwent the dreadful ordeal of fire; converted into a gothic one by the genius of Wykeham. The arches which divide the grand central from the side aisles were planned in a double tier, as they are now seen in the remaining Saxon portion of the nave: those Wykeham converted into the present pointed arches, by turning the two into one, and giving them gothic heads. The massive round pillars were at the same time encased by him in clustered columns; which are however somewhat deficient in lightness, at the same time that they miss the majesty of the huge shafts of the olden time. That this method of proceeding was really adopted there can be no doubt, for portions of the old columns, and two of the arches, rising one above the other, are still to be seen near the entrance to the choir. These were originally hidden by the screen, upon the removal of which further back the defect was not remedied. In this noble-looking nave rise the chantries of several of the bishops who contributed to the beautifying and building of the Cathedral; conspicuous among these for the delicacy of its tracery is that of Wykeham himself. It is placed between the fifth and sixth arches; and the reason which determined its position form not the least interesting of its associations. Here in the boyhood of Wykeham was an altar to the Virgin, at which a daily mass was performed, called *Pikis' Mass*, and which was much in repute from the celebrity of the priest of that name who attended it. Here the boy Wykeham used to pay his devotion, and here,

according to his will, his chapel and chantry were erected. The delicacy of this beautiful tomb is unequalled perhaps in the kingdom: it was erected first at that moment when gothic architecture had realised its richest point of embellishment, and before it got clogged and distorted in the reign of Henry VII. The effigy of Wykeham, robed as a bishop, with mitre and crosier, sleeps its marble sleep upon his tomb, whilst three figures at his feet kneel in the attitude of prayer, and represent the three monks chosen weekly of old to pray for his soul. And here the charity-boys of the chapel in the ancient time used to sing every night the anthem *Salvi Regina*, in honour of the Virgin: all is silent now, where the silver voices were once appointed to be heard "for ever!" and the tapers of the midnight mass no longer make darkness visible in this mysterious nave; but the memory of the good old man still is kept alive by those his bounty has provided for, and his tomb has lately been most beautifully revived by the authorities of New College, Oxford. Upon his tomb, engraved in black letters, is the following epitaph:

Here, overthrown by death, lies William surnamed Wykeham,

He was bishop of this church, which he repaired;

He was unbounded in his hospitality, as the rich and poor can alike prove:

He was an able politician, and a councillor of the state;

By the colleges which he founded his piety is made known;

The first of which is at Oxford, and the second at Winchester;

You who behold this tomb cease not to pray

That for such great merits he may enjoy everlasting life."

Near to this choir is another splendid chantry, somewhat similar to that of Wykeham's, in which repose the remains of Bishop Edington. In the east aisle of the south transept, there is a tomb that all Englishmen will look upon with interest—it is that of Mr. Isaac Walton, who was buried here in 1683. The choir is entered through a rather paltry screen, designed in the bad taste of the early part of the century. When the stranger enters the choir, he is at once struck with the beauty of the stalls, carved in dark Norway oak, in all the quaint and elaborate style of the fourteenth century. The choir is divided from the side aisles by two richly-wrought screens, which were supposed to have been erected by Bishop Fox in 1525, on the top of which, at regular intervals, the eye is attracted by a number of chests of carved wood, richly painted and gilt, and surmounted with crowns. These we are informed contain the remains of Saxon kings, prelates, and other distinguished persons of the Cathedral. In the first mortuary chest, on the south side from the altar screen, there is inscribed as follows:

"King Edred died, A.D. 955.—In this tomb rests pious King Edred, who nobly governed the country of the Britons."

On the second chest:

"King Edmund died, A.D. Edmund, whom this chest contains, and who swayed the royal sceptre while his father was living, do thou, O Christ, receive."

On the third chest, we find the following:

"In this, and the other chest opposite, are the remaining bones of Canute and Rufus, Kings, of Emma, Queen, and of Wyna and Alwyn, Bishops."

And on the opposite side, we find the following:

"In this chest, in the year of our Lord 1661, were promiscuously laid together the bones of princes and prelates, which had been scattered about with sacrilegious barbarity in the year of our Lord 1642."

The first chest on the north side has a similar inscription to the last; on the second chest, we find:

"King Kenulph died, A.D. 714. King Egbert died, A.D. 837."

"Here King Egbert rests with King Kenulph. Each of them bestowed upon us munificent gifts."

The third chest goes still further back into antiquity:

"King Kenegals died, A.D. 641; King Adulphus died, 857."

"In this chest lie together the bones of Kenegals and Adulphus; the first was the founder, the second the benefactor of this church."

From these inscriptions it would appear that Winchester Cathedral is rich in the remains of our Saxon kings. A very considerable doubt arose, a few years since, however, whether all this royal dust was quite authentic; the contents of the chests, upon being opened, exhibiting anything but the due proportion of royal corpses. Thus, one chest would contain half a dozen thigh-bones; another bearing the inscription of one king, would have a couple of skulls; a third, inscribed with the name of two or three kings and bishops, would be entirely deficient in craniums. In short they were found to be the depositories of a collection of bones, out of which it would have been ludicrous to attempt the construction of the due amount of skeletons. This disorder, perhaps, arose, however, from the outrages committed during the great civil war, when we are informed the troops of Cromwell broke open these tombs, and threw the bones at the stained-glass windows. They might have been collected afterwards,—as we find indeed by one of the inscriptions that some of them were,—and thrown promiscuously into the chests. The number of skulls does exactly tally with the names inscribed on the chests; so that after all we might be doing injustice to these remains in doubting that they are more than ordinary dust. The great architectural feature of the choir is the magnificent altar-screen; the most beautiful specimen of tabernacle-work, undoubtedly, to be found in a similar structure in England. It rises to a great height, and contains within the most intricate lace-work a vast number of richly-canopied niches, which, before the Reformation, were filled with the statues of the saints, the larger portion of them wrought in silver. The effect of this altar-screen, when thus viewed from the entrance of the choir, must have been superb indeed, and even now that the naked framework alone remains, the impression created in the mind is almost magical. We cannot help here remarking

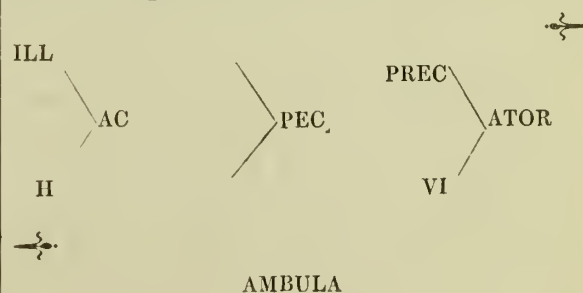
one feature in the roof of the choir which exhibits very bad taste; the bosses, at the intersections of the ribs, are painted in the brightest colours. We shall be told, no doubt, that this is but a restoration of the ancient decorations; but it should be remembered that of old, every portion of the cathedral was brilliant with colour, and, on great occasions, the nave itself was hung with gorgeous embroidery, the hooks for the suspension of which are still visible in the pillars. At such a time the picking out in positive colour of isolated portions of the roof, was only giving a repetition of the prevailing hues. Now, however, that the house-painter, with his whitewash-brush, is the decorating artist, these patches of red, and blue, and gold, appear patchy, and tawdry, in the extreme. The east window, over the altar-screen, is the only perfect specimen of the ancient stained-glass of the cathedral. It was taken out and hidden from the iconoclasts during the civil wars.

In the area leading to the high altar is the tomb of William Rufus; the remains from which however were removed to the mortuary-chest. Richard, the second son of the Conqueror, also lies near here. In the north and south aisles, which lie on each side of the choir, there are two sanctuary-chapels, which the visitors should not overlook. In the southern aisle we have that of Bishop Fox, the Founder of Corpus Christi College, Oxford. In the northern aisle is the chantry of Bishop Gardiner. Proceeding further eastward we come to the presbytery—the portion of the cathedral built by Godfrey de Lucy, in 1200, and one of the most beautiful portions of the fabric. In this space are two exquisite chapels, those of Cardinal Beaufort and Bishop Waynflete. The chantry of the former has been much mutilated; but the effigy of the Cardinal, the completer of the restorations of Wykeham, and the re-founder of the Hospital of St. Cross, still rests on the tomb in the red dress and hat representing his spiritual dignity. Bishop Waynflete's chantry exhibits the most beautiful chapel in the Cathedral; it has lately been restored with great care. In the presbytery we find a grave-stone nearly twelve feet in length, which was once supposed to have covered the remains of Saint Swithin; but it has since, with more appearance of truth, been considered to belong to Prior Silkstede. Near this tomb is the "Holy Hole,"—the entrance to a stone staircase, which once led down into the western crypt. It is so called because it contained the bones of sacred persons. Walking still father eastward, we at length come to the extreme end of the cathedral, or the Lady Chapel, prolonged beyond the chapels on either side of it for a distance of twenty-five feet. This Chapel was dedicated to the Virgin Mary; and here Queen Mary was married to Philip of Spain. The walls are adorned with fresco paintings, representing the miracles wrought by the Virgin, and which have, by great good fortune, escaped the activity of the whitewasher. This was the last addition to the Cathedral, and was made by Priors Hunton and Silkstede. The manner in

which the Cathedral has been lengthened by successive additions is a very striking feature in the fabric, especially when viewed from the outside. The entire length eastward, from the high altar being no less than 160 feet.

Viewed from the outside, the Cathedral is entirely wanting in that grand pyramidal form of composition which marks the gothic. But to the architectural student it affords an intense feast. Every style, from the Saxon to the latest gothic, is plainly written upon its walls. At the extreme east the Lady Chapel tells of the over-elaborate embellishment which preceded the fall of gothic architecture. In the Presbytery we have, contrasted with it side by side, the exquisite proportions which marked the style when in its full vigour and beauty at the commencement of the thirteenth century. Still further on we find in the windows of the north transept old Saxon arches mingled with those in the pointed style, and in the centre of the building the Norman tower, massive without being rude, carefully finished, and yet bold in its outline; beyond this again we have the immense nave with the western entrance erected at a time when the Tudor style was just beginning to lavish its fatal blandishments on the sterner and purer forms that obtained of old. The most striking feature of the building on the outside is its length, being from east to west 545 feet long. At an early period the monastery entirely covered up the southern side of the Cathedral, and consequently buttresses and pinnacles were not here needed. Upon the destruction of the adjoining buildings, however, the required additions were not made, and the north side consequently has a very unfinished appearance. The Chapter House, in which King John resigned the sovereignty of the kingdom into the hands of the people, and was absolved from the fearful sentence pronounced against him, was demolished by Bishop Horne, the first Protestant prelate of the see; who also destroyed the cloisters and other portions of the monastery in 1563.

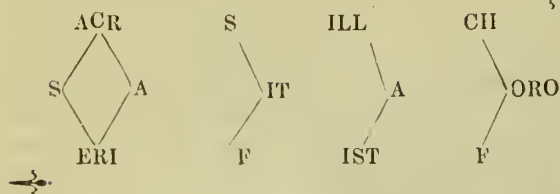
Proceeding towards the close of the south-west corner we come upon a curious anagram, upon one of the buttresses, and a little further on another, both of which were placed there to commemorate the opening up of a new communication between the close and the city. The first anagram stands thus:



Which means—That way thou who comest to pray, this way thou who art pursuing thy business, walk.

The second thus :

CESSIT COMMUNI PROPRIUM JANI PERGITE
QUA FAS—1632.



which is interpreted thus:—Private property has yielded to public utility : proceed now by the way that is opened to thee. That way leads to the choir ; this to the market.

The buildings in the close still retain, in their broken and picturesque outlines, many remnants of the old monastery. Gothic windows and doorways, incorporated with the dingy brick walls of the houses of the prebendaries, seem typical of the manner in which certain remnants of the old Popish ritual and tradition were blended by the Reformers in the new faith they founded.

THE HOSPITAL OF ST. CROSS.

About a mile out of Winchester, situated amidst the beautiful water-meadows, lies the ancient Hospital of St. Cross, or St. Croix, which after the Cathedral forms the most interesting sight of Winchester and its neighbourhood. It is a strong feature in the human heart to look back and conjecture of the manners and customs of our ancestors, to endeavour to find out how people lived ages ago. The poetry of the past reigns more or less in every breast ; in very few people's eyes is a newly-moulded brick as interesting an object as an old sculptured stone ; yet bearing the marks of the handiwork of man. This healthy feeling of deep interest in the past will find ample gratification in a visit to St. Cross. There you see not only the outward fabric, such as housed our forefathers seven hundred years ago, but the very spirit and inward life of the place preserved amidst the progress of the nation like some "fly in amber."

This Hospital was founded in the early part of the thirteenth century—the period at which the majority of religious houses and charitable institutions sprung up—by Henry de Blois, bishop of Winchester, and brother of King Stephen. It was originally founded for the support of "thirteen poor men past their strength," and it was provided that they should have lodging, clothing, and a daily allowance of wheaten bread, meat, and ale ; and it was also provided that a hundred others, the poorest that could be found in the city, of good character, should be dined in a common-hall, called 'The Hundred Mennes Hall,' with the right to carry away so much of their allowance as they could not consume. According to the foundation there was to be a master, a steward, four chaplains, thirteen clerks, and seven choristers for the church. The masters, one after another, however, had so succeeded in

absorbing the income of the charity by the time that Wykeham was appointed Bishop, that he was obliged to have recourse to the law to recover the alienated property. This property was then of the annual value of £400,—no inconsiderable sum in those days. A vast increase to this income was made by Cardinal Beaufort, bishop of Winchester,—who endowed it in 1444, with land to the value of £500 yearly ; at the same time appointing, that in addition to the existing number of persons in the establishment, there should be maintained two priests, thirty-five brethren and three sisters to act as nurses to the sick of the community. To accommodate this large number of persons he almost rebuilt the Hospital, giving to the enlarged building the beautiful title of *Domus Eleemosynaria Nobilis Paupertatis*—or the Alms-House of Noble Poverty.

The Hospital was fleeced of a considerable portion of its revenues by Henry VIII. ; nevertheless, enough was left for the maintenance of thirteen brethren, a master, steward, and chaplain—the present establishment ; and the funds have within the last hundred years so raised in value, that the post of master has been a sinecure of considerable emolument. But more of this anon.

One fine summer day the writer of this, having heard much of this old Hospital, and of the horn of ale and manchet of fine bread doled out at the porter's lodge to all poor travellers, determined to constitute himself of that class for once, and to make a pilgrimage thither for the purpose of quaffing the fine old ale so hospitably provided for him, *free of all charge*, by the good Bishop de Blois. The entrance into the Hospital is through a small court, on one side of which lies the 'Hundred Mennes Hall,' now turned into a brewhouse—on the other the stables, the further end being bounded by the great gateway, over which rises the tower, in which there is a statue of its builder, attired in his cardinal's hat, and kneeling before the Holy Cross—the emblem which gives the Hospital its name.

The imagination is given sometimes to run riot with us all ; and the writer had been painting to himself the worthy porter standing at the gate, with the horn of nutty ale, ready to do the hospitalities of the place as a true brother of the fraternity mindful of his founder's desire should do. He pictured the huge horn, with the rich October frothed and foaming, tendered with a welcome hand, and the fine manchet of wheaten bread placed on some oaken trencher ready to his hand. He painted a little picture in his mind of almsgiving at the gate, and knocked at the porter's lodge fully expecting to find it realised. But, alas ! he found it a rapidly-dissolving view, as the following curious colloquy with that functionary will show—the writer being, for the nonce, the 'Poor Traveller.'

Poor Traveller knocks at the porter's lodge, and the door is opened by a thin, hungry-looking old man, in the dress of the fraternity—a black gown, with a silver cross on the left shoulder.

Poor Traveller, smilingly, as in expectation of a

treat.—‘You give away some ale and wheaten bread to travellers, do you not?’

Porter.—‘Please to come in, Sir—fine day, Sir; it’s our own allowance as we gives to *gentlemen*, Sir.’

Poor Traveller.—‘Your own allowance! why, I thought everyone had a right to demand ale and bread by virtue of the bequest of that very respectable old gentleman, the Bishop de Blois?’

Porter.—‘Oh yes, Sir; poor travellers, Irish and such as them. Here’s what we give them, Sir’ (opening a drawer in a kitchen table, and displaying a heap of stale pieces of bread and dirty-looking crusts.)

Poor Traveller (quite satisfied about the bread).—‘But what of the ale: surely you give everyone his horn of ale?’

Porter.—‘Oh yes, Sir; there’s the ale,’ (pointing to a dirty little four-gallon cask in one corner of the room,) with the horns they drunk out of; ‘we never think of giving them to *gentlemen*.’

Poor Traveller thinks to himself, ‘Oh! come then, the right thing will come at last.’ (*Aloud*)—‘Well, what do you give to gentlemen?’

Porter, taking from a shelf a wretched attempt at a gothic jug, such an one as is marked ‘The last new pattern, 9d.,’ in the cheap crockery-shops—pours out a good quarter of a pint into a dirty black horn; then deliberately cuts a round off a half-quartern loaf, and places it upon one of the new-fashioned platters.

Poor Traveller, seeing his refreshment before him, takes up the horn and drains it.

Porter (noting astonishment in his guest’s face), apologetically—‘We call it good *small beer*, Sir.’

Poor Traveller.—‘About the smallest I ever tasted.’ Poor Traveller, in the language of slang, thinks the whole thing a ‘dead take-in,’ and doggedly prepares to follow the Porter over the Church and Hospital.

So much for the writer’s own experience of the hospitalities of St. Cross; who has only to add that, like most things that are given away for nothing, Bishop de Blois’ glass of ale was the dearest he ever tasted in his life.

The principal court, which is entered from the gateway of the Porter’s-lodge, is occupied by a neatly-kept lawn surrounded by flower beds, where the roses have bloomed for centuries, and age has never appeared. The north side is bounded by the master’s house and the Refectory; on the eastern side runs the ambulatory for the use of the brethren in wet weather; over this run the rooms once occupied by the three nuns, and the Infirmary. On the western side are the abodes of the brethren, each of whom has a distinct set of three chambers to himself; and the south is partially formed by the old Anglo-Norman church of St. Cross. An opening which now occurs in the court allows us a peep of the adjoining water-meadows, and the venerable old trees, which make a charming picture, framed-in as it were by the old gray walls on either side.

The Refectory is a very interesting old room, as it exhibits a genuine specimen of the dining-halls of such places in the olden time. The antique timber roof—

the gallery from which the benediction was given of old before meals, and from which, on festive occasions, the stream of music used to issue—the very black jacks out of which the old fellows used to drink, are seen upon the ponderous side-table. The brethren no longer dine here daily as they used to do, being allowed to take their daily rations of one pound of meat, one loaf of bread, and three quarts of beer home to their own houses; but on certain occasions they still dine here, and after their meal make merry round a raised hearth in the centre of the room; an extra allowance of beer being given for the occasion.

The ‘Nunnes’ Chambers’ is a range of apartments anciently used as the Infirmary of the establishment; at the south end of those apartments is a window which opens directly into the church—so that when it was opened, the sick lying in their beds might listen to the service when it was going forward.

The most interesting portion of the establishment, in an architectural sense, is the church, built in the reign of Stephen, which exhibits some admirable specimens of Anglo-Norman architecture. This structure, which is of no inconsiderable size, being 160 feet in length by 120 feet in width, is built in the form of a cross with a stately tower rising in the centre, which is open to a considerable height above the vaulting of the nave, and which serves as a lantern to the choir, in the same manner that the tower in Winchester Cathedral is supposed to have done.

Those who wish to study the Anglo-Norman style, could not do better than pay a visit to this very curious and interesting old church. The ponderous pillars, with their capitals and arches ornamented with the chevron, the wavy, the indented, and other ornaments in very perfect preservation, present us with an excellent specimen of the ecclesiastical architecture of the early part of the twelfth century. Here and there gothic incroachments have taken place, showing the manner in which those who have restored it from time to time adopted the style of architecture prevalent in their day. The choir is floored, as are also some part of the church, with glazed tiles, some of them ornamented with Saxon emblems, and here and there one is seen bearing the words, “Have mynde;” intended doubtless to call back the wandering minds of the brethren to holy thoughts. There are some ancient tombs in the church of the masters of the establishment.

The whole hospital presents, perhaps, the most perfect specimen of an ancient charitable institution to be found in the island. On some occasions the imaginative mind might almost fancy that the old time was come again. To look in, for instance, upon this little fraternity, on the anniversary of the birthday of the Founder, when collected round the ancient hearth of the Refectory, robed in their long sable mantles on which the silver crosses glitter in the light, and drinking out of the huge black-jacks to the happy rest of the benefactor, one would imagine himself living in the time of the early Henries. On such festivals, too, still more picturesque scenes and remnants of ancient

hospitality are going on in the court-yard. Here, on six particular eves of the year, doles of bread are given away to the crowds of poor, who on these occasions gather in the outer court, and when all the loaves of bread are gone, a halfpenny is given to every person who demands it, no matter how great might be the number.

Although the successive masters have kept up, in so conscientious a manner the ancient customs of the hospital, they have not, most certainly, had the interests of the poor brethren so much at heart as their own. St. Cross, and the manner in which its funds have been administered, has been the "frightful example" of corrupt management in the mouths of reformers, ever since Cobbett so daringly exposed them—Government has at length determined to put the whole management on a new footing, and a Commission of Inquiry is now deliberating upon the best method of employing the funds, which the master and other officers have hitherto appropriated so largely to their own use. The last master, it is said, received no less a sum than £2,000 a year, for his perfectly sinecure office,—and many of the poor brethren have had as much as £70 at a time, as their shares of the renewals of fines and leases of the hospital lands, divided amongst them—so much have the revenues of the establishment increased of late years. Let us hope that with the thorough financial reform of St. Cross, the old customs may be kept up, and that the porter might no longer be allowed to make the Founder's bequest to all poor travellers a source of profit to himself.

We can return to Winchester by way of the water-meadows, and the clear river Itchen, which gives fertility to the narrow valley that runs through the vast down-country which surrounds us on either side. Some one has said, and very beautifully too, that the scenery in the midst of which it is situate "is a spot at once full of a melancholy charm,—of a sad, yet old English beauty." This is a criticism which would apply to the neighbourhoods of most ancient establishments devoted to the purposes of religion, or education; but it could never be better applied than to the water-meadows of St. Cross with its old elms, giving a grateful and solemn shade; and St. Catherine's Hill rising close at hand like a green cone, crowned with a coronet of five trees. The sad spirit of the past seems to pervade the landscape, and to harmonize with the thoughts which the gray old pile it nurses in its bosom calls up in the human heart.

Pursuing our road by the side of the water, we speedily reach the gateway of St. Mary's College,—one of the great scholastic establishments of the country, founded by Wykeham. As we are about to enter, we see above us the statue of St. Mary, with the infant Jesus,—a group we meet with more than once in the building. Wykeham dedicated the building to the Blessed Virgin, his chosen patroness. The college of St. Mary's, consists of four courts, surrounded with the different offices belonging to the establishment. On

entering the first court, which is bounded by the residence of the Warden and several outbuildings, we see before us a second gateway surmounted by a lofty tower, adorned with statues of the Virgin, the angel Gabriel, and the Founder. On passing beneath this second gateway, we come at once upon the chapel, the hall, and the dormitories. The chapel has a lofty tower which contains a fine peal of bells, but they are never rung on account of the vibration affecting the masonry. The interior of the chapel is solemn and beautiful, and the grand east window, which has recently been restored, is a pictorial representation of the genealogy of our Saviour. There is much exquisite carving, by the hands of Grinlin Gibbons, we believe, near the altar, which is, however, of a character and design which renders it quite out of place in a Christian temple. Among the monuments are several touching inscriptions to the memory of the scholars who have died whilst on the Foundation. Passing into the cloisters, which adjoin the chapel, we tread again upon the graves of those who perished, as it were, upon the very threshold of life. The walls and pillars of the old arcades are carved with the initials and names of the boys who have for centuries made it echo with their footsteps; and many of whom, in after years, wrote their names on the still more enduring pages of history. On one pillar the name of Kenn (afterwards Bishop) is pointed out by the porter with no little pride. Pious sentences are also carved here and there with a care which seems to indicate that the youthful chiseler's heart was in the task. In the centre of the cloister is a small chapel, formerly used as a mortuary chapel, which has for a long time been occupied as a library, and contains a valuable collection of books, and some curious illustrated manuscripts. The Refectory Hall, which adjoins the chapel, wears a very conventual appearance;—its lofty roof, richly covered and supported with oaken timber-work, and its noble dimensions, are very striking.

The Buttery Hatch is separated from it by a screen, and all the furniture and arrangements are the same as have existed there for centuries. During dinner the boys of the Foundation are waited upon by the poor scholars, who receive an inferior education, and are afterwards apprenticed at the expense of the School. At the termination of the meal all the scraps are collected together, and given to a certain number of poor women, together with a handsome allowance of ale. The writer happened to witness the distribution of alms on the occasion of his visit to the College, and there seemed enough in each woman's tin pan for two or three days' supply, and the beer was excellent. These women do some little weeding in the Master's garden for the food, and are therefore known as the 'Weeders.'

On the stairs which lead to the kitchen, we see the singular painting called 'The Trusty Servant,' a figure habited in the Windsor uniform, with the extremities of an ass, a deer, and a hog. The inscription which accompanies this Hircocervus is as follows:

"A trusty servant's portrait would you see,
This emblematic figure well survey.

The porker's snout not nice in diet shows;
 The padlock shut, no secret he'll disclose;
 Patient, the ass his master's rage will bear;
 Swiftmess in errand the stag's feet declare.
 Loaden his left hand, apt to labour saith;
 The vest his neatness; open hand his faith;
 Girt with his sword, his shield upon his arm,
 Himself and master he'll protect from harm."

A portrait which we should wish to see painted out, as it seems to us to be replete with bad taste, to say the least of it. The dormitories, which lie on the eastern side of the second court, are very interesting. As we pass along we can peep into them through the open windows; each boy has his little bed, his desk, and a book-case, and little inscriptions incentive to good conduct and diligence are scattered everywhere on the walls. The College authorities, seemingly in despair, have given up the attempt to suppress the cutting of names and dates on the walls, and have very judiciously accepted the practice as a fact, entrusting the inscriptions, however, to the hand of some regular painter; and boys' names are now to be seen lining the walls like those to be found on the doorways of lawyers' offices,—a plan, we should say, from its formality, well calculated to suppress the practice altogether. The boys all sleep on iron bedsteads; until very lately, however, they were of wood, constructed in the rudest fashion, and furnished with a little ledge or canopy just over the head of the sleeper, to save his scone from the *boots* and other missiles that used to fly about rather unceremoniously at nighttime.

The School-room is situated in the fourth court, and is comparatively a modern building, having been erected in 1692, by the Wykehamites who had previously received their education in the College. It is a plain and rather ugly brick building, adorned with a statue in metal of Wykeham, modelled by the statuary Cibber. This room is 90 feet by 36, and the roof is adorned with the arms of many of the benefactors. On the east end is inscribed a table of the scholastic laws, some of which are singular enough. Thus:

"In the Church:—Worship God. Say your prayers with a pious affection of mind. Let not your eyes wander about. Keep silence. *Read nothing profane.*

"In the School:—Let each one be diligent in his studies. Let him repeat his lesson in a low tone to himself, but in a clear tone to his master. Let no one give disturbance to his neighbour. *Take care to spell your theme right.*

"In the Court:—Let no one throw stones or balls against the windows. Let not the building be defaced with writing or carving upon it. Let no one approach the master with his head covered, *or without a companion.*

"In the Chambers:—Let cleanliness be attended to. Let each one study in the evening, and let silence prevail in the night.

"In the town, going on the Hill:—Let the scholars walk in pairs. Let them behave with perfect modesty. *Let them move their hats to their masters, and other respect-*

able persons. Let decency regulate your countenance, your motions, and your gait. Let no one on the hill go beyond the prescribed limits."

The going on the hill requires some explanation. When Wykeham founded the college, having a lively regard for the health of the scholars, he ordered that they should go St. Catherine's Hill a certain number of times in the week for exercise; which they do to this time, and the whole seventy boys run wild up the steep ascent every other day.

At the opposite extremity of the school-room are the following emblems and inscriptions;

Aut Disce.....	A Mitre and Crosier ..	The expected reward of learning
Aut Discede.....	<div style="display: inline-block; vertical-align: middle;"> { An Ink-horn A case of Mathemat- cal Instruments, and a Sword </div>	<div style="display: inline-block; vertical-align: middle;"> } The emblems of those who depart and choose a civil or military life. </div>
Manet Sors	Tertia Cædi	<div style="display: inline-block; vertical-align: middle;"> { A Scourge </div> <div style="display: inline-block; vertical-align: middle;"> } The lot of those who will qualify themselves for neither. </div>

Each scholar has a little bench beside him, not unlike a cobbler's bench, on which his books and school implements are placed; and, unlike other schools, the tasks are learnt during school-hours. The boys on the Foundation are seventy in number; and out of these two of them, of the Founder's kin, are, if qualified, elected to exhibitions of New College, Oxford,—and others of the age of eighteen or nineteen, who have distinguished themselves, are nominated candidates for other scholarships. The College is subservient to the Warden and Fellows of New College, both in government and discipline; and visitors from among them come to St. Mary's every year, listen to complaints, and elect the scholars. After these offices are completed, the vacation commences; the celebrated song of 'Dulce Domum' being sung in the evening, by the boys in the court and school-room of the college. A band accompanies the happy choristers; and the effect produced by the collection of glad voices singing this glad old song, is very beautiful. The following is a translation of the "Dulce Domum:":

"Sing a sweet melodious measure,
 Waft enchanting lays around;
 Home! a theme replete with pleasure!
 Home a grateful theme resound!

Chorus.

Home, sweet home! an ample treasure!
 Home, with every blessing crown'd!
 Home, perpetual scene of pleasure!
 Home, a noble strain resound!

Lo the joyful hour advances,
 Happy season of delight;
 Festal songs and festal dances
 All our tedious toils requite.

Home, sweet home, &c.

Leave, my wearied muse, thy learning,
 Leave thy task so hard to bear;
 Leave thy labour, ease returning;
 Leave my bosom, oh my care.

Home, sweet home, &c.

See the year, the meadow smiling,
Let us then a smile display;
Rural sports our pain beguiling,
Rural pastimes call away.

Home, sweet home, &c.

Now the swallow seeks her dwelling,
And no longer loves to roam;
Her example thus impelling,
Let us seek our native home.

Home, sweet home, &c.

Let our men and steeds assemble,
Panting for the wide champaign;
Let the ground beneath us tremble,
While we scour along the plain.

Home, sweet home, &c.

Oh, what raptures! oh, what blisses!
When we gain the lonely gate;
Mother's arms, and mother's kisses,
There our blest arrival wait.

Home, sweet home, &c.

Greet our household gods with singing;
Send, O Lucifer, thy ray;
Why should light so slowly springing,
All our promis'd joys delay?

Home, sweet home, &c.

This celebrated school at the present time educates three classes of scholars;—those on the Foundation; those gentlemen who are not on the Foundation, and called commoners, who are educated in a contiguous building, immediately under the care of the head master; and the poor scholars, who receive a plain education, and, as we have before stated, attend upon the young gentlemen of the Foundation. There is no public school in the kingdom that has turned out better scholars than those of Winchester, and 'a Winchester scholar' is a designation as well known as 'an Eton boy.' The discipline is certainly calculated to turn out able men, and the associations of the College and neighbourhood, to give that poetic tone to the mind which is its sweetest finish and ornament.

THE CITY OF WINCHESTER.

The city of Winchester consists principally of one great thoroughfare, the High-street, which is terminated at one extremity by the west gate. A walk up this street gives the stranger a pretty good notion of the city itself, and of its more modern buildings. One of the features which instantly strikes his attention is the Cross: which is supposed to have been erected in the reign of Henry VI., a short time after he had instituted the fraternity of the Holy Cross. It is stuck in an out-of-the-way corner of the street, and is forty-four feet high. It is composed of three tiers of gothic arches, with confined niches, originally adorned with statues; only one of which at present remains, representing, as it is supposed, the martyr St. Laurence. Many years ago the Commissioners of Pavement sold this structure, and were about to take it down, but the citizens indig-

nantly drove the workmen away. Proceeding up the High-street we come to a turning on the right, which leads us in front of the county gaol—a handsome building, which is however about to be taken down, we believe. The ground on which the building is erected is hallowed by being the burial-place of the immortal Alfred. Here used to stand Hyde Abbey, the religious house built by the monks of Alfred's Newar Mynstre, who removed here in the early part of the 13th century, bringing with them the remains of their immortal founder. After surviving many calamities, the fraternity was dissolved at the Reformation, and the abbey speedily became a heap of ruins. A barn, an arch or two, and a doorway, long since walled up with other buildings, are all that remain of this once splendid abbey; and it remains as a reproach to the citizens that the only monument reared over the remains of England's greatest King is a felon's prison! Let us hope that when once more the ground is cleared, means will be taken to mark, by some public testimonial, the resting-place of Alfred.

The west gate, which terminates the street, is a very interesting structure, and is the only remaining portion of the fortress erected by William the Conqueror. The tower which surmounts the gateway is built in the Norman style; but here, as in every other place, the hand of Wykeham is said to be recognised—the old round-headed windows have been replaced by pointed Gothic ones, very similar to those in the nave of the Cathedral. The Tower is now used as the Corporation muniment-room. Close at hand is the County Hall—once the chapel of the castle, erected in the reign of King Stephen. The interior is divided into three aisles, by double rows of clustered columns. Its proportions—which were originally good, it being 110 feet in length by 55 feet in breadth—are now destroyed by the partitions which have been made at each end, in order to form the Assize Court for the county. The most interesting feature in the hall is the table suspended over the judge's-seat in the Nisi Prius Court. This table was for a long time believed to be the celebrated Round Table of King Arthur, and some historians have gone so far as to say that Winchester was the head-quarters of that redoubtable king and his band of knights. The table itself is a curious one, and is adorned with a full-length portrait of that monarch, and the names of his twenty-four knights are inscribed around it. It is now supposed that the table belonged to King Stephen, upon what authority we do not know. Another curious relic of the past is the celebrated Winchester measure, which is still preserved in the old hall.

The vast brick building called the King's House, and which was to have formed the centre portion of the palace Wren commenced for Charles II., is contiguous to the County Hall. It is built upon the site of the old castle, demolished by Cromwell; and its elevation commands a grand view of the city, which slopes gradually towards the river Itchen at the other end of the town. The design of Wren was to have built a

grand façade, somewhat similar to that of the Palace at Versailles. The king laid the foundation-stone in 1683, and in two years the building had progressed as far as we now see it when the king died. Wren, with his usual magnificent ideas, intended to have added two vast wings to the building, to have laid out the Down behind as a park, where the king might have enjoyed the pleasures of the chase; and to have run a magnificent street, seventy feet wide, direct from the Palace to the Cathedral. If Charles had lived Winchester might once more have held up its head. The influence his two years' residence had upon the city is still very apparent. The courtiers flocked here and built houses for themselves in great numbers. Peter-street, which runs in the direction of the Palace, is full of the rich old brick houses of the period; the most prominent of which is the one built by the Duchess of Portsmouth, the king's mistress. In the High-street the architecture of the period is also apparent; and Bishop Morley built his palace under the direction of Wren. Upon the death of Charles all these were deserted, and the King's House was left unfinished. It stood one more chance of being completed, however, in the reign of Queen Anne, when the prince consort, liking its situation, determined to finish it; but death again interposed. In the middle of the last century it was used as a French prison; and upon the breaking out of the revolution it was turned into an asylum for the refugee Catholic clergymen. At the present time it is employed as a barrack; and gives accommodation with ease to two regiments of infantry.

The Cemetery is situated at the south-western corner of the King's House, and is very prettily laid out; directly behind rises the New Model Prison, a red-brick building, more imposing by its size than its beauty.

Towards the lower part of the town runs the Itchen river, and several little streams issue from it and traverse the streets. The delightful clearness of this water, running, as it does, over a chalk and pebbly bottom, gives a freshness and healthful appearance to the district which we fear it does not possess, the cholera having been rather destructive in the low-lying neighbourhood during its last visitation. There are several charitable institutions in this part of the city which are well worthy of a visit however. The Hospital of St. John, for instance, originally founded in 1304, the main apartment of which is fitted up as an Assembly-room. It furnishes accommodation for several poor persons, both male and female. Christ's Hospital, founded in 1607, for the support of six old unmarried men and four children, is also worthy of notice. These poor men, like those of St. Cross, wear a peculiar dress—a light-blue cloth cloak, cut in the fashion of the time when the Hospital was founded. The churches, once so numerous, have now dwindled down to ten, exclusive of the Cathedral, the College, and St. John's Chapel; none of these are remarkable for their architecture nor for their size, but, together with the dissenting places of worship, they are amply sufficient for the spiritual wants of the city, which, at the last census, did not number more than 10,000 inhabitants.

SOUTHAMPTON.

Southampton is one of those few places which, after a gradual decay, has had the good fortune to spring into a renewed life and state of prosperity. This prosperity it owes to its excellent port, and to the general want of harbours on the south coast. Even as early as the time of King John the town had arrived at some little importance through this advantage, for the revenues of this place and Portsmouth were farmed by that monarch for the sum of £200 yearly; no insignificant sum in those days. At that time it had at its back the city of Winchester (then the second in wealth in the kingdom) and Salisbury. It was the noted point of export of wool for its own and the adjoining county; and it imported in return clarets and canaries for the fat abbots and other bountiful livers of that day. In the reign of Henry II. it became by royal charter an incorporated town, and long before that it had been walled, and defended by a ditch, filled every tide by the sea, and even without the fortified part, it appears that as early as 1334 Above Bar-street existed. In the middle ages it was used by our kings as the most convenient place

of embarkation for troops to France, and its banks have witnessed the departure of the brave Englishmen who won the fields of Cressy, Poitiers, and Agincourt. As a proof of its importance under the Tudor dynasty, it supplied no less than 420 men fit to bear arms, at the time of the approach of the Spanish Armada; and in the year 1558 the port had eight ships above 100 tons, seven above 80, and forty-seven under 80,—a pretty respectable fleet for one port in that age. The Protestants, driven from the Netherlands by the persecution of the Duke of Alva, about the same time, settled at Southampton, where they introduced several kinds of cloth not before known in England; which contributed very greatly to the prosperity of the town. The first cause of decay was the great plague, which desolated the place in 1665. The people fled from the town in despair, and so deserted did it become, that the grass grew in its streets. Its commerce did not recover the blow for the next century and a half, and the decaying houses of the ancient merchants afforded a constant theme for the traveller to lament over.

During the late war several expeditions left its quay, which seemed to bear with them the ill-luck of the place. The Earl of Moira's army to Ostend, the troops in the expedition to Quiberon, and the ill-fated West Indian army of 1795, all embarked from Southampton; and were it not that the troops which gained such laurels in Egypt here took ship, we should have to balance the glowing successes of the troops which left its shores under the Edwards and Henries, by the unremitting disasters of those under the commanders of George III.

The entrance to Southampton is by way of Above Bar-street, an exceedingly handsome thoroughfare, which of old lay without the walls. This street is full of handsome shops and hotels. It is separated from High-street, which is in a line with it by the Bar or North Gate of the town. This frowning old portal was erected at a very early date, some portions of it perhaps as early as the Conquest. Its northern point is in form "a sort of semi-octagon flanked with two lower semi-circular towers." The arch of entrance is highly pointed, and adorned with a profusion of mouldings, which now end abruptly, a part of the flanks of the arch having been cut away to enlarge the carriage-way, which was inconveniently narrow. In ancient times the corporation received a toll for goods and merchandise passing over the bridge (which here crossed the moat) at Bar Gate; and this was not given up until the year 1679.

The two buttresses which flank the arch of entrance are adorned with two rude painted figures, larger than life. One of these figures represents the famous Sir Bevis of Hamptoune, as Southampton was called of old, and the other a giant who attended him as his servant. This Sir Bevis, it appears from the very singular metrical romance from which we intend to quote largely, was the son of Sir Guy, who was treacherously murdered by his wife. This lady he had married against her will; it appears she was young, and he was getting in years; she liked late hours and balls, he, we imagine, liked regular hours, and objected to let his good spouse have the latch-key. Be that as it may, however, she took up with another knight, Sir Murdour, assassinated the lawful husband, and married her paramour. Sir Bevis, though very young, naturally remonstrated with her for the deed, which put her into a great rage:

"His mother his words understode,
And gave him a bufet on the hode;
To the ground he fell that was harme;
His mastyr toke him up by the arme.
Men called his mastyr Sir Sabere,
That ehilde was to him lyfe and derc;
For Sabere was Sir Guye's brother,
In England was none suche other.
Home with the childe Sir Sabere went,
The lady then after him sent."

The lady commands Sir Sabere to murder him, and that knight pretends to do so, but spills the blood of a porker instead of the rich stream of his nephew. He habits him as a shepherd, and sends him to keep sheep

on the Downs above Southampton; whilst there he hears music and sees dancing in his father's castle below. This the young gentleman's hot temper cannot stand, so he rushes into the hall, and knocks down his father-in-law, and then makes his escape. His mother is too many for him, however, and he is sold as a slave, and carried into "Heathenesse." As most knights do, he manages to make the king's daughter fall in love with him:

"Josyan began Bevis for to love,
Over all things that was above;
When Bevis was xiii yere olde,
Knight ne squire was none so bolde,
That against Bevis durste ryde,
Ne with no weapon hym to abyde."

The boy was rather precocious it is true; the royal father, appreciating which, promises his child's hand on condition that he will turn Saracen; this he refuses to do, an argument ensues, which ends—as an Irish one generally does—in a fight, in which the doughty young knight kills sixty of the enemy, for which he is put in prison; but his good Josyan gets him released, and they depart from the father's court. They soon meet with grim lions, which he slays. They next meet a terrible giant, and a very ugly-looking fellow he must have been, according to his portrait:

"He was mighty and stronge,
He was full thirty feet longe;
He was brystled like a sowe,
A fote there was between every browe;
His lypes were great and hanged asyde,
His eyes were hollow, his mouth was wyde;
He was lothely to loke on,—
Lyker a devyl than a man."

We must arrest the story for a moment to protest against the likeness of the grim fellow on the Bar Gate. If the artist could not have managed a full-length of thirty feet, he should have put him sitting in a chair, anything rather than curtail him of his fair proportions as he has done. To proceed, however:

The knight managed, of course, to vanquish the giant (whose name was Ascapart) notwithstanding his inches. Sir Bevis, however, gives him his life, on condition that he will become his servant. We next find them come all the way as far as Cologne,—they did not know much of geography in those days, we suppose—and the bishop is baptising the trio:

"The Bishop crystened Josyan
That was whyte as any swan."

It required no small basin to baptise the giant it appears, and a tun of water was prepared for him. Ascapart not relishing such a douche bath, kicked and struggled, much to the merriment of the people. Thus endowed with fresh courage, they meet a dragon, which Sir Bevis kills.

As he gets towards home, he collects an army to reconquer his territory from his cruel father-in-law Sir Murdour. The cruel father-in-law does the like to defend himself; "a terrific combat of two" follows;

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2.—HIGH-STREET, SOUTHAMPTON.

the cruel father-in-law is taken prisoner, and is punished for his manifold wickedness after the following manner :

"Sir Bevis, without any let,
Made a cauldron on the fire be set,
Full of pitch and brimstone :
A worse death was never none.
When the cauldron boyled harde,
Murdour was easte in mydwarde.
That death died he seekerly
For the death of good Sir Guy."

This was bad enough, but the wicked wife also was to be disposed of. Hearing about her husband being boiled,—

"She stode above in a towre,
So wo she was for Sir Murdour;
Then she fell down and broke her neeke;
I beshrew him that thereof doth reeke."

And now, for the first time, the corporation of the town make their appearance, and of course present an address to the winning party, and induct him into his fair town and castle. Sir Bevis is of a roving disposition, however, and goes abroad; the nasty giant Asepart takes advantage of his lord's absence, and runs away with his lady, just as she has been brought to bed of twins—a rather extraordinary proceeding on his part. Sir Sabere kills the giant, however, and rescues Josyan. Misfortunes never do come single, however, and Sir Bevis hears that King Edgar has "disherited" his heir; and now comes the most desperate achievement of the gallant knight. He determines to attack the king in his own capital, and he accordingly proceeds with a great army of Southampton knights to Putney :

"Bevis rode forth with little boost;
At Putneth he left his hoost;
That is from London miles thre,
And there he left hys companie,
And rode to London hymselfe,
No more with him but knyghts xii."

Much to the shame of the good burgers of the city, the knight and his twelve men kept them all at bay. It is clear they had not the Lumber Troop or the Honourable Artillery Company among them :

"He rode forth into Brede Street,
Many Lomhards then gan he mete,
And assayed Bevis wonder fast,
On everi syde he downe them east.
Sir Bevis had been in many a land,
And many a batayle had in hand;
Yet was he never so careful a man,
In no batayle as he was then.
Sir Bevis defended hym well ynough,
Many he felled and many he slough;
On every side down he them easte,
And pricked forth among them faste,
Till he came to the Chepe,
There he found many men of a hepe;
Then again began the fyght,
Between the city and the knyght."

The town was clearly getting too hot to hold even the doughty Sir Bevis; but at the very nick of time his two sons, Sir Myles and Sir Guy, came with ten thousand knights from Putney to his help, not in a monster train, but in "shippes." His horse Arundel takes to fighting also for his master, so with this double aid he speedily gains the victory :

"So harde they gan together mete,
That the blode run in every street;
So many men was ded,
That Cheapsyde was blode red.
For there was slayne, I understand,
The number of thirty thousande."

After the fight he goes home, to get a moment's rest with his wife :

"Josyan was never so fayne
As when she saw Sir Bevis agayne.
Sir Bevis toke Josyan full soone,
And to South Hampton came anon;
There he thought without fayle
To abyde the kynge batayle."

The king thought better of the matter, considering very wisely that a warrior who could fight a whole city, and whose horse took up the fight when he was tired, was not a person to be trifled with; so he makes a compromise with him, and gives his daughter to his son Sir Myles, who was made Earl of Cornwall.

Shortly after this the good Sir Bevis and his lady die, and at the same time the horse Arundel gives up the ghost. But we cannot resist giving the concluding verses, they are so good :

"Then waxed Josyan seke, and laye,
And Bevis also, as I you saye.
Bishoppes and friars came to them blyve,
Bevis and Josyan for to shryve.
When Bevis and Josyan the good
Had themselfe humbled to God in moode,
Eyther turned to other without bost,
And both they yielded up the ghost."

If any one doubts that the good knight performed the gallant deeds recounted in the romance, all we can say is, that in Arundel Castle there hangs the good sword Morglay, with which he accomplished these famous deeds, and if he requires further proofs, he must really seek for them himself.

Passing through the Bar Gate, we find the south point decorated with a statue of George III., in the Roman Imperial costume !

We now enter High-street—a long handsome street, which Leland, who visited it in Henry VIII.'s time, called "one of the fairest streets that is in any town in England." (Cut, No. 2.) At the bottom of this we come out upon the quay, and have before us, stretching north and south, Southampton Water, dotted with yachts, and brushed on its opposite side by the New Forest, whose wood fringes the very water's edge. Straight before us, running out a good way into the water, is the Royal Victoria Pier, with its steamers just ready to start for the Isle of Wight. This part of Southampton is exceedingly beautiful, and the bustle

going on gives a great air of life to the place. If we turn along by the Royal Yacht Club, a handsome new building, we shall be able to trace the ancient wall, which for some distance runs parallel with the river, and is sufficiently low to allow us to see over it. At low tide the water scarcely covers the mass of sand and weeds which here looks a perfect morass, and must be, we are quite sure, very unhealthy. The wall as it turns to the north becomes much higher, and in some places puts on quite an architectural appearance, running, however, through the poorest portion of the town until it gains the Bar Gate. If we pursue the quay southward, we come at last to an ancient and strong tower with a gateway beneath it. This stronghold at one time guarded the sluices which filled the moat surrounding the town every tide. This castelet is said to have been built by Henry VIII., but it is evidently older than his time. It is now used as a prison for debtors. The old gray walls, half covered with ivy, have a very picturesque effect, and are well seen from the battery close to it; where, among other heavy guns, is a very long brass piece, which bears upon its breech the date 1542, and the inscription, "*Fidei defensor invictissimus*," being a present to the town from Henry. A short distance from us we see the walls of the New Docks, and the masts and funnels of the large steamers it contains. But we shall return here presently.

The ecclesiastical architecture of Southampton is not remarkable. St. Michael's is by far the oldest and most curious church. It contains portions of old Saxon masonry in its west front and in other portions of the building; its chief feature, however, is the slender octagonal spire, which is very high, and serves as a land-mark to the shipping. Holyrood Church has the most imposing appearance, and is situated in the High-street. A colonnade runs along the street-front, and goes by the singular name of the Proclamator, among the common people, no doubt from the fact that announcements of public importance, such as proclamations of peace or war, the advent to the throne of a new sovereign, &c., were at one time made by the magistrates from this place.

The visitor is struck as he passes along the street, by a marble slab placed against the wall of the church, which records the fearful fate of twenty-two persons who, in attempting to rescue property from a calamitous fire which took place here in 1837, lost their lives. All Saints', St. Mary's, St. Paul's, and Trinity chapels, are all comparatively modern structures; and, in addition to these churches of the establishment, most of the Dissenters have places of worship.

The Town-hall is, perhaps, the oldest apartment in Southampton, being situated over the Bar-gate. This room is fifty-two feet long by twenty-one feet wide, the ascent to which is by a massive stone staircase. Four windows of very ancient date give an excellent light to the hall. The fish and general markets are both excellent,—as indeed they should be, considering they have such a coast and a county to

supply them. The charities of the town are also numerous; and the South Hants Infirmary is excellently managed, and has accommodation for forty-five patients.

The Quays and the beautiful Southampton Water are, however, the chief sources of attraction, and here the visitor speedily finds himself lounging. Those who love a good blow can enjoy it to their hearts' content on the Victoria Pier, which runs out into the estuary a considerable distance. (Cut, No. 3.) The pier was erected in 1832, before which time passengers were embarked from the muddy bank which was facetiously called a "hard." The formation of the railroad to London had such an effect upon the passenger-traffic to the Isle of Wight, that this new accommodation was imperatively called for and provided. From the pier steamers leave for Cowes, Ryde, and Portsmouth several times in the day; on which occasions the Pier-head seems the place of chief attraction in this quarter of the town, and at those times when the railway brings down its thousands on cheap excursion trips to the Isle of Wight it looks particularly animated. From the sheltered Round-house, which stands at the head of the pier, the invalid whilst enjoying the sea breeze, can command a view of the whole estuary, as far as Cal-shot Castle, a small fortress erected by Henry VIII., to protect its entrance. The old Custom-house is situated upon the quay, close to the pier. It now stands the representative of the past: the enlarged commercial life of the town being transferred to the docks, a new Custom-house has been erected in its neighbourhood.

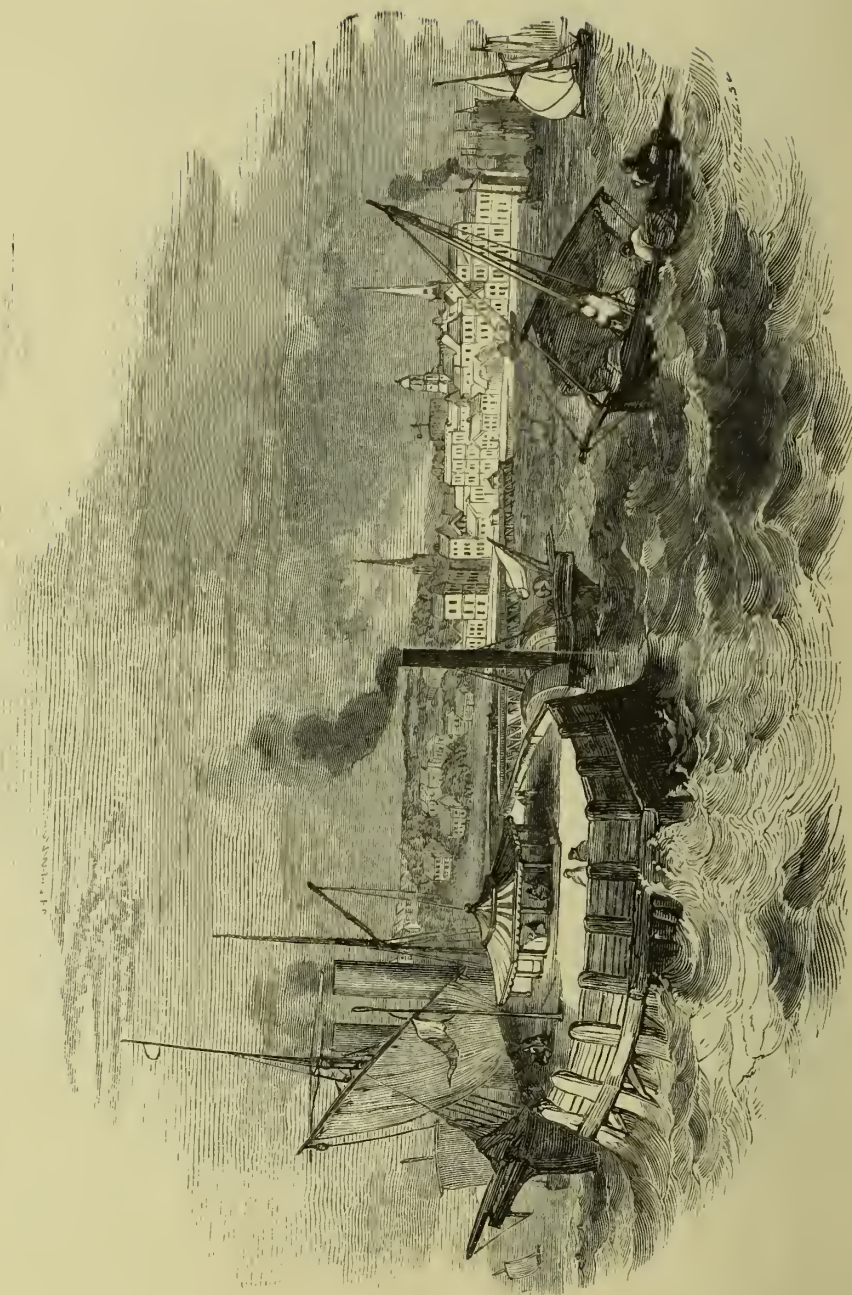
Before these docks were built, ships used to unload alongside of the quay at this spot; but those of larger tonnage have now deserted it for the better berthing and security of the basin, and only vessels of small size unload at the open quay.

Pursuing our way alongside of the water we come to what is called the Platform,—a place where the battery of guns is situated. These guns stand on the open shore, without the protection of a breastwork. They are used for firing salutes and notifying the arrival of the large steamers. The shore, or beach, a little further on, is planted with trees, which afford a delightful shade, and forms the favourite promenade of the town-folks. It must have been near here that Canute reproved his flatterers.

THE DOCKS.

Close at hand are the Docks, the source of the sudden revival of the port's prosperity. These works were commenced in 1836, on what was termed the Mudland,—a large space between the town and the river Itchen. The first of these Docks,—the Tidal Dock,—was finished and opened in the year 1842; and the second, the close basin for the unloading of ships, was excavated at the same time, but has not yet been furnished with quay-walls or faced with stone.

The Tidal Dock is certainly a very fine work, paved



3.—SOUTHAMPTON PIER.

with granite, and surrounded on three sides with commanding ranges of warehouses. The entrance to the Dock is from the Itchen river, which runs alongside of it, and empties itself just here into the Southampton Water. The area of this basin is 16 acres, and it has 3,100 feet of quay-room, with a depth of 18 feet at low water at spring tides, or of 21 at low water at neap tides. The entrance to the Dock is 150 feet wide, and steamers of 2,000 tons burthen can enter it at low water; but it is generally thought more prudent to wait for high tide. In addition to this splendid water area, there are two Graving Docks, capable of admitting the largest class ships and steamers, and many vessels are now repaired there which were formerly obliged to go round to Portsmouth. When these two Docks were commenced, it was not known that Government would make it the starting-place for one of its line of mail-steamers, and the joy of the town was great when it was decided to make it the port for the Royal Mail Steam Packet Company, and for the vessels of the Peninsular and Oriental Steam Navigation Company.

The advent of these splendid vessels was the commencement of a new era for Southampton; and the impetus they gave to the port may be judged by the fact, that in the year 1846 the value of its exports was 2,196,275*l*.—a sum only a little inferior to those of Glasgow, in the same year. It might be said that the valuable nature of the cargoes taken out by the Atlantic and Mediterranean steamers would account for much of this high amount; but the returns of the ships frequenting the port give proof that a great progressive increase has taken place in its general

shipping,—no less than 1,435 vessels having arrived and departed in 1845, of which the tonnage was 300,134. We do not think that there is a finer commercial sight in the kingdom than the Southampton Floating Dock, when it is full, as it often is, of gigantic steamers, many of which are upwards of 220 feet in length, and when unladen standing higher out of water than many a three-decker. Interspersed with these leviathans of the deep, are the Havre steamers, of beautiful mould and most graceful rig, and trading vessels of all kinds, from the coal-smack to the West-Indiaman.

The Railway is in immediate connection with the Docks, running its iron rails from the main lines round to the doors of the warehouses and the Dock walls, so [that cargoes might be lifted from the holds into the trucks, and transferred to London without delay. The new Custom-house is a handsome and commodious building, situated just without the walls of the Docks.

The terminus of the South-Western railway is close to the Docks; indeed, these two points seem to form the nuclei of the new life of the city. All around, what a few years ago was a bare common, is now alive under the hands of the builders; streets and squares are springing up like magic, and the “new town,” as it is very properly called, is rapidly becoming a very important portion of the place, containing as it does excellent and commodious dwelling-houses, finished in a very superior manner. (Cut, No. 4.)

NETLEY ABBEY.

Among the many charming rides in the neighbour-



4.—SOUTHAMPTON RAILWAY STATION.

hood of Southampton, that most frequented by the stranger is the one to Netley Abbey. The world-wide fame of this very ancient ruin has made it a place of great resort; and few people leave the neighbourhood without wandering among its crumbling walls. The walk thither is quite charming. As we pass the Custom-house we come upon the Itchen river—at least a quarter of a mile broad at its mouth—which is crossed by the new floating-bridge; a huge iron structure propelled by means of a steam engine in its centre, which works on a chain attached to either bank of the river. As we pass over, the picturesque old Dutch-looking village of Itchen is seen a little way up the river on the opposite shore. On landing, we shortly arrive at the shore of Southampton Water, which we skirt for two miles or so, leaving on our left-hand a pleasant common. The ruins lie embosomed in wood on a gentle hill-side, and are completely hidden until the visitor is close upon them.

This Abbey is supposed to have been founded in the twelfth century, and belonged to the Cistercian order of monks. The community consisted of an abbot and twelve monks, and their revenues, at the time of the Reformation, only amounted to £160 a year,—no very large sum even in those days. When in the height of its prosperity, this abbey must have presented a rather imposing appearance; the chapel is not very large, but the ruins of the conventual buildings are extensive, and seem much more spacious than would appear requisite to accommodate so small a fraternity. The chapel is far gone to decay, and what time has not been able to destroy, man has. On the dissolution, the buildings passed into lay hands; and at the commencement of the eighteenth century, a portion of the ruins were sold by its then proprietor, Sir Bartlett Lucy, for building purposes. It is said that the purchaser was a Mr. James Taylor, of Southampton, and that the remarks made by his friends, on the impropriety of removing such hallowed remains, had such an effect on his mind that he dreamed he should be killed by the keystone of one of the arches falling out and splitting his skull; and the dream was brought to pass (it is said), the fatal stone falling on his head whilst taking down a piece of timber that did not seem in any way connected with it. Huge heaps of rubbish, covered with grass and wild flowers, are piled in the centre of the chapel, testifying to the wreck that has taken place. It was cruciform in shape, and still maintains that form—with the exception of the north transept, which has been destroyed. Many of the windows of the nave are still remaining, and testify by their finish and excellent proportions to the original beauty of its architecture. (Cut, No. 5).

The profusion of ivy which clings to the walls and kindly hides the handywork of time, gives a charming effect to the building; whilst giant trees have sprung up, and now spread their ample arms, where once the vaulted roof was suspended. The kitchen is still roofed, and the refectory is not so much decayed as many portions of the building. All the domestic offices of the

Abbey, indeed, were preserved long after the Chapel, the Earls of Hertford and Huntingdon having transformed them into a dwelling-house. The remains of the Tudor additions of those noblemen are still very evident.

The situation of this ruin is quite delightful. From the summit of its walls the sea is seen shining over the fringe of wood that interposes between it and the shore. Horace Walpole has given a sketch of the ruin in his usual lively style. Time has made many inroads upon it, however, since his day. Writing to his friend Bentley, he says,—“The ruins are vast, and retain fragments of beautiful fretted roofs pendant in the air, with all varieties of gothic patterns of windows, topped round and round with ivy. Many trees have sprouted up among the walls, and only want to be increased by cypresses. A hill rises above the Abbey enriched with wood. The fort, in which we would build a tower for habitation, remains, with two small platforms. This little castle is buried from the Abbey in a wood, in the very centre, on the edge of a hill. On each side breaks in the view of Southampton Sea, deep, blue, glittering with silver and vessels, on one side terminated by Southampton, on the other by Calshot Castle; and the Isle of Wight rises above the opposite hills. In short, they are not the ruins of Netley, but of Paradisc. Oh! the purpled abbots! what a spot had they chosen to slumber in! The scene is so beautifully tranquil, yet so lovely, that they seem only to have retired into the world.”

This picture continues to the present day; and we too, with the noble writer, can imagine the white-hooded monks hurrying along these terrace-walks, which yet remain, or busy in the orchard, or the abbot's pleasure-garden. The fort spoken of by Horace Walpole has been restored, and the tower he would have, has been built; and it now makes a charming residence—its embattled walls looking over the æstuary whose waters wash up to its very walls.

THE NEW FOREST.

Some very charming excursions can be made from Southampton into the New Forest, which extends from the opposite shore in a south-westerly direction for many miles. This great forest, originally laid out by the Conqueror as a hunting-ground, contains 66,000 acres of land, not more than 15,000 of which are in wood, the remaining portion being waste land. In this district still linger the old forest usages, such as existed in the time of the Normans. Local courts still have jurisdiction there, and the government and care of it is in the hands of a set of officers whose very names speak of the days of old. Agistors, Regarders, Bowbearers, Rangers, &c., have their domiciles within its purlieus, and execute the law throughout its sylvan glades. This ancient machinery has long grown ineffectual however, and perhaps something more; for the nation has within these last few years been astounded by the magnitude of the

robberies of timber which have taken place within it—one spot alone showing the stumps of 400 splendid trees which have been extracted unknown to the chief authorities.

A committee is at the present time considering what had better be done with this national property, which has long ceased to be a nursery of timber for the navy, and which only continues a centre of disease from its decaying vegetation, and a source of demoralisation to the surrounding population; and in all probability, in a few years, we shall see farms smiling upon the thousands of acres of waste, and the wood divided into manageable properties, in the hands of private individuals, who will turn what is now a source of expense to the nation into a series of thriving and profitable woodlands. One of the prettiest drives to the Forest is through the villages of Millbrook, Redbridge, Totton, and Rumbridge. In the village of Redbridge most strangers pause for a short time, to visit the grave of Robert Pollok, whose poem, 'The Course of Time,' has made his name so celebrated. It stands in the churchyard, and a granite obelisk has there been erected to his memory, on which the following inscription is written:

The Grave of
ROBERT POLLOK, A.M.
Author of
"The Course of Time."

His immortal Poem is his monument.

He was born at Muirhouse, Eaglesham, Renfrewshire,
Scotland,

On the 19th of October, 1798,

Died at Shireley Common, on the 17th of September, 1827.

This Obelisk was erected by some admirers of his genius.

One of the most interesting places in the Forest is the village of Lyndhurst, a place of great antiquity,

where our monarchs of old used to hold their rural courts during the hunting season. The Merry Monarch was the last king, however, who ever visited it for hunting purposes. George III. took up his residence in the lodge called the King's House, however, in 1789 for nearly a week. This lodge, which is situated in the centre of the village, is now the official residence of the lord warden, or chief governor, of the Forest. It contains an old hall, called Rufus's Hall, in which the Forest Courts are held; it is fitted up with seats at the upper end, which are for the use of the verderers; they are of very ancient date and constructed of oak. The dining-hall is a fine apartment, and is *said* to have been used by Rufus. They show you here a huge stirrup, *said* to have belonged to that monarch also. It is made of iron, and traces of gilt are still to be seen upon it; its width at the bottom is ten inches and a half, its depth seven inches and a half, and it measures all round no less than two feet seven inches. The Forest keepers say they have authority to put to death any dog found within the precincts of the Forest who cannot pass through this stirrup. Leaving Lyndhurst by the Lymington road, the visitor sees the old Forest to perfection. Oaks of the largest growth arise on either side, and he feels himself (in England, at least,) for the first time in his life in a forest—using the word in its full acceptation; and if he wishes to realise the historical associations of the wood, he has only to journey to the Obelisk which has been erected to mark the spot where Rufus fell by the arrow of Tyrell. Other excursions might be made into the Forest by way of Hythe. The ruins of the Abbey of Beaulieu are well worthy of a visit, the little port of Eling affords charming water prospects, and the way to it is altogether delightful to the excursionist.

SALISBURY.

OLD SARUM.

In this country a perished city, the site of a once populous place, might be considered a unique and melancholy spot. To see the coney run, the sheep feed, the corn wave, and the trees to rustle their innumerable leaves over a space once covered with the habitations of man, is indeed a sight to set the mind musing.

This vast mound of Old Sarum, the dead mother of the flourishing city whose minster spire is seen rising in the misty valley at its feet, no one can tread without reverential and sad thoughts. Here, within its vast girdle of fortifications, rose the beautiful Cathedral, the stately keep, and the crowded city;—here Britain and Roman, Saxon, Dane, and Norman have severally held sway, and from its commanding height held the neighbouring district in subjection.

Naturally strong, the famous hill was strengthened by its successive occupants. The Romans brought their art to bear upon it, making it the starting point of six of their military roads, and surrounding it with a vast fosse. King Alfred drew another circle of yet wider diameter round it, and the Normans contributed considerably to the keep, which rose from the centre of a still steeper mound. It was surrounded by two walls, one which circumscribed the city, and was twelve feet in thickness, strengthened with towers, and the other served as a defence to the keep. The whole space protected by the outer wall was 16,000 feet in diameter; that by the stronghold or keep, 500 feet—a space sufficient for the whole city to retire into in case the outer works were lost. Within the larger space stood the city, the Cathedral, erected in 1092, and two churches, St. John and Holywell. The Cathe-



5.—NETLEY ABBEY.

dral appears to have been a very extensive structure, if we might judge from the outline which the sun draws, in a dry summer, upon the corn-fields now occupying its site. The city was also, for its size, populous, and was the seat of the royal authority in the county, the sheriff residing here. The circumscribed nature of the place, and the coercion to which the priests were subjected by the governor, made them, as early as the reign of King John, wish for the removal of their Cathedral; they must have been, moreover, much tempted by the prospect of the beautiful valley at their feet watered by its shining river. This longing for the valley became so irrepressible, that in 1220 the first stone of the present Cathedral of New Sarum was laid by Henry III., and Divine service was performed within the building in 1225. With the Cathedral establishment went the majority of the inhabitants, and one generation witnessed the removal of an entire city. The old Cathedral did not, however, immediately fall to decay, a "per-

petual" chantry being established in it; but the stone walls of the edifice were granted to the bishop and chapter of New Sarum in 1331.

As late as the time of Henry VII., the County Gaol was still continued here, but in the next reign the hill was entirely deserted, as we find from the following description by Leland, who minutely examined it. He states that in his time, "a chappelle of our lady was yet standing and maintayned," and that "some tokens remayne" of the "paroch of the Holywell, and another over the est gate." "There is not one house, neither within old Saresbyri or without, inhabited;" but of the fortifications, he says, "much notable ruinous building yet there remaynith." Dr. Stukeley, who visited the place in 1722, says, that all the walls could then be traced, and some parts of them were still left. At the present time a few large heaps of concrete, forming the eastern entrance to the keep, and some portion of the outer wall, are all that remain of those once formidable fortifications; if we except

the ditches which are still quite perfect. The one surrounding the keep is covered with dense underwood, a few large trees here and there showing themselves; the outer fosse remains as it was when first excavated,—a precipitous trench about a hundred feet deep, and the main entrance to the camp is yet protected by the half-moon constructed there by Alfred the Great. A clump of trees, and two or three fields now cover the site of that ancient city; and under these trees the election of its two members of parliament used to take place in the good old borough-mongering days. The view from the breezy summit of the hill is vast and beautiful. The green valley, watered by the Avon, is visible for a great distance, marking with a line of fertility its passage through the bare and open Downs which undulate in vast waves as far as the eye can see, in almost every direction. Looking towards Salisbury, or New Sarum, the tall spire of the Cathedral pierces the misty air, and the city encircled and bound in elm-trees gleams in the sunshine.

NEW SARUM, OR SALISBURY; THE CATHEDRAL.

To know the exact date of a city saves the historian a vast deal of trouble, precluding any necessity to search back, and, in all probability, to lead himself, as well as his subject, into the mists of obscurity. At the beginning of the thirteenth century Salisbury was not, but smiling meadows and swift streams existed where now run its old-fashioned streets.

The history of the city dates from the erection of its Cathedral, the first service in which was held in 1225. It was not finished as we now see it until 1258, when it was finally consecrated by Bishop Egidius, or Giles of Bridport. The distinguishing feature of the Cathedral is the uniformity of style which pervades the whole building, and the beautiful composition of its outline. Erected in the brightest and purest period of the early English, it offers a charming example of solemn majesty and dignity, uncontaminated by the admixture of any other period of the gothic. Its composition is, perhaps, the most purely pyramidal of any cathedral in the island, every portion of the building leading up to the magnificent tower and spire, 400 feet in height. As a minute view of the edifice, from an architectural pen, might be interesting to the more critical of our readers, we subjoin the following account of it:

“The Cathedral consists of a nave and side aisles, with transepts forming a double cross. On the east of each transept is a side aisle. The nave, choir, and transepts rise into an elevation of three tiers; the lower arches are of the lancet kind, supported by clustered columns, each comprised of four pillars, with as many slender shafts. In the second tier or gallery, running to the roof of the aisles, the double arch of the Norman style is replaced by a flat-pointed arch, subdivided into four smaller ones, which are round, with different sweeps or divisions, and ornamented alternately with quarter-foils and rosettes of eight leaves. The upper or clerestorey consists of triple windows of the lancet shape.

Between the middle arches are central heads, supporting clustered shafts with a capital of foliage. From these rises the vaulting, which is plain, and turned with arches and cross springers only. The columns dividing the principal transept from its aisle consists of clusters of four, without shafts; those of the smaller transept, of two columns, with as many shafts. The upper storeys of both transepts are similar to those of the nave. The lower arches of the choir, as well as those of the transepts, are enriched with an open zig-zag moulding; and the space above the small lights of the upper windows is relieved with an ornament resembling an expanded flower. * * * The windows of the side aisles are double lights of the lancet kind, unornamented without, but with slender shafts within. Those of the upper storey, both internally and externally, are relieved with shafts. The mouldings are plain curves, and the bases and columns of all the shafts are exactly similar. * * * On examining the exterior, we observe that the walls are strengthened with buttresses of considerable projection introduced in the intervals between the windows, as well as the principal angles. Flying or arched buttresses are also concealed within the roofing of the aisles, to support the walls of the nave. The projecting parts are marked with additional ornaments. The arches of the east end, the terminations of the transepts, and the front of the north porch, are embellished with shafts and mouldings, simple, yet tasteful. * * * The whole building, and likewise the cloister, are surmounted with a parapet wall, the style of which has been much admired. * * * The Lady Chapel consists of a body and two side aisles, of the same breadth as the choir, divided from each other by alternate single and clustered columns of peculiar lightness. These are scarcely nine inches in diameter, yet almost thirty feet in height, and are rendered stable only by the vast weight of the vaulted ceiling.”

The most beautiful part of the Cathedral is undoubtedly the exterior, all the different portions of which lead to the central point—the lofty spire. There is a something in this style of composition which seems particularly adapted to a house of prayer,—the very stones appear lifted up by some divine aspiration. The different heights to which the nave, transepts, and choir rise, together with the spire, produce this pyramidal effect. There is a want of light and shade, perhaps, in the walls, owing to the absence of niches or deeply-wrought ornaments, all the enrichments consisting of a delicate kind of interlaced arch-work which does not cast much shadow. The spire (which is, we believe, the tallest in England) is of more modern date than the other parts of the building, having been erected in the fourteenth century. Originally a lantern finished the building, such as at present exists in the church of St. Cross, Winchester. The walls were only two feet thick at the time, yet the builder of the spire had the daring to erect a structure of such gigantic proportions as now rests upon it. To enable him to support its vast weight, flying arches were introduced

in the walls of the interior, by which the nave, transepts, and choir, were made to bear their proportion of the burthen. The spire has, notwithstanding, declined from the perpendicular twenty-four and a half inches south, and sixteen and a quarter west. When this declination was ascertained the interior was strengthened by clamps and other framework in the middle of the last century; since which time no further sinking has taken place.

On entering the Cathedral the spectator is struck by the extreme plainness and simplicity of its appearance. The vaulting is supported by cross-springers, rising to a height of eighty feet, and the arches of the pillars are adorned with a simple zig-zag moulding; the slender columns supporting which, look still more slender from their division into many dark shafts of Purbeck marble. Great airiness is gained by this light arrangement, and the length of the nave—299 feet 6 inches—gives a vastness to this portion of the building, which is almost peculiar to it. The choir is 151 feet in length, and the Lady Chapel 68 feet. When the very injudicious restorations of the Cathedral took place under the direction of Mr. Wyatt, at the latter end of the last century, the altar was removed from its proper situation to the further end of the Lady Chapel; the screen dividing which from the choir was then removed, and this arrangement remains to this day. The chapel is quite dark, from the admission of a copy on glass of Sir Joshua Reynolds's picture of the Resurrection into its window. We hope the old and proper arrangement will be speedily returned to. Mr. Wyatt seems to have had the entire Cathedral at his disposal, and to have re-arranged its ornaments and proportions just as arbitrarily as he would those of an ordinary house. Thus he changed the position of all the tombs, and actually lost one in the course of his alterations. Many of those tombs are of a much older date than the Cathedral itself, having been brought from the mother Cathedral at Old Sarum. These ancient monuments are now arranged between the pillars dividing the nave from its side aisles. Among the most curious is one to a chorister, or boy-bishop, who is supposed to have died during the short period of his episcopal reign. It seems that one of these boy-bishops was annually elected of old in the Romish church, in celebration of St. Nicholas, the patron of children. The effigy is that of a child dressed in pontificals, and the effect is odd enough.

Among other monuments we find one to Bishop Herman, who died in 1078; and another to Bishop Roger, who died in 1139. Both of these tombs were removed from the old Cathedral on the hill in 1226. The most ancient monument is that of Bishop Osmund, the Founder of the Cathedral at Old Sarum: it is simply inscribed with the date, Anno MXCIX. A great number of other early bishops of the see have also monuments, but the only one that has any pretension to architecture is that of Bishop Audley, who died in 1524. It is executed in the very elaborate style that marked the Tudor age, and its roof is certainly very rich, but

the ornaments are far too delicate for the materials in which they are executed. Some very celebrated men are buried in this Cathedral, among them we might mention the author of 'Hermes,' James Harris; the Rev. John Bampton, the founder of the 'Bampton Lectures;' and Bishop Jewell. The Herbert family (Earls of Pembroke) have also numerous monuments.

The cloisters are in a most perfect condition, having been repaired by the present bishop, Dr. Denison, and for architectural beauty they may vie with any others in the country. The Chapter-house is also in very perfect order; here may be seen to full perfection the slender shafts of Purbeck marble, so profusely adopted in the architecture of this Cathedral. The vaulting of this apartment is 52 feet from the ground, and the centre is supported by one slender pillar, which branches from its capital into beautiful interlaced ribwork which covers the vaulting. The entrance to this room is adorned with admirable sculpture in relief, representing the different vices with their opposite virtues. The leading events in Scripture history, from the creation to the passage of the Red Sea, are also depicted on the space below the bases of the windows.

The view from the spire is extensive and beautiful, a vast tract of country being exposed to view. The whole city lies like a map at the spectator's feet; and immediately beneath him, the cloisters in the Bishop's Palace diminished to the size of mere toy-buildings. "A crow's nest," for the use of the Ordnance Surveyors, was perched upon the very summit of the spire all last summer,—the last thirty feet of ascent to which was outside; a series of iron pins in the masonry affording the men the only means of communicating with this fragile-looking eyre.

The Cathedral is open on the east, north, and west sides; the Bishop's Palace and gardens hiding the south side from public view. From the meadow, which thus surrounds the building, a fair view of its light proportions is always to be had. On a moonlight night the appearance of the venerable pile is charming, especially when looking at its north side, deeply plunged in gloom, lit up here and there by silver rays falling upon some delicate tracery, or catching a portion of its richly wrought spire. The west front by daylight is particularly grand. The great window being flanked by two wings, with towers and pinnacles attached. The whole of its vast surface, together with the sides of the tower, 130 feet in height, by upwards of 200 feet in breadth, is covered by intersecting arches which embroider the front from base to summit. The entire length of the fabric is upwards of 450 feet.

The immediate neighbourhood of the Cathedral—the houses in the close, surrounding the green, wear that picturesque look so peculiar to such places. Many of the houses inhabited by the canons and other clergy, belonging to the Church, are very ancient. Two, especially, will arrest the lover of the picturesque; one called the King's House, said to have been a residence of King Richard III., and still later, of Charles

II. It is evidently of very ancient date ; and from its size and architectural beauty must have been a mansion of some importance. Close to this is another, called "The Wardrobe," as it was supposed to have been attached to the King's House for that purpose.

THE CITY OF SALISBURY.

A feature which at once attracts the notice of the visitor to this venerable cathedral-town is the abundance of water which flows through its streets. Beside every pavement is a channel, varying from a foot to four or five in breadth, through which courses a crystal-looking stream. This water is let in by flood-gates from the river Avon, upon which Salisbury is situated, and, after threading the streets in every direction, it again returns to it. The citizens dub their city, for this reason, 'The English Venice;' but ducks, instead of gondolas, move upon its waters. The most astounding fact connected with these water-courses, is that in many of the streets they form the only outlet for the *house-drains* ; so that the sewerage of the town, diluted, it is true, is left open and exposed in every street. No wonder that the cholera made such a fearful onslaught on the inhabitants in its last visitation. It must also be evident that the whole city is only just on a level with the river, and is, consequently, damp and comparatively unhealthy. Singular that the hill-city should come to sit down among the waters. Old Sarum certainly, in point of health, had the best of it. In old times fearful floods used to occur here. "This new city," says one of the historians, "is not altogether void of some great hindrances now and then by water ; for in the second of King Edward (who held a parliament here) there was a sudden thaw after a great frost, which caused the waters so fast to rise at even, at high mass time, that the water came into the minster, and not only overflowed the nether part of the same, but came up all to the king's pavase, where he sate, whereby he became wetshod, and in the end inforced to leave the church, as the executor did his mass, lest they should all have been drowned ; and this rage indured there for the space of two days, where-upon no service could be said in the said minster."

These floods now no longer affect the city in this manner ; and the people attribute the exemption to the forming of those very channels, supposed to have been cut in 1338 ; and by the sluices, constructed to irrigate the meadows on the banks of the Avon.

The city of Salisbury sprung up immediately upon the erection of its Cathedral. Henry III. granted a charter to it, we find, in 1227, or before the completion of the Minster ; and in all probability the city was originally laid out pretty much in the manner we find it now. We are informed that reference is made in ancient deeds to several of the streets now existing ; for instance,—Butcher-row is spoken of in 1287 ; Castle-street in 1326 ; Gigonc, or Gigant-street, and Wyne-mand-street in 1334 ; and the Poultry-cross, and New-street in 1335 ; together with many others in

later yet still ancient deeds. But Salisbury has that ancient aspect which cannot be mistaken. The streets are collections of gable ends ; the houses possess a feature, however, which is only common to Marlborough, Devizes, and other towns of the same county. The walls are ornamented with red tiles, some arranged in patterns, which gives a very Dutch appearance to the streets.

It is built in squares, or chequers ; and between the different blocks of houses, the courts and open spaces (which one sees through the different passages as one does in Paris), must tend to render it as healthy as its situation will allow it to be. The city is divided into three parishes, named after their churches,—St. Martin's, St. Thomas's, and St. Edmund's. Neither of these edifices possess any architectural beauty. Among the more interesting relics of antiquity possessed by the city, is the Halle of John Halle, a relic not only interesting in an architectural point of view, but because it testifies to the importance of Salisbury, in a commercial point of view, at an early date.

The "Halle" is situated in the street called the Canal, and is a large apartment, enclosed in a modern fronted house. The Hall, once formed the refectory to a mansion belonging to a merchant of the city, and it is supposed to have been erected at the latter end of the seventeenth century. The dimensions are very noble, and down one side of it runs a range of windows of the Tudor style, enriched with stained glass, and devices having reference to the builder. In one of these windows there is a most singular effigy of the merchant himself, habited in a rich dress, and holding in one hand the banner of Edward V. (heir-apparent to the throne), and with the other grasping his dagger as though swearing fealty to the dynasty. The dress of the figures shows that the merchants of that period were "brave," indeed, in their attire. The shoes are of the reign of Richard II., the long toes being fastened to the knees by chains. This John Halle appears to have been a merchant of the Staple in the time of Edward IV. ; and it is said, that in conjunction with another merchant he bought all the wool of Salisbury plains. Be that as it may, it is certain that this banqueting-room, with its noble timber roof, must have formed part of a princely establishment ; and the wool trade must have been in a very flourishing condition to allow the merchants of old in Salisbury to live so magnificently.

Another interesting building is the Poultry Cross, erected in the early part of the fourteenth century. It is much mutilated, only the lower portion now remaining, which is of hexagonal form, and sufficiently spacious to allow of the Poultry Market being held under it. Anciently it rose in three tiers, a canopy, and cross ; but a sundial now take the place of the Catholic emblem. It must, judging from what remains, have been a very handsome erection. Of old, there were two other crosses in the city, at which time this one was called the chief cross. Salisbury is full of examples of domestic architecture, but we would par-

ticularly draw attention to a house in the High-street, that is supposed to have served the purpose of a hostelry for pilgrims visiting the Cathedral in the Roman Catholic times. The outside is adorned with two windows of remarkable shape, and a large doorway (much carving upon the lintels of which is still observable) gives access to the court surrounded by galleries, and "ins-and-outs," having the most picturesque appearance. At a still later date it was used as a resort for gallants; and in the reign of Charles II. Mr. Pepy's slept in it one night in 1668, and records in his Diary "a silken bed and very good diet," for which he had to pay an exorbitant price however, which, as was usually the case under such circumstances, made the worthy gentleman "mad."

The charitable institutions of Salisbury, like those of most other cities, are numerous. It has no less than seven hospitals for the maintenance of old men and women. The city workhouse is the remains of an ancient monastic establishment, and has many points about it of interest to the antiquary. Portions of the ancient refectory are yet distinctly to be traced. In the immediate neighbourhood of Salisbury there is more, perhaps, to attract the attention of the stranger than in the city itself—if we except its Cathedral. At a distance of three miles only stands Wilton House, the seat of the Earl of Pembroke. This noble mansion, which is placed in the midst of a magnificently wooded park, was built by Inigo Jones, after the design of Holbein, and is classical in its style. The interior is as richly furnished with all the gems of art as the exterior is princely and commanding. The gallery of pictures is an admirable one; and the hall is filled with

suits of armour and curious weapons, not the manufacture of yesterday, nor bought in Wardour-street, but the veritable trophies of war worn by the owner's warlike ancestor, the first Earl of Pembroke, and founder of the family. These coats of mail were won, moreover, from no ignoble foes, and in no doubtful skirmish; they were the trophies of the hard-fought fight of St. Quentin, and those wearing them were the Constable de Bourbon, the Duc de Montpensier, the Duke de Longueville, and it is supposed the Admiral Coligny—the noble earl, as he paces his hall, might view with a pardonable pride these old pieces of rusty iron ennobled by such associations. Besides the treasures of art and the trophies of war which adorn this princely residence, the place possesses one charm which the scholar and the poet can only fully appreciate. In the mansion which preceded it the 'Arcadia' was written—in these broad-walks, walked and mused the spirit of chivalry, the gentle poet and the heroic soldier, Sir Philip Sidney.

Close at hand is the new church of Wilton, lately erected by Mr. Sidney Herbert, which has become so celebrated throughout the island. This splendid edifice is in the Lombardian style, having its tower standing distinct from the building—or, at least, only connected by an open corridor. Whatever munificence could command, or genius and taste execute, has been accomplished in this beautiful building, whose interior is without doubt the most gorgeous of any similar building in the country. The profusion of the variegated marbles with which it is adorned, the beautiful execution of its twisted pillars and mosaics, and the charming effects of light, and shade, and colour, pro-



6.—STONEHENGE.

duce an effect which dazzles and enchants the eye of the spectator, who has been accustomed all his life to the whitewash that disfigures our parish churches and cathedrals.

About fourteen miles from Salisbury might be seen all that is left of Fonthill Abbey, the gorgeous palace erected by the daring and extraordinary Beckford. It remained in ruins a long time after the fall of its tower in 1825, but the park has lately been purchased by the Marquis of Westminster, who is building a family seat for himself where there once stood this plaything of genius.

Stourhead, the seat of Sir H. Hoare, with its magnificent collection of pictures, is not very far from Salisbury; and Longleat, the seat of the Marquis of Bath, is in the county. Wardour Castle, the residence of the Earl of Arundel, is only sixteen miles from Salisbury, and is well worthy of a visit for the treasures of art it contains. Neither should Longford Castle be forgotten, the seat of the Earl of Radnor, a triangular stronghold built in the year 1591.

There is one small portion of wall, overgrown with ivy, within two miles of the city, which is a remnant of a building more interesting than any we have mentioned, and with which our early history is much associated. This wall is all that remains of the Royal Palace of Clarendon, so famous as the place where the Constitutions of Clarendon were devised, which served as the first barrier against the claims of secular jurisdiction in the island by the see of Rome. The Palace, which extended 700 feet from east to west, was built

soon after the Conquest, and was much resorted to by the English kings from the twelfth to the middle of the fifteenth century. Edward the First, with his whole court, visited this palace, and remained in it during the course of a pestilence which raged in the metropolis in 1357. On this occasion he was accompanied by two other kings—the royal prisoners John of France and David of Scotland. The foundations of the building were traced in 1821, and the floors of several of the apartments, paved with Anglo-Norman tiles, were discovered in an excellent state of preservation.

The most extraordinary spot of the ‘Hill country of the Giants,’ as the neighbourhood of Salisbury is not inaptly called, is the world-famous Stonehenge—that gigantic puzzle wrought in stone, which a remote age has left upon the fair plain for us moderns to wonder and guess at. This Druidical Temple, as it is commonly called, is situated about two miles from Amesbury, and about ten from Salisbury, upon the Downs. It consists of two circles, which include in their wide necklaces two ovals forming the sanctum, in the centre of which is an altar-stone, supposed to have borne the sacred fire. The great circle consisted originally of thirty stones, of which seventeen only now remain. The upright stones are about twenty feet in height, seven feet in breadth, and three feet in thickness; these bear others placed at right angles over them and secured by tenons and mortices. This circle, measures 300 feet in diameter; about eight feet within this one runs the second circle, composed of more regular-shaped stones, and much smaller in size.



7.—CHICHESTER CATHEDRAL.

The first oval is composed of stones of a very large size, rising gradually in height from east to west; the second one being formed by stones not more than six feet in height. Outside of these circles are several stones of large size, scattered at intervals; one of which is of the immense circumference of twenty-four feet. The entire number of stones has been variously estimated at from 129 to 140. The various conjec-

tures made relative to this famous temple would fill a respectable sized volume, some of which are absurd enough; Inigo Jones, for instance, who ought to have known better, would have it that it was the remains of a *Roman Temple of the Tuscan order*; and another writer, who has only lately given his hypothesis to the world, tells us that, with other stones and ancient tumuli in the neighbourhood, it represents the *Solar System*.

CHICHESTER.

THE CATHEDRAL.

The Cathedral of Chichester is one among the many churches in this district built during the transition from the Norman to the early English style of architecture. Although not large, it has several points of interest, and some features which are not to be found in any other in the kingdom. It is built in the form of a double cross, and at the present time its appearance is more picturesque than complete. The entire length from east to west is 411 feet, and its breadth at the transepts 131 feet; whilst the tower and spire rise to a height of 271 feet. The spire was built at the same time as that of Salisbury, and is very nearly a counterpart of it, both in height, form, and decoration. The west face of the Cathedral presents a very singular appearance. It was originally constructed with a gable between two towers, capped with pinnacles, the north-western of which was destroyed during the civil wars. The irregularity caused by this mutilation seems further increased by the presence of a bell-tower, situated wholly distinct from the church, close to its crippled corner. This addition of a campanile is unique, we believe, for the time in England. The style of the Cathedral in the exterior is early English, with Anglo-Norman windows here and there, testifying to the ancient style in which some portions of it were built. (Cut, No. 7.)

The see was originally situated at Selsey, from which place it was removed by order of the Conqueror in 1072. It is believed that a monastery occupied the site of the Cathedral at the time of the transfer of the see; and this belief receives some corroboration from the presence of a Saxon arch in the north transept. Be that as it might, however, the first Cathedral was founded in 1108. This building was speedily destroyed by fire, and a second structure arose upon its ruins, built by Bishop Ralph, in the Norman style, in 1123. This structure was also destined to suffer mutilation by fire in 1187, but in a few years it was almost rebuilt by Bishop Seffrid, who adopted the pointed style, which came in about this period, in his restorations, which accounts for the mixture we find in some portions of this edifice.

Directly we enter the nave we become aware of an architectural arrangement which is, we believe peculiar

to this Cathedral—there are extra side aisles on either hand. These are additions to the original fabric, made in the time of Henry III., for the purpose of affording room for side chapels, in which this building was at one time very rich. The arches which form the nave are eight in number on either side. The shafts are flanked with half-columns, and crowned with cushion capitals, the effect of which is simple and solemn in the extreme; beyond these the pillars of the double aisles, touched with light and shade, have an admirable effect, and give a feeling of space to this portion of the building which is peculiar to it.

The windows in the west end have lately been filled with very rich stained glass, representing passages from Scripture admirably executed. The stained glass windows, indeed, throughout this cathedral, nearly all of which have been introduced of late years, are excellent in design and colour. There is this peculiarity also about them—the greater portions are the gifts of individuals, and erected as testimonies of Divine “mercies,” or as monuments to the memory of relatives. We nowhere remember, indeed, to have seen the offerings of individuals contribute to such an extent in the decoration of any fabric, as they do in this Cathedral.

There are several very beautiful monuments in the side aisle from the hand of the great Flaxman; the most beautiful of which is that to the memory of William Collins, the poet, a native of this city. He is represented in relief, reading the New Testament, the “best book,” as he termed it, whilst his own ‘Ode to the Passions,’ lies neglected at his feet; and there is an epitaph below, said to be the joint production of Hayley and Sargeant.

In these aisles there are tombs to members of the Arundel family, and many stones containing the matrices of monumental brasses. In Roman Catholic times this kind of tomb must have been very common here, for we find no less than fifty yet remaining, but despoiled of their metal-work. Passing into the south transept, the visitor stops for a moment to admire the proportions of the beautiful window lately restored here. He is not a little astonished also to see the east and west walls covered with oil paintings, the greater portion of which were the work of Theodore Bernardi, and were the gift of Bishop Shur-

borne, who was a munificent benefactor to this church in the early part of the sixteenth century. The most prominent of these are two historical pictures commemorating two events connected with the history of this church. The first represents the foundation of the see at Selsey in 680. St. Wilfrid and his monks are ranged on one side of the picture, and Ceadwalla, the King of the West Saxons, on the other; and the meaning of this interview is made known to the spectator by the very primitive method of putting books into the hands of the saint and the king. That of the former bearing this inscription: "Give to the servants of God a place of habitation for the sake of God," whilst the latter gives this brief answer, "Be it as thou desirest." The second picture represents Bishop Shurborne petitioning Henry VIII. for a confirmation of the charter granted by Ceadwalla, the action of the picture being represented in the same manner. These pictures are respectably drawn and coloured, and afford curious examples of ancient costume. Below these pictures is a series of portraits of the Bishops, from St. Wilfrid to George Fox, the last prelate of the Catholic faith. These portraits all wear a remarkable family likeness, as do the portraits of the Kings by the same hand on the opposite wall. These have been continued to a very recent date by other painters. In this transept is the shrine of St. Richard, a prelate who died in 1253, and at whose tomb it is stated many miracles were wrought. It was in the olden times a great resort of pilgrims, and a very considerable source of income to the church. It would appear that King Edward I. paid a visit to this tomb in 1297, from the following extract from his wardrobe account, still preserved: "May 26th. To Walter Lovel, the harper of Chichester, whom the king found playing the harp before the tomb of St. Richard, in the Cathedral, six shillings and eight pence."

The north transept has long been used as the parish church of Subdeanery, but a new church is now built for that parish, and the transept will speedily be thrown open again as of old.

Before leaving the transept, however, we must not forget a curious apartment over the south porch, which is now used as the Consistory Court. This apartment is reached by a flight of circular stone steps. It is perhaps the most modern addition to the Cathedral, having been built in the time of Henry VI. Here it is said many Lollards were tried, and perhaps tortured. The chair in which the judge sat is still pointed out, and the visitor is strongly reminded of the times of old as the verger throws open a concealed sliding panel, and shows him another apartment, of which the enormous bolt and lock that forms the fastening would indicate that it served the purpose of a prison.

Passing up the south choir aisle, we find on the wall two very curious basso-relievos, which are most certainly of Saxon date. The first represents the Raising of Lazarus from the dead; the other, Mary and Martha before Christ: they were discovered behind the stalls when repairs were being made in 1829, and are supposed

to have been brought from the old cathedral of Selsey in 1072. They are singularly rude and ugly, much reminding one of the men and women children drawn upon slates.

Passing into the Presbytery, we find ourselves in the most beautiful part of the Cathedral. Here we find clustered Purbeck marble columns of the most beautiful proportions, and pointed arches inclosed within round-headed ones, showing that this portion of the Cathedral was built whilst the early English style was beginning to be substituted for the Norman. The ornaments of the Triforium and of the east end are in the most charming taste, and evince the thorough knowledge of beauty of line possessed by the architects of the period. The Presbytery is full of marble tombs of the bishops of the see.

The Lady Chapel is entirely spoilt in its proportions by a partition which cuts off a space from it, called the ante-room. In this ante-room the vaulting of the ceiling is still carved with an arabesque work of scrolls and flowers. The entire vaulting of the church was ornamented in the same manner by Bishop Shurborne, but it was scraped off a few years ago, and this small portion only remains to show what labour our forefathers bestowed upon the decorations of the house of God.

The Lady Chapel itself has long been converted into a library. It contains some very curious relics, which are pointed out to the visitor. These relics were taken out of two ancient tombs, which stood under the choir arches, in 1830, and which contained the bodies of two Bishops, who had slumbered in peace at least 500 years. When these tombs were opened, the mouldering dust was found still enveloped in sumptuous dresses. The pastoral staves, chalices, patens, and rings, belonging to these ancient rulers of the church, were found lying beside them, in an excellent state of preservation. One of the pastoral staves or crooks is made of jet, or some such substance, enriched with gold, and has quite a dandy look about it. The chalices are of exquisite form and workmanship, and of the same pattern as those the more tasteful Puseyites use at the present day. The rings are too precious to be exposed, it appears, and are therefore kept at the deanery. Among these curious specimens of workmanship, there is a leaden cross, found in the grave of Bishop Godfrey, and inscribed with an absolution, for what sin committed we know not. This inscription is in Latin, and translates thus—

"We absolve thee, Bishop Godfrey, in the place of St. Peter, the chief of the apostles, to whom God gave the power of binding and loosing, as far as thy accusation requires, and the right of remission belongeth to us. May the Divine Almighty Redeemer, the benign Forgiver of all thy sins, be thy salvation. *Amen.*"

"The Seventh of the Calends of October, on the Festival of St. Firminus, bishop and martyr, Godfrey, Bishop of Chichester, died; it was then the fifth day of the moon."

The choir is entered, as we return, through the oratory of Bishop Arundel, built in the fifteenth century. The stalls are curiously carved, and are supposed to have been executed in the time of Henry VII. We cannot commend the adornment of the wood work which has lately taken place. The old oak is far preferable to the painting and gilding with which it has been covered. We understand, however, that with the other restorations now going on in the Cathedral, this portion will be restored to its primitive condition.

The cloisters are built in the later style of gothic, and enclose a small space on the south side of the Cathedral, called the Paradise. Some of the windows have been made "comfortable" by the addition of glass. The passage to the church from the houses of the canons in the immediate neighbourhood, is doubtless made less draughty than it was heretofore by this process, but it testifies also to the fact, that there is no disposition to self-mortification among the officiating clergy, whatever liking they might have to other mediæval restorations.

THE CITY.

The city of Chichester does not afford the visitor many points of interest. It is divided, as most old cities are, into four streets, cutting each other at right angles, and called respectively North, South, East,

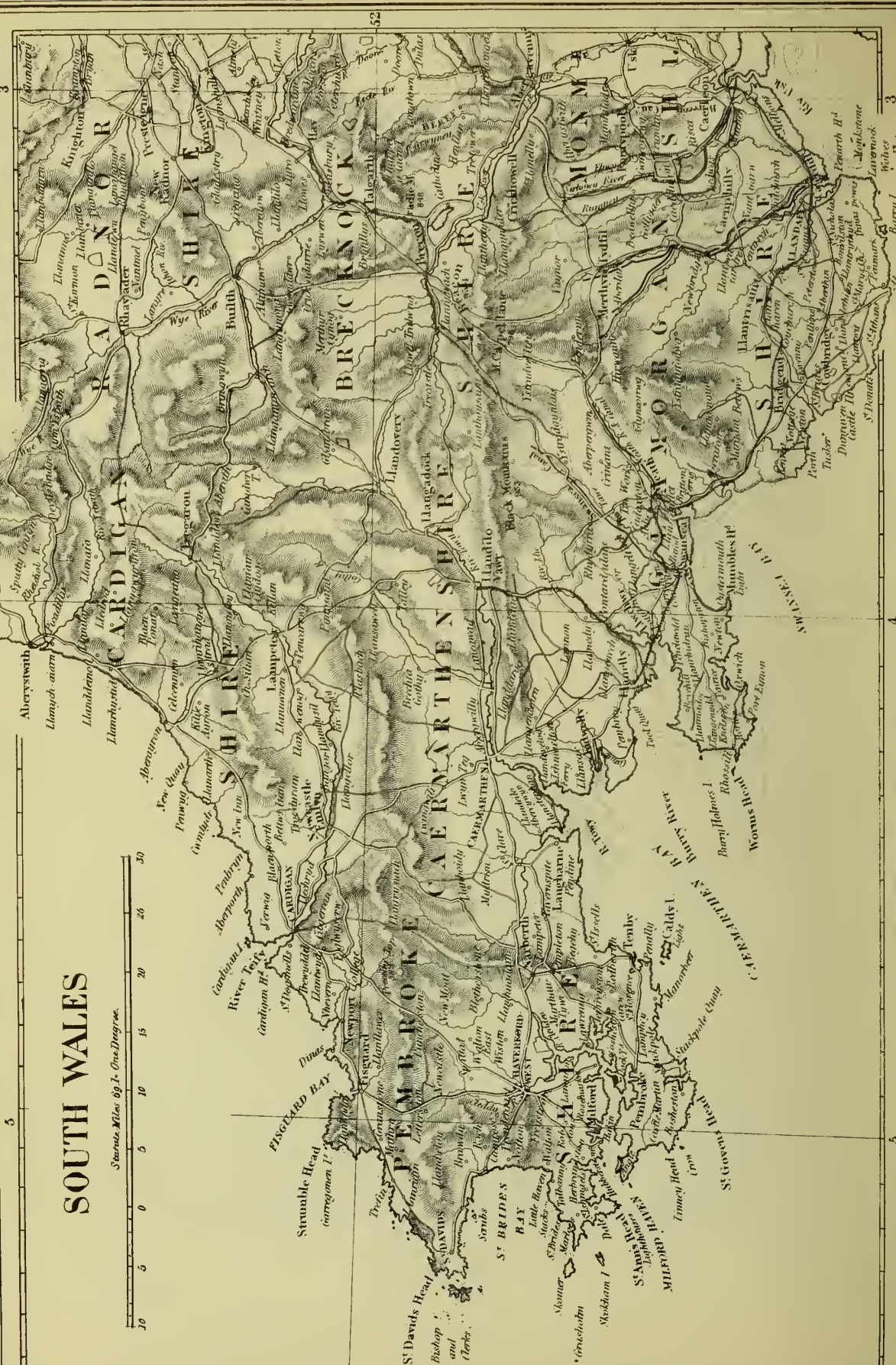
and West Streets. In the centre of those four great thoroughfares stands the High Cross, built in 1500 by Bishop Storey. There are few market crosses in the kingdom that have a more imposing appearance than this structure, which has been kept in an excellent state of repair. Its vaulting is supported by a central pillar, and by a series of arches octagonal in form, and highly ornamented with coats of arms and other ornaments. (Cut, No. 8.) Chichester was at one time fortified, much of the old wall now remains, and is turned into a walk on the western side, from which a beautiful view of the Cathedral is attainable. Waller took the city in 1642, when the defences of the city were destroyed. Chichester is one of the county towns (Lewes being the other), and contains at the present time a population of about 10,000 persons. Situated in the midst of a great grazing district, which is, however, becoming converted into arable year by year; its markets are always well attended, and on the days on which they are held the town looks a thriving and populous place. On other occasions it seems, like most of the smaller cathedral cities, to fall into a dormant state, not very attractive to those accustomed to live amidst the busy hum of men.

Goodwood House, the splendid seat of the Duke of Richmond, is not very far distant, and forms one of the chief sources of interest to the strangers visiting these parts.



8.—CHICHESTER CROSS.

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SOUTH WALES AND ITS MINERAL WEALTH.

SOUTH WALES stands out in boldly-marked contrast with the northern half of the principality. No one thinks of associating North Wales with scenes of smoke and manufactures, of canals and docks, of colliers and sailors. We remember Llangollen with its 'Jenny Joneses,' real and lyrical. We have associations connected with the Lake of Bala, and the Devil's Bridge, and Snowdon, and Plinlimmon; with the little cathedrals of Bangor and St. Asaph, and the large castles of Conway and Caernarvon.

Not that North Wales, however, is quite without its claims to our attention in an industrial point of view. There is a small bed of mineral treasure in Flintshire, which is 'gradually drawing around it a population of miners and workmen; there are the magnificent slate quarries near Bangor, scarcely paralleled in any other part of Great Britain; there are a few veins of copper in Anglesea and other spots; and there are the magnificent creations of Telford and Stephenson, the Menai and Britannia bridges. On the other hand, South Wales is not sparingly enriched with scenes of beauty, such as the painter, the poet, and the naturalist will ever love to contemplate. But, instituting a broad comparison between the two sections of the principality, there can be no question that their natural and social characteristics differ widely. South Wales is abundantly rich in iron and coal; North Wales contains very little of either. South Wales smelts more copper than any other district in the world; North Wales presents very little smelting. South Wales has canals, and docks, and harbours, such as would do credit to commercial England; North Wales has but recently commenced works of this description. South Wales has in many parts a thickly congregated population; North Wales is in every part very thinly inhabited. Lastly; South Wales will become much more rapidly *Anglicised* (whether for good or evil) than North Wales, arising out of the busy commercial intercourse maintained across the Severn.

In accordance, therefore, with these characteristics, the reader must here be prepared for a larger proportion of details relating to industry and commerce, than claimed his attention in the papers relating to North Wales. (Vol iii., pp. 319 to 380.)

GENERAL GLANCE AT SOUTH WALES.

South Wales comprises the six southernmost counties of the principality, — Radnor, Cardigan, Brecknock, Glamorgan, Caermarthen, and Pembroke. Of these, Cardigan, Pembroke, Caermarthen, and Glamorgan border the sea-coast; while Radnor and Brecknock are wholly inland. Cardigan borders the Irish Sea; Caermarthen and Glamorgan face the Bristol Channel;

while Pembroke, occupying the south-west angle of the principality, presents a coast-line to both those seas or channels.

It may be well to take a rapid preliminary glance over all these six counties, to prepare us for the details which follow.

Radnorshire is broader in the north than in the south, with the peninsular portion wedging downwards between Brecknock and Hereford counties. It is a very hilly county, and contains only a small number of towns with which Englishmen are at all familiar, — New Radnor, Presteign, Knighton, and Rhayadry, are the four which present themselves principally for notice; and we can imagine that many Englishmen of fair average intelligence, would make but a sorry guess at the locality of those towns. The beautiful river Wye forms the southern boundary of the county for a considerable distance. The circumstance which most prevents this county from being forgotten by tourists, is, that the main road from Herefordshire to Plinlimmon and Aberystwith passes through it, taking New Radnor and Rhayadry in its way. Of the mountains and hills, that group which obtains the name of the Forest of Radnor rises to a height of more than 3000 feet, mostly with gently curved summits. As in many other cases, those pedestrians who dive farthest into the recesses away from the high-road, find scenes which most deserve the homage of the pencil; the beautiful little lakes of Radnorshire—Llyn Gwyn, Llyn Llanilin, Llyn Bychlyn, and many others—are highly extolled by those who best know them. There are no canals, and as the rivers are not navigable, nor the mineral treasures extensive, we may be prepared to expect that this county makes little boast in respect to manufactures and commerce; the industry is chiefly agricultural, and the roads are only just sufficiently good and numerous for the produce to be brought from the producers to the consumers. Radnorshire is, however, rich in one particular; it contains more mineral springs than all the rest of South Wales together. These waters are some saline, some sulphureous, and some chalybeate; and there is a sprinkling of summer visitors to "drink the waters."

Cardiganshire presents somewhat a crescent-form; the inner curve being formed by the coast line, and the outer by the land boundary. The graceful bend of Cardigan Bay limits the county on the west; while six counties bound it landward. More than half of the surface may be considered tolerably flat; but the eastern portion rises to a very hilly country, of which Plinlimmon is the most notable feature. This fine mountain is close to the borders of Montgomeryshire, and belongs nearly as much to North as to South Wales. The county is a little more rich than Radnor

in towns with whose names we are familiar; for it contains Cardigan, Aberystwith, Lampeter, Newcastle-Emlyn, and Tregaron. As to the Ysphyty-Ystwyths, the Llanvihangel-y-Creiddyns, the Tai-hirion-y-rhas, and such like, their very names look like a hopeless problem to an English eye, and sound quite as formidable to an English ear. The River Dovey bounds the county on the north, and the Teivy forms the southern boundary; while the chief streams of the interior are the Ystwith and the Rheidol, which enter the sea nearly close together at Aberystwith. The delightful situation of this town is sketched in Cut, No. 1. It is a distinguishing feature of this county, that many chains of hills spring from the bold knot of which Plinlimmon is the centre, and extend in various directions, passing down by the sides of the rivers; or, to speak more accordantly with physical geography, ranges of hills cut up the country into a number of valleys, and the rivers flow through these valleys to the sea. The mountains are more rugged and dreary than those of Radnorshire: but they contain numerous lakes of great beauty; and the river scenes of the Teivy, the Ystwith, and the Aëron presents much charming variety. Geologically considered, Cardigan is a slaty county, and produces excellent slate and stone. Lead, silver, copper, and zinc are met with among the very ancient geological formations; and the mining for these products constitutes the most prominent department of industry in the county. Cardigan produces wool of such excellent felting quality, that most of the cheap common hats worn in South Wales are made in this county. Dairy husbandry and fishing are the two next important employments; and the three or four small ports of the county export the minerals which constitute its chief wealth.

Brecknockshire is a somewhat wedge-shaped county, wide in the south and narrow in the north. It is, as we have said, wholly inland, being bounded by the counties of Cardigan, Caermarthen, Glamorgan, Monmouth, Hereford, and Radnor. Of towns which (to use the test we have before applied) are at all familiarly known in England, we can only enumerate Brecon, Crickhowell, Hay, and Builth: nearly all the rest are villages with unpronounceable Welsh names. The county is rather singularly divided by mountain groups. If we draw a line from south-east to north-west through the centre of the county, we mark out a valley, along which runs the river Usk, a considerable portion of the Monmouthshire canal, and the mail-road towards Cardigan and the coast. It may be pretty safely assumed, when we thus find a river, a canal, and a coach-road nearly close together for many miles, that they pass through a valley bounded on either side by mountains or hills. Such is the case in the present instance. About midway between the Usk and Glamorganshire is the hilly region called the Black Mountains, from which small streams run southward to that county, and northward to the valley of the Usk; while farther north are the Eppynt Hills, whence streams flow southward to the Usk. Other

mountain knots separate valley districts, through which flow the rivers Clarwen, Irvon, and Llynvi — all of which find their way into the Wye, at the north-east margin of the county. Brecknockshire illustrates the importance which mineral formations have upon the population; the northern part of the county consists of rocks, which are capable of very little useful application; there we find the population scanty; while in the southern parts of the county, where iron and coal are found at an available depth beneath the surface, population is rapidly increasing, and railways and canals are being formed. This southern district partakes in the mineral wealth of the two neighbouring counties, Glamorgan and Monmouth: the mineral beds being found under the boundaries of all three.

Glamorganshire is, however, the richest county in the whole principality: no other possesses so much iron, so much coal, so many ports whence those products may be shipped, or so many smelting-works. The eastern portion forms a compact area, nearly equal in length and breadth; but the western is a narrow irregular strip. There are mountains along the northern margin, of nearly the whole length of the county; spurs or offsets spring from these mountains towards the south; and in the valleys included between these offsets flow the rivers which water the county. First we have the Rumney, forming the entire boundary between the shires of Glamorgan and Monmouth; next comes the Taff, which, with its various small tributaries, flows from the rich mineral districts of Merthyr and Aberdare, and terminates at Cardiff,—to this succeed various small rivers which find their way into the Bristol Channel, westward of Cardiff; then the Avon—one of the many Avons which our island contains—flowing through a mining district, and finding its exit at the rising port of Aberavon in Port Talbot; then the Neath, which traverses a valley that marks the county, and ends at the port of the same name; next the Tawe, which meets the sea at the important town of Swansea; and lastly, the Loughor and the Burry, which together form the boundary between Glamorgan and Caermarthen counties. There is one particular mountain in the northern part of the county, called Carn Moisy, from near which rivers radiate in various directions—south-east, south, and south-west; so that this, the eastern section of the county, may be likened to a fan, of which the mountain forms the joint or hinge, while Cardiff and Neath form the two extremities of the curve. The northern half of this section of the county is an alternation of mountains and valleys, while the southern half is tolerably flat. The western section is very nearly divided into three portions: one, by the Neath, the Dulais, the Tawe, and Swansea Bay; another by the Tawe, the Loughor, and the Burry; and a third, constituting the peninsula of Gower, by the Burry, Swansea Bay, and the Bristol Channel. The more southern part of the county—southward of Caerphilly, Llantrisant, and Bridgend—is called the Vale (or more correctly Plain) of Glamorgan, and is one of the most luxuriant and fruitful parts of the

principality. The original British name of the county, from which the Romans derived the name of *Siluria* (applied to Glamorganshire and a district eastward of it) is said to have meant *beautiful or lovely aspect*; and there are numberless proofs that the name is not ill applied. Besides the richness of the soil, the climate is so genial that many delicate plants live and flourish here in the open air which require the best care of the horticulturist in most other parts of Great Britain. As to the mineral wealth of Glamorganshire, we shall presently have to speak of it somewhat in detail.

Caermarthenshire presents a tolerably regular form. It is separated into two oblong sections by the river Towy, which runs from north-east to south-west through the county, passing through or near the towns of Llandovery, Llangadock, Llandeilo-Vawr, and Caermarthen, into Swansea Bay. In the southernmost of the two oblong sections there are several mountain groups, of which the Caermarthenshire Van is the most conspicuous; and from these groups spring many small rivers which flow into the Towy, the Loughor, or Caermarthen Bay. The northern and largest section contains scarcely any towns whose names are familiar to ordinary readers, except Caermarthen: they are all 'Llans' or 'Abers,' or 'Pen-ys,' or 'Eglwys,' of awful length and guttural hardness. This section is separated in the north from Cardiganshire by the river Teivy; and the small streams with which it is watered mostly find their way into Caermarthen Bay, which forms one of the finest basins on the northern shore of the Bristol Channel. The south-eastern part of Glamorganshire is included in the great coal and iron tract of South Wales, which finds its chief commercial outlet (so far as this county is concerned) at Llanelly, on the northern shore of the wide estuary of the Burry.

Pembrokeshire, as we have said, occupies the south-west corner of Wales, and presents a great extent of rugged sea-coast. Indeed three-fourths of its entire boundary is sea-ward; so that it forms a true peninsula. And this peninsula is itself marked out by smaller peninsulas; since there are so many bays and river estuaries, that the coast is separated into several jutting headlands and peninsulas. For instance, beginning at the north, between the rivers Teivy and Nevern is a barren sort of peninsula; between Newport Bay and Fisguard Bay is the little headland of Dinas; from thence to Pwllerochen Bay we pass over a hilly peninsula; then comes the bold peninsula of St. David's, jutting out between the bay last named and St. Bride's Bay; from thence to Milford Haven we pass St. Bride's peninsula; and from the inner recesses of this haven to Caermarthen Bay is so short a distance, that the southern portion of the county is nearly cut off from the rest, and forms an elongated peninsula, which includes the towns of Tenby and Pembroke. The county can scarcely be called mountainous, there being only a few scattered groups in different parts. The coast-line being so irregular, the courses of the rivers become very tortuous—inasmuch that it would be a

matter of some difficulty to describe the lines followed by them. Milford Haven, however, (a general sketch of which is given in Cut, No. 2,) constitutes the recipient of most of them, which are connected with it almost as picturesque as the branches of a tree with its trunk. In a mineral point of view, Pembrokeshire contains what may perhaps be termed the outlying fragments of the geology of South Wales generally; it partakes a little of the slate and stone of the counties northward of it, and the coal and iron of the counties farther eastward.

Such, then, is a bird's-eye view of South Wales. But what of *Monmouthshire*? Is this in Wales or in England? Political geography says the latter; but all other evidence points to the former. The great iron and coal-works at Nant-y-glo, at Ebbw Vale, at Tredegar, at Sirhowy, at Bute, at Rumney, at Aber-sychan, at Pontypool,—these all belong to the South Wales mineral field. And the Llantilios, the Llan-thewys, the Pont-rhyddys, the Mynyddyslwyns—how much more eloquently these speak of Wales than of England! The language of the country people, too, and the tall black Welsh hats worn by the women, and the annual Welsh festivals held at the Monmouthshire town of Abergavenny,—all tell us that, let parliaments and law-makers say what they will, *Monmouthshire ought to be in Wales*: the Bristol Channel *ought to be the line of division between Wales and England*. At any rate for the purposes of this paper, we shall not scruple to rank Monmouthshire as a seventh county of South Wales. This county is, then, bounded on the south or south-east by the Bristol Channel, on the east by Gloucestershire, on the north by Herefordshire, on the north-west by Brecknockshire, and on the west by Glamorganshire. The Usk, flowing in an irregular north and south direction through the county, divides it into two unequal parts. The Wye waters its eastern edge, and the Rumney its western; while the face of the county, especially in the western half, is furrowed by valleys, through which flow the Ebbw, the Sirhowy, the Sychan, and other small streams from the mineral districts. In the regions around Chepstow, Monmouth, Usk, Abergavenny—in fact in two thirds of the county, there are but few mining or commercial operations going on; but in a narrow strip on the western border, mines, collieries, iron-works, tram-ways, and canals are very thickly congregated, all directed towards Newport, as the spot where the mineral treasures of the county find an exit. If we would have proof that Monmouthshire contains great mineral riches, we need only watch the commercial proceedings of the rising town of Newport, which is almost entirely concerned in shipping the produce from the north-west part of the county.

EXTENT AND OPERATIONS OF THE MINING DISTRICT.

South Wales, then, with which we here include Monmouthshire, is the scene of a very extensive and



1.—ABERYSTWITH.

important series of mining and manufacturing operations. But it is not the whole of South Wales which thus belongs to the mining district. Indeed, it is scarcely more than one-fourth which is thus characterised. If we look at a map of the principality, geologically coloured, we find that the whole of the counties of Radnor and Cardigan are beyond the limits of the South Wales coal-field—being occupied chiefly by the slates of the Silurian system; that by far the greater portion of the counties of Pembroke, Caermarthen, and Brecknock are similarly situated; and that the mineral riches are chiefly to be found in Glamorganshire and Monmouthshire. In the former especially, we find a black patch in our geological map, somewhat of an oval shape, extending east and west, from about Pontypool to a little beyond Llanelli—say a mean length of about seventy miles, with a width from north to south of about twenty. This is the *coal-field* of South Wales, where coal and iron are met with at different distances beneath the surface. A few detached patches of the coal-field extend beyond the limits of the main body, and make their appearance towards the south-west corner of Wales, in the counties of Caermarthen and Pembroke. Around the edge of the coal-field is a narrow strip of limestone; beyond this is the old red sandstone: and this sandstone forms the chief stratum of the north-east part of South Wales, while the north-west part is chiefly occupied by the silurian slates. The south-west corner, jagged by the sea, presents a number of different formations, in very close proximity; showing evidences of having undergone more disturbance than the strata further northward and eastward.

Speaking generally, we may say that over the coal-field district the population is chiefly mining and

manufacturing; while over the other districts it is almost wholly agricultural. If we begin at Pontypool and trace a line by Risca, Penttyrch, Llanharry, Taibach, Llanelli, to Kidwelly, near Caermarthen Bay, we mark out the southern boundary of the main coal-field; while a route from Pontypool to Nant-y-glo, Sirhowy, Merthyr Tydvil, Hirwain, and Llandeibie marks the northern boundary. Within these limits are included nearly the whole of the county of Glamorgan. The area of the whole district is roughly estimated at about 1,400 square miles. In some parts, especially near the borders of the mineral-field, the coal and iron appear nearly at the surface; while in others they lie at a depth of many hundred yards. At one spot, near Neath, coal has been traced to a depth of more than one-third of a mile—too deep to be profitably worked. It has been estimated by Sir H. de la Beche, on data which it would be difficult to convey to non-geological readers, that the average thickness of the whole mineral system is not much less than 10,000 feet! This is not meant to imply that mineral treasures lie imbedded throughout this enormous thickness, but that the depth between the uppermost and the lowermost strata is of this amount. Between the two, various strata of clay, earth, and stone are intermixed among beds of coal and ironstone. At three different depths the coal presents three different qualities, which form different *coal-measures*, as they are called. These are the *white-ash*, the *brown-ash*, and the *red-ash* coal-measures; each includes a large number of veins of coal, from one to ten feet in thickness; while between the coal-measures, and interspersed among the coal-veins of each measure, are layers or beds of ironstone, varying from one inch to ten inches in thickness. The whole thickness of all the strata of coal united is esti-



2.—MILFORD HAVEN.

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mated in round numbers at about 100 feet; and if this were the average throughout the whole 1,400 square miles, it would give about 20,000,000 tons of coals per annum for the next 2,000 years! If this be even a mere approach to the truth, we are relieved from any immediate anxiety in respect to food for our fireplaces and furnaces. We are not aware whether any estimate has been made of the quantity of iron-stone in the South Wales district; but in various spots it has been found that about 100 inches of thickness occurs in 100 yards of depth; and it is known that the average ore or iron-stone, when washed before being calcined, contains about thirty-five per cent. of iron.

Such are the materials on which the colliers and the miners are employed; and those employments resemble, in their chief features, the analogous labours elsewhere. The swarthy colliers dig the coal, bring it up to the surface, and deposit it in the canal-barges or railway-trucks, which are so numerous in South Wales. These barges and trucks bring the coal to Newport, to Cardiff, to Porthcawl, to Port Talbot, to Neath, to Swansea, to Loughor, or to Llanelly; and at those ports shipped for England, for Ireland, or for foreign countries. The immense quantity of coal used in the iron smelting-works is generally procured in or near the same pits which yield the iron-ore.

In respect to the iron-mining and working, however, the operations are much more extensive. Coal, when once raised, undergoes no manufacture: it is used in its natural state. Not so iron ore, or iron-stone. This is a combination of iron with numerous earthy substances; the iron is of no practical use until these earthy accompaniments have been removed; and this removal cannot be effected without the aid of fierce heat and many complicated operations. Hence the smelting of iron occupies more time, attention, labour, and capital than the mere raising it from the hidden depths where it has been buried. In the mining operations, a horizontal gallery or tunnel is cut in the side of a hill, or a perpendicular shaft is sunk, according to the position in which the iron-stone is supposed to lie; and when this preparatory working has laid bare the object of search, the pick and the shovel commence their operations; and the dirt-coloured stony substance is loosened, shovelled into baskets, and raised to the mouth of the mine. So bulky is this material, and of so small money value per ton, that the smelters generally contrive to have the smelting-works as near as possible to the mine, in order to save the expense of carriage; and as the same reasoning applies to the coal so largely employed in smelting, and to the lime which also takes part in that operation, we see a reason why the great works of South Wales combine mining and manufacturing operations on so gigantic a scale.

We shall shortly have to describe some of those notable establishments; but we may here follow the manufacturing history of a piece of iron, from the state of a piece of crude ore, to that of a bar or a casting. This history is much the same, whether in South Wales or

in any other iron district; and presents a strange compound of dirt, heat, grandeur, and power. The operations are not easily forgotten, when once seen; especially is a night visit memorable, when the dark sky seems to be inflamed by the lights from so many furnaces, and when the huge tips of slag-heaps loom out so fitfully as the red and yellow light is thrown upon them.

The smelting of iron requires two preparatory operations—bestowed upon the coal and the iron-stone. The iron-stone cannot be melted or reduced without the heat from coal; and when melted, it cannot be made to yield up its iron without the addition of lime, which acts chemically as a flux. The coal must be converted into *coke*; for the sulphur and other substances contained in coal would disenable it from acting properly in the smelting process. The coking may be effected in either of two ways: by the use of kilns, or by building up heaps in the open air, and then firing them. One ton of coals will produce from seven to eleven hundred weights of coke, according to the quality; and the process requires a period of twelve or fourteen days.

The iron-stone is so hard, and its component ingredients are so bound up together, that it is not fitted for the smelting process until it has been *roasted*. The smelter breaks down the power of his materials, before he finally moulds them to his purposes: he divides in order that he may conquer. The iron-stone, besides iron, stone, and hard clay, contains sulphur, arsenic, manganese, and other substances; and these must be expelled before the ore is fitted to be thrown into the furnace. This is the purpose of the roasting process. The ore is broken into small pieces, and stratified with small or refuse pit-coal until a large heap is formed; the heap is set on fire, either in the open air or in a kiln; and by the time the coal has all burned away, the arsenic and other matters will have become volatilized and dissipated, and the ore will consist only of earthy matters and oxide of iron. To remove these earths and the oxygen of the oxide is the object of smelting; and both coal and limestone are necessary to this. It is not always that lime is the flux employed; sometimes clay is substituted. There must always be *both* to ensure the proper smelting. If the ore is argillaceous or clayey, lime must be added; if it be calcareous or chalky, clay must be added. The coal takes up the oxygen of the oxide, and dissipates: the lime and the clay unite, and form an earthy refuse; and the iron is separated in its metallic state. Such is the philosophy of iron-smelting, compressed into a few words.

We now visit the furnaces. Or rather, it will be better to wait till the mighty operations at Dowlais come under notice; and we will therefore here merely suppose the iron-stone, the lime, and the coke to have been exposed to an intense heat, and the iron to have flowed out in the form of crude *pig-metal*. Although the grandest operations are those connected with the blast furnaces, the subsequent processes by which the iron is

brought to a finished form, occupy much more space, require much more buildings and apparatus, and employ a much larger number of men. The crude iron requires to be *refined*, before it is fit for anything. This refining consists in mixing the iron with coal, melting it in a furnace of peculiar form, exposing it for two hours to a fierce heat urged by a powerful blast, drawing it off into moulds which give it the form of large slabs, and suddenly dashing it with cold water. Carbon and oxygen are driven from the iron by this series of processes; and it is in this sense that it has become refined. The refineries, or refining furnaces, have bulky square chimneys twenty or thirty feet in height; and when ranged in considerable number they form a conspicuous feature in some of the great works. To convert this *pig-iron* into *wrought* iron, is the labour which distinguishes the South Wales works from all others; for in no other place are the forges or mills of such vast extent and power. Let the reader conceive an extensive, dimly-lighted building, roofed and floored with iron, studded here and there with furnaces, provided in various spots with machinery of the most ponderous description, the darkness relieved by the vivid glow of white hot masses of metal moving about hither and thither, and this glow itself having a sooty hue imparted to it by the smoke—and he has before him what, at such works, is called the *mill*: that is, the place where wrought iron is made. The blast furnaces and the refining furnaces we have already spoken of; but those in the mill are the puddling and the balling furnaces. The puddling furnaces are vault-shaped brick structures, in which the iron, broken by sledge-hammers from the state of refined slabs, is once again heated and melted; it is stirred about for many hours, (awful work for the puddlers, who have to stand before open doors while using the long iron stirring-rod); and the effect of this stirring, aided by the admission of air, is to convert the liquid iron into a thick dough-like substance. The contents of each furnace are divided by the stirring-rod into five portions, called balls. Each ball is seized with a huge pair of tongs by a man, dragged from the furnace along the floor of the mill to the squeezer, and placed between the jaws of this tremendous instrument. A squeeze is a very indefinite thing, varying from rough to pleasant according to circumstances: in this case it is both rough and ready. The fiery ball of iron is placed upon a kind of slab or anvil, and a weighty iron level or arm comes down quietly but irresistibly upon it—not with a blow, but with a genuine squeeze. All the dross is effectually squeezed out of the mass by this operation, and the ball is brought to the form of an ingot or bar about two feet long by four inches square. This piece, while still red-hot, is drawn repeatedly through rollers, until it is elongated to thrice its former length and reduced to one-third of its thickness.

Such is the nature and operation of the puddling process, by which all that is not wanted is energetically squeezed out of the iron. Next we come to the

balling furnaces (a very unmeaning name, by the way). The puddled bars, while yet hot, are cut into pieces about two feet long; and when these pieces have cooled, they are built up in piles, several in height, and placed in the balling furnaces, which are shaped not much unlike the puddling furnaces. The iron is not melted this time; but it is brought to an intensely white heat; and each pile of bars, called a bloom, is dragged from its furnace, placed between two rollers, and drawn repeatedly through or between them until it has assumed the form of a railway bar, a square bar, a cylindrical rod, or any one of the many forms which bar-iron is made to assume. The bloom sometimes weighs as much as four hundredweight, and yet it is wielded about by one man, in being passed through the rollers. The wonderful *Nasmyth's Hammer*, of which one of the largest specimens in the world is at the Dowlais works, is some times used for the same object as the squeezers—to bring the balls into the form of long masses: opinions differ, we believe, as to whether the blow or the squeeze is the most effective for this duty; but when the blow does come, with this hammer of six tons weight, it is literally one of the most crushing processes which our manufacturing arts exhibit. In the making of railway bars, the bloom passes eight or nine times between the rollers before it is brought to the proper thickness and shape. And it is subsequently brought to the proper state by cutting into accurate lengths, filing at the cut ends, and straightening throughout.

Iron casting is not conducted on such a vast scale in South Wales as in Staffordshire; the operations being more frequently limited to wrought iron. When, however, castings are made, as at the fine establishment of Cyfarthfa, the liquid iron is poured into moulds formed in sand, and solidifies into the desired shape. The iron is purified and refined before it is fit for casting; and the moulds are prepared with great care.

THE NORTH-EAST DISTRICTS.

In taking a rapid run through the manufacturing parts of South Wales, we suppose the reader to cross the Severn or the Bristol Channel, and to set foot at Chepstow or Newport. The eastern part of Monmouthshire we touch not: it has already been treated by an able hand in a former volume (vol. i., p. 242; *THE WYE*). As we approach towards the Glamorganshire border, the towns gradually assume a mining and manufacturing aspect. Usk presents no such appearance. Situated on the river of the same name, near the centre of the county, it is a small, clean, pretty, ancient town; with good salmon and trout fishing for the disciples of Izaak Walton, and Roman antiquities for the archæologists. Going on towards the south-west, we come to *Abergavenny*, a town possessing almost as lovely a situation as any in Wales; it stands at the head of a beautiful vale, and is nearly surrounded with graceful mountains. In accordance with the usual meaning of the Welsh *Aber* (signifying a confluence or junction), the name of this

town is derived from the junction of the small river Gavenny with the Usk. The once noble castle is gone, but the fine priory church still exists, though deformed by the 'restorations' of tasteless improvers. Most of the perriwigs of the beaux of past ages, we are told, were made at Abergavenny; and there is still a manufacture of coarse woollen goods. Mr. Cliffe, in his well-written "Book of South Wales," says:—"The establishment of the Abergavenny Cymreigyddion Society in 1832, for the purpose of continuing, on an important scale, the ancient *Bardic Festivals*, has been very beneficial to the town and neighbourhood in several respects. The objects of the Society are expansive, and embrace not merely the cultivation of national historical studies, traditions, and music, but the encouragement of native manufactures, rural economy, &c.; for which end, prizes and rewards are given, varying in value from one to ninety guineas, and including several harps. There are many Cymreigyddion Societies in Wales; but this is the only one of practical utility, with the exception of a Society of more recent origin in North Wales . . . A great impetus has been given to the manufacture of Welsh woollens and hats by the Cymreigyddion—a name which means a Society of Welshmen, although it numbers many English members. A hall, capable of holding two thousand persons, has been built, chiefly for the use of the Society. The annual congress is held in October, and is of course a great event. The procession on these occasions is rendered national by attention to costume, and extends for a mile; the meeting lasts two days."

A little farther on the same road, we cross the boundary, and find ourselves in Wales political as well as Wales national. We enter Brecknockshire, and speedily arrive at Crickhowel. The river Usk is here a pleasant stream flowing in a valley between mountains or lofty hills. One of these mountains is the Sugar Loaf or Pen-y-val, about equidistant from Abergavenny and Crickhowel; it is a favourite spot for excursionists, as from the summit (1856 feet high) a wide range of beautiful prospects can be obtained. The Holy Mountain, or Scyrryd Vawr, not far from the same spot, is another lofty eminence, more rugged than the former. Crickhowel is a clean, pretty town, much resorted to by anglers, and much admired for the views obtained from it of the mountains of Breannog, Darren, Llanwenarth, Bloreng, and Myarth. Of the once beautiful castle of Crickhowel, inhabited by Anglo-Norman families in the twelfth and following centuries, nothing remains but a small group of ruins and a mount called the Castle tump. Smollett, in his "Humphrey Clinker," speaks of the Crickhowel flannels; but the manufacture has been discontinued at that town, where, however, paper and shoes are made, and near which a little iron and coal are met with.

Advancing still onward in the same direction, towards the north-west, we come to Brecon, the chief town of the county, and placed nearly in its centre. It is quite as much distinguished for valley scenery as Crick-

howel, for it stands at the confluence of the Honddŷ and the Tarrell with the Usk. There are no less than five bridges over these several streams at Brecon. These streams and bridges, the mills on the banks of the streams, the ivy-covered ruins of the ancient castle, the turret and gateway of the ancient priory, and the mountain scenery southward of the town—all combine to make Brecon a very pleasant spot. The castle in which the union of the Houses of York and Lancaster is said to have been projected, has wholly disappeared except a few fragments, and a hotel has been built on a part of the site—not much to the satisfaction of archaeologists. The Benedictine priory, dedicated to St. John the Evangelist, and founded in the reign of Henry I. has not approached so near extinction; there are portions left of the gateway and outer walls; there are some outbuildings (now used as a farm-house), and the priory-chapel now forms the parish church of St. John. There is sufficient visible yet to show that this venerable structure had all the characteristics of a fine cruciform church in the early English style, with nave, chancel, transept, central tower, screen, and rood-loft; but it has been so altered to adapt it to the wants of a modern congregation, and (perhaps we may say) to the taste of tasteless churchwardens, that it exhibits very little of its original features. The Priory-house, an ancient mansion on the site of the priory, gave a night's rest to Charles I. after the battle of Naseby, and a night's rest also to George IV., on his return from Ireland. Brecon is the seat of the College of Christchurch, which, established in another part of Wales in the fourteenth century, was removed to this town by Henry VIII., who gave to it the revenues of the suppressed monastery of St. Nicholas. It is a collegiate establishment, from the Grammar School of which young men were formerly admitted into holy orders without graduating at either of the Universities; but this important privilege has been withdrawn since the establishment of St. David's College at Lampeter.

Continuing our route nearly in the same direction as before, that is, somewhat to the north of westward, we come to the limits of Brecknockshire, and enter the county of Caermarthen. We meet with nothing but Welsh villages and Welsh mountain-scenery on the way. Southward of us is a region as rugged as any to be met with in South Wales; it is furrowed with mountains and valleys stretching nearly in a north and south direction, and watered by rivers, some of which flow northward into the Usk, and others southward into the Glamorganshire rivers. There is, in fact, a chain of mountains running across the county from east to west, and forming a water-shed between two systems of valleys. This chain, which obtains the general name of the Black Mountains, begins in the west in a lofty mountain whose two summits are called the Caermarthenshire Van or Beacons, on the confines of the two counties; and it ends on the borders of Monmouthshire, near Crickhowel. The two peaks of the Van are in the two counties, one in each, and are about 2500 feet high; they form very conspicuous objects from

every side, on account of the remarkable relation which they bear one to another. But it is at a spot about ten miles eastward of the Van, that the Black Mountains attain their greatest elevation. The Brecknockshire Van or Beacons, the Bannan Brecheiniog, the Cader Arthur, are the various names of this elevated spot, which rises to a height of about 2900 feet, the highest in South Wales, though lower than some of the elevations in North Wales. Under the southern declivity of the highest peak is a small lake, called Llyn Cwm Lyweh, which is the source of the small river Tarrell. The Caernarthenshire Van has a similar small lake near the summit, which forms the source of the river Usk. That portion of the Black Mountains which lies eastward of the Brecknockshire Van belongs chiefly to the limestone formation, and is of less elevation than the western portion. Nearer to the Glamorganshire border are the high, steep, and barren hills which mark the northern outcrop of the great iron and coal district; and throughout this part of the country the scenery is stern, the roads rugged, the villages few, and the population scanty.

Northward of the main road through the county, is another group of mountains, the Eppynt, near which is the lofty ridge of Mynydd Mawr. These mountains stretch across from Cardiganshire to Radnorshire, where they are stopped by the river Wye; and they thus cut off in a singular manner the northern part of Brecknockshire from the rest of the county. This northern part is still more thinly inhabited, and is still less traversed by roads, than the extreme south of the county; its barren hills are only available as summer pastures for sheep. Of the towns which stand on the Wye, at the north-eastern margin of the county, such as Hay and Builth, we here say nothing; they scarcely belong to our present district.

If, instead of leaving Brecon by the western route into Caernarthenshire, we turn towards the north, we shall find our road crossing the eastern part of the Eppynt Hills into Radnorshire, which county it joins close to the town of Builth; or if we take the route from Hereford, we enter this county on its eastern margin. Radnorshire is so far beyond the limits of the mineral field, which is here the chief object of our attention, that we can give it but a hasty notice. Instead of having a particular chain of mountains in a definite direction, this county has groups scattered irregularly over nearly the whole of the surface. There is, however, an approach towards a line of mountains along the south-east side, another along the north-east side, and another along the north-west; leaving a kind of hollow basin in the centre of the county, where the rivers Ithon, Cymaron, Clywedog, and others meet. Various portions of these mountains obtain the names of Radnor Forest, Clas Hill, and Cwm Toyddwr Hills. The forest of Radnor is the loftiest mountain district in the county, and attains a height of nearly three thousand feet. Of the towns, Rhayadry belongs to the Wye valley. Presteign, close upon Herefordshire (indeed part of the parish is in the latter county) is

prettily situated in the midst of a fertile vale surrounded by hills, of which some are richly wooded. Woollens and flannels used to be manufactured in the town; but malt is now the chief product of the place. Knighton, also situated near the Herefordshire border, has the Welsh name of Trev-y-Clawdd, signifying the town upon the dyke. It stands close to the stupendous rampart called Offa's Dyke, which the king of the Mercians raised as a line of separation between his own dominions and Wales. The town has a fine situation on an eminence on the south bank of the river Tewe, and at the head of a sheltered and well-timbered vale. New Radnor has sadly fallen from its once palmy condition. Its Welsh name (the Welsh names are always expressive) is Maes-Yred, which is said to mean 'the imbibing meadow,' and to be derived from the circumstance of the little river Somergil sinking into the earth in the vicinity of the town, and following a subterranean course for some distance. There was a strong castle in the town, belonging to the Mortimers; and this castle was the scene of many stirring conflicts in early time; but it was taken and destroyed by Owen Glendower (Owain Glyndwr) in 1401, and the town seems to have fallen into insignificance from that time. Henry VIII. made it the county town for some time; but this privilege has since been transferred to Presteign; and New Radnor is now very little more than an agricultural village.

MERTHYR, AND THE DOWLAIS IRON-WORKS.

Let us now direct our steps southward; and especially to that comparatively small area of country which, lying near the junction of the three counties of Monmouth, Brecknock, and Glamorgan, is the chief source of the mineral wealth of South Wales. First and greatest, then, let us look at Merthyr.

Merthyr Tydvil is certainly one of the most remarkable towns in the kingdom. It is not only figuratively but literally true, that Merthyr has not had time to wash itself, to dress itself, to provide the outward decencies and put on the outward attractions which our towns generally try to exhibit. It has grown too fast; and like all too rapid growths, the increase shows itself in one particular direction, and not proportionably in all. The various elements which form society have not grown by equal steps; there is very little that can be called a middle class, to create those multitudinous buildings and institutions and usages which depend more upon the middle class than upon the higher or the lower.

The name of Merthyr Tydvil had a pretty origin, whether truly told or not. The county tradition tells us that in the fifth century Tydvil, or Tydfyl, daughter of Brychan, Prince of Brycheiniog in this county, was regarded as a merthyr or martyr. A band of Saxons and Irish Picts, attacked the castle of the prince, and slaughtered him, his son, and his daughter. From some circumstances which do not appear to have been recorded, the maiden became more famed than her father or brother; and a church was built near the

scene of slaughter, and dedicated to Tydvil the Martyr, or Merthyr Tydvil.

Merthyr continued till the middle of the last century to be an obscure village, noticed only in Welsh annals as containing an ancient border fortress, called Morlais Castle. This fortress, having been the scene of many a contest between the lords of Glamorgan and Brecknock, was demolished by the parliamentary forces during the seventeenth century. There is a curious journal, said to be kept by the incumbent of the parish, which contains an entry of an equally extraordinary and undesirable character. It appears that the first congregation of dissenters known to have assembled in Wales established a chapel at Merthyr in 1620; and these dissenters, not satisfied with ordinary freedom of conscience, were in the habit of entering the parish church in a body, during the performance of Divine service, and forcibly wresting the Book of Common Prayer from the hands of the officiating minister; and when he ascended the pulpit to preach, a dissenting preacher would climb up into one of the yew trees in the churchyard, and commence an address to his followers. Whatever may have been the cause of these unseemly tumults, dissenting chapels are now very numerous in Merthyr and in most parts of Wales, and form quite a distinctive feature both in the buildings and the society of the principality.

There seem to have been slight indications that iron-mines were wrought on a small scale near Merthyr many generations past; and it is known that charcoal-iron was made at the beginning of the last century, in a furnace where the Pen-y-darren works now stand. But it was about the middle of the century that the sudden start in prosperity occurred. Mr. Anthony Bacon obtained, at a rental of only £200 per annum, a lease, for ninety-nine years of a mining district near Merthyr, extending eight miles in length by four in breadth. He established the works at Cyfarthfa; and during the American war he supplied the Government with iron guns. He afterwards made a singular contract with a Mr. Homfray, by which the latter was to lease the works, and to take all the coal and iron he might want at certain fixed prices. This lease passed into the hands of Mr. Tanner, and then to Mr. Crawshay. Mr. Homfray afterwards established the Pen-y-darren works, and with Mr. Crawshay planned and constructed the canal from Merthyr to Cardiff. This canal gave an amazing impetus to the industry of the district, on account of the facilities thereby afforded for the export of iron and coal. After the death of Mr. Bacon, various changes were made in the ownership of the various iron-works which had become established in the district; and they have now settled down into four or five establishments of great magnitude, at which the mass of the inhabitants are employed. These works are the Dowlais (Sir John Guest & Co.), the Cyfarthfa (Messrs. Crawshay), the Plymouth (Messrs. Hill), the Pen-y-Darren (Messrs. Thompson), the Hirwain (Messrs. Crawshay), and two or three of smaller rank.

No place can illustrate the general character of the mining district better than Merthyr. We ascend the valley of the Taff from Cardiff; and when we reach the point where the Morlais enters the Taff, we find ourselves in the heart of a hilly region. Here Merthyr stands; for it is here that the mineral riches come near the surface. From the southern limit of this extraordinary town, to the farther extremity of Dowlais, is nearly two miles and a half; and the whole of this distance is inhabited by persons exclusively, or almost exclusively, dependent on the vast iron-works of the district. The lowest part of the town is about five hundred feet above Cardiff; and the highest part of Dowlais is five hundred feet higher still; so that this second distance of five hundred feet represents the degree of ascent through the town. Such a town might be kept very clean, if proper means were set to work. Is there not justification for a little reproof of the wealthy men who possess the great works of this neighbourhood, that not one yard of sewer or drain exists in this town of forty thousand inhabitants? And the lamps in the streets, and the paving of the roads, and the sweeping of the mud, and the supplying of water—there is so little to say that is creditable on these subjects, in respect to the present state of Merthyr, that we gladly escape it altogether. Happily, we have a Health of Towns' Act; and the provisions of this Act are about to be extended to Merthyr.

There are four entrances to the Merthyr district: the busy route up the valley of the Taff from the south; the dreary mountain-route from Brecon on the north; the little less dreary road from Swansea on the west; and the Abergavenny road on the east. But whichever we take, the town presents nearly the same appearance—rows of poor houses on either side of dirty streets. Here we find, on a height, the lordly residence of the chief owner of the Dowlais works—there, the 'Castle' of the Cyfarthfa magnate—at another place the mansion of the Pen-y-darren proprietor—and so of one or two others; but all else is coal and iron, dirt and smoke. Better it is not to see Merthyr itself by daylight: go at night, when the mountain-fires throw around the whole scene a rough grandeur not to be paralleled in any other part of our island. The Merthyr men are proud of their town at night, but not by day.

We will now glance rapidly at the Dowlais works, the most celebrated in Wales.

After toiling up the steep street from Lower Merthyr to Dowlais, we find vast works on both sides of the road—furnaces of every size and shape, and vast bodies of smoke wreathing up the mountain sides. The Dowlais Company, of which Sir John Guest is the chief partner, own a vast tract of country, where they mine their own coal, iron, and limestone, and cast them into the huge furnaces which yield the molten iron. It is such a combination of resources that gives magnitude to these establishments. There has been constructed, within the last few years, a second or subsidiary set of buildings at Dowlais, on the northern

or left-hand side of the high road ; and these, together with the older or more southern works, contain no fewer than 18 blast-furnaces, 77 puddling-furnaces, and 66 balling-furnaces, making 161 furnaces in all, besides refining-furnaces or refineries. Unless in very busy times, some of these furnaces are out of work ; but when fully employed, they give occupation to the enormous number of 6,000 persons !—a number not equalled by any other iron-work in the world. About 1,000 tons of coal per day are used at the works.

The spot of ground at these works where fourteen blast furnaces are ranged side by side in semicircle is the most striking of the whole, and to which there is nothing like a parallel in any district, or even in any country. Around the furnaces, on the outside of the semicircle, are large mounds of cinders or slag, which form a platform nearly on a level with the top of the furnaces ; but *within* the semicircle, the spectator stands on a level with the bottom of the furnaces, and looks up at those vast erections. They are brick structures about fifty feet in height, of great diameter ; and day and night, from one year's end to another, they are filled from bottom to top with fiercely burning materials. The materials are supplied near the top ; while at the bottom are openings through which the molten metal flows out.

We must mount to the platform, or upper level, to watch the commencement of the works. To this platform the ironstone, the coal, and the limestone are brought by railways, which converge at this spot from the mountain districts on all sides. Here are the kilns in which the ore is roasted or calcined, to drive off the sulphur—a process which fills the air around, and the lungs of the calciners, with sulphur. Into the large jaws of the blast-furnace these, and all the other materials, are thrown. The iron ore is combined with a little ore from other districts, to impart a combination of qualities ; and to these the coal and limestone are added. Day after day are these substances poured into the four doors which open near the top of each furnace, to supply the void which is occasioned by the drawing forth of the melted metal nearly fifty feet below. What a spectacle it is when, one of these doors being opened, the men wheel a carriage filled with material to the burning cavity ! The heat is such as no one but those initiated can encounter ; and the precipitation of the coal or iron into the fearful cauldron can hardly be watched without a shudder. From all the four doors of all the fourteen furnaces the flame and heat shoot forth fearfully—or, more correctly, the flame is seen through the doors.

Descending to the lower platform, it is interesting to notice the blast pipe, which, acting precisely as the common domestic bellows, maintains a fierce heat within the furnace. In most parts of England and Scotland the hot blast is used in iron works, by which much fuel is economized and time saved ; but as the Welsh coal is well adapted for smelting, it is used at the Welsh works with the cold blast. There are pipes placed between and around the furnaces near the lower part,

in such fashion that the nozzles or ends of the pipes enter each furnace at three apertures ; and steam-engines of enormous power impel a blast with irresistible force through the pipes into the furnaces. Thus the operations go on—coal and ore and limestone are hurled in from above ; air is forced in from below ; and the fiery monster thus continues, even for thirty or forty years uninterruptedly, working out his gigantic chemical processes. At stated intervals, when sufficient molten iron has collected at the bottom of the furnace, the furnace is *tapped* at the bottom, and the brilliant stream rushes out, to fill up certain channels made in the earthen or sandy platform to receive it.

The processes which the iron undergoes after this preliminary smelting have been briefly noticed in a former page ; where also has been given a sketch of the buildings appropriated to those structures. We will therefore leave Merthyr Dowlais, and pass the Plymouth and Pen-y-Darren works, which present similar features to Dowlais, but on a much smaller scale. We cannot, however, quit this remarkable town without quoting a description given by one who spent a Saturday evening at Merthyr, and who knows how much there is to learn of artizan-life on a Saturday evening in a busy town.—"The scene from six to ten o'clock on Saturday evening is one of the most extraordinary I ever witnessed. In this interval, what one might suppose the entire labouring population of Merthyr passes through its crowded market-hall. All are dressed in their Sunday clothing, clean, warm, and comfortable. It is not only the field of supply, but evidently the promenade of the working classes. Every face is smiling ; pleasant greetings and friendly jokes are freely exchanged ; all is happiness. The week's money is in the pocket, and the pleasurable excitement of bargain-driving, in which the Welsh are proficient, goes bravely forward. One division of the market is appropriated to butcher's meat ; another to vegetables ; a third to poultry and butter ; a fourth to dried stores of bacon, cheese, and herrings ; a fifth to apples, eggs, and fruit. Of the first named in this division, judging by the quantities for sale, there must be a large consumption. There are also stalls for every description of hardware and other shop goods. Hatters, drapers, shoemakers, tinmen, ironmongers, and even booksellers, here drive an active and thriving trade. Wandering about amongst these, accompanied with their wives bearing baskets, you see the sallow-faced hollow-eyed firemen (men employed at the hottest part of the iron-works), the noisy colliers, the prudent and saving miners, the jovial Irish labourers—all intent upon business, which they make a pleasure. Vociferous groups of boys, set loose from the works, rudely rush through this motley assembly, to the disturbance of the stocking-men, who with their woollen wares depending from a horizontal stick, half obstruct the way ; and to the annoyance of the red-cloaked, hat-covered women, who pay them back with blows, if active enough to reach them. Outside the market-house are booths and shows, with their

yellow flaming lamps, flaunting pictures, and obstreperous music. Groups of Welsh ballad-singers shouting with stentorian voices, and a row of stalls where the fathers put their boys to shoot for nuts or gingerbread at a wide-mouthed puppet or a well-worn target, complete this lively and striking scene.”—*Correspondent of the Morning Chronicle*.

CYFARTHFA, ABERDARE, AND THE MONMOUTHSHIRE COLLIERIES.

Before we quit the immediate neighbourhood of Merthyr-Tydvil, we must visit the important iron-works of Cyfarthfa, situated at the north-west extremity of that town.

Mr. Crawshay's account of the origin of one of the finest iron-works in the world, and of the rise of the family to which it belongs, is too instructive to be passed over here; we cannot resist the desire to give it in his own words. The Stephensons and the Crawshays are themselves their best biographers. On the 25th of October, 1847, Mr. Crawshay gave a festive entertainment to the persons in his employ; and on that occasion he spoke as follows:—

“I ask not for public life—I never did; my whole object being to enjoy the esteem of those I see before me, and of the men whom I employ,—to know that I enjoy their good-will is my greatest satisfaction. God grant that my sons, at sixty years of age, may receive the same compliment from your successors. My connection with this place is so well understood, that little remains for me to tell you; but if I do describe to you the first part of my grandfather's life, I trust that you will receive it in the way that I intend it. I mean that it should be heard, not by setting suns in the world—but by rising suns. And think not, gentlemen, that I am proud to make a boast of my origin; although I tell these things, and am in one sense proud of them, yet I do not boast of them. My grandfather was the son of a respectable farmer at Normanton, in the county of York. At the age of fifteen, father and son differed; my grandfather could not agree with his father, for reasons unknown to me; and my grandfather, an enterprising boy, left Normanton for London, and rode on his own pony. When he got to London, which in those days was an arduous task of some sixteen or twenty days' travelling, he found himself as destitute of friends as he possibly could be. He sold his pony for fifteen pounds; and during the time that the proceeds of the pony kept him, he found employment at an iron-warehouse, kept by Mr. Bicklewith. His occupation was to clean the counting-house, to put the desks in order for his master and the clerks, and to do anything else that he was told to do. By industry, integrity, and perseverance, he gained his master's favour; and in the course of a few months he was considered decidedly better than the boy who had been there before him. He was termed the Yorkshire boy; and the Yorkshire boy, gentlemen, progressed in his master's favour by his activity, integrity, and perse-

verance. He had a very amiable and good master; and at the end of a very short period, before he had been two years in his place, he stood high in his master's confidence. The trade in which he was engaged was only a cast-iron warehouse; and his master assigned to him, the Yorkshire boy, the privilege of selling flat-irons,—the things with which our shirts are flattened. The washerwomen of London were sharp folks; and when they bought one flat-iron they stole two. Mr. Bicklewith thought the best person to cope with them would be a person working for his own interest, and a Yorkshireman at the same time. My grandfather sold these articles; and that was the first matter of trading that ever he embarked in in his life. By honesty and perseverance he continued to grow in his master's favour, who, being an indolent man, in a few years retired and left my grandfather in possession of this cast-iron business in London. That business was carried on on the very site where I now spend my days,—in York-yard, London. Various vicissitudes in trade took place in the course of time. My grandfather left his business in London, and came down here; and my father, who carried it on, supplied him with money almost as fast as he spent it here—but not quite so fast; and it is there I spend my time in selling the produce of this county,—and you know to what an extent the iron produce of this country has risen up. My grandfather established the iron-works at Cyfarthfa; he was only left three-eighths of it; but by purchase he obtained the whole of it, and by his benevolence I have succeeded to it.”

In quitting the Dowlais works for a visit to the Cyfarthfa, we leave the *largest* in the world for the *finest* in the world; for this we believe is the relative estimate formed of them by competent persons. The general arrangements at Cyfarthfa are more complete than at any other works. The works at Cyfarthfa, Ynysfach, and Hirwain, comprising fifteen blast-furnaces, are all said to belong to one single individual, Mr. William Crawshay—at least, no name but Crawshay is associated with them. More than 50,000 tons of bar-iron are made here annually, and above 800 tons of coal are consumed daily. At Dowlais, steam-engines supply the moving power; but at Cyfarthfa the river Taff is made to give motion, except in dry summer weather, to magnificent water-wheels which move the machinery. The furnaces are perhaps not superior in efficiency to those at Dowlais; but the general plan and localisation of the works are more systematic, effective, and thoughtful for the work-people employed. The castings of huge masses of iron are among the most remarkable products of Cyfarthfa. The *splitting-mill*, by which a rod of iron is at one operation lengthened, widened, thinned, and cut into strips the proper size for nail-rods, is associated with a well-known story told by Coleridge, respecting the rise of the Foley family. An English fiddler discovered the Swedish process, by fiddling his way to Sweden for that purpose.

The Cyfarthfa works, as well as those at Dowlais,

stand on the ridge which separates Glamorganshire from Brecknockshire; and it will be seen by a reference to a map of the iron and coal-works of South Wales, how large and important a number of them lie on or in the immediate vicinity of this dividing ridge. Or, still better, if we extend our glance farther eastward, and include the northern border region of Monmouthshire, we have yet more striking evidence of this local arrangement. Let us, for instance, start from Pontypool, and ascend the valley of the little river Sychan towards the mountains. Here, as we ascend higher and higher, we meet with the Pen-twin iron-works, the British iron-works, the Varteg iron-works, and the Blaen-Avon iron-works. Then, mounting the ridge, and following the mail coach-road from Abergavenny to Merthyr, we find numerous iron-works at the head of small river-valleys. There are the Bryn-mawr and Nant-y-glo works near the head of the Ebbw; the Beaufort, the Ebbw Vale, and the Victoria works at the head of the Ebbw-vawr; the Sirhowy and the Tredegar works at the head of the Sirhowy; and the Rumney works at the head of the Rumney. All these rivers assume such directions as to terminate at or near Newport; and it is thus that Newport has become the outlet for such a large mining district. Still continuing west, we pass Dowlais, Merthyr, Pen-y-darren, and Cyfarthfa, and enter on the high road from Merthyr to Swansea. Here we find the Aberdare and the Hirwain works; which, as well as those of the Merthyr district, are situated near streams which find an outlet at Cardiff instead of Newport.

Aberdare is, if possible, a still more extraordinary place than Merthyr or Dowlais; for the latter have some trace of antiquity, and had begun to rise in the last century; whereas Aberdare was little other than a mere village so late as 1840, though now there are 13,000 inhabitants grouped in and around the town. The people are as iron-bound and coal-bound as any people can be; for those who are not employed on iron and coal for the works, are digging coals for the export colliery trade. There are three Aberdare collieries which send each more than 40,000 tons of coals annually down the Glamorganshire Canal to Cardiff; besides several others of smaller rank. The town has a total absence of everything that can justly be called a handsome building; yet are its streets something cleaner, and its houses somewhat better built, than those of its neighbour Merthyr.

We have said that, of Newport and Cardiff, each is the outlet of a vast amount of mineral wealth. They are both beyond the limits of the mineral field; but one stands near the mouth of the Usk, and the other near that of the Taff, and the valleys of these two rivers form numerous meeting-points with other rivers flowing from the north; so that a large extent of mountain country is drained by streams which enter the sea near these two towns. And this mountain country happens to be that in which the mineral treasures lie nearest the surface. The whole district is a most remarkable one. Bleak, dismal, and sterile

mountains mark the northern limit of the coal-field; they show the line where the limestone crops out from beneath the coal. From these mountains the country is gullied or furrowed with valleys, extending nearly north and south towards the sea. The mountains themselves are limestone, and contain neither iron nor coal; but the iron and coal approach close to the southern slopes, and indeed stretch up those slopes and lie nearly on the surface of the ground. And here, too, the numerous small rivers take their rise; so that we find most of the large iron and coal works to be near the northern limestone limit, and at the heads of the small valleys through which the rivers run towards Newport and Cardiff.

In many of the collieries of South Wales, the *truck system* is prevalent, and the general social position of the colliers is anything but creditable to the proprietors; but the Abercarn colliery, belonging to Sir Benjamin Hall, is interesting, as showing how much good can be effected by a proprietor who studies the comfort of those under his employ. This colliery is one of the numerous group which send their mineral treasures to Newport for shipment. The Abercarn and Gwythŷn collieries, which form pretty nearly one concern, are situated in the picturesque valley of the Ebbw, about eleven miles from Newport. The collieries are placed under the management of a gentleman who travelled into various parts of Europe and America, with a view of introducing all available colliery improvements which might suggest themselves to his mind. The collieries comprise pits of two kinds of coal; the bituminous coal for household purposes and for gas-making, and the strong, durable, anthracite coal for steam engines. Wherever machinery can be employed in the works, it is so; and the operations are conducted with a degree both of quiet and of cleanliness not usual in collieries. This use of machinery, so far from being injurious to the workmen, is part of a system which contributes to their comfort, as well as to the general perfection of the works. All the colliers' houses belong to the proprietor of the works. They are thoroughly drained and sewered (a most rare quality in South Wales), and are built with an attention to domestic comfort far above the usual level of colliers' cottages. There is a public bake-house, with fuel and attendants provided free of charge; public baths and washhouses, also free of charge; a scientific institution and reading-room, to which a very small quarterly payment admits the colliers and their families; and national schools, English and Welsh, sufficient to educate the children of the colliers. The men have a well-managed sick society, under their own control. There is no approach to the *truck system*; and all wages are paid on Fridays, that the weekly purchases of the collier's family may be made on Saturday instead of Sunday morning.

NEWPORT AND CAERLEON.

Such being the relative positions of the mountains,

the valleys, the outcrop of coal and iron, the ports, and the sea, it is no marvel that Newport and Cardiff should have grown rapidly in importance. The Welsh coal is better fitted than most others for use in steam-navigation, and hence one cause of the immense export of coal within the last few years from the two ports just named. The coals sent down the Glamorganshire Canal and the Taff Vale Railway from Aberdare, Merthyr, and other districts of the Taff valley, in 1847 amounted to 514,000 tons. The receipts of coal at Newport in the same year, from the Monmouthshire collieries, amounted to 552,000 tons. But in 1848 the exports from Cardiff rose to the immense amount of 665,000 tons; while those from Newport were 554,000, almost exactly the same as in the preceding year. The details of the export of coals from five ports in the Bristol Channel in 1848 were as follows—

	COASTWISE. Tons.	FOREIGN. Tons.	TOTAL. Tons.
Cardiff . . .	547,000	118,000	665,000
Newport . . .	429,000	125,000	554,000
Swansea . . .	392,000	42,000	434,000
Llanelly . . .	240,000	15,000	255,000
Milford . . .	56,000	1,000	57,000
	<u>1,664,000</u>	<u>301,000</u>	<u>1,965,000</u>

In round numbers, two million tons of coal were exported from South Wales in 1848, besides the immense quantity consumed in the iron and copper works.

The Merthyr coal has been found, by government commissioners appointed to investigate this subject, the best of all South Wales coals for steam-ships; and this circumstance will give an importance to Cardiff over Newport as a place of shipment. In respect to iron, the quantity sent to Newport and Cardiff from the mountain and valley districts rose from 240,000 tons in 1834 to 320,000 in 1843; and in 1850 it will very probably have reached half a million of tons.

Newport and Cardiff are both placed on the line of the South Wales Railway. This railway, at present in the infancy of its traffic, will one day become important. It is to join the Bristol and Gloucester railway near Gloucester, and extend entirely through South Wales to Fisguard in Pembrokeshire, passing through or near the towns of Chepstow, Newport, Cardiff, Bridgend, Port Talbot, Neath, Swansea, Loughor, Llanelly, Caermarthen, Pembroke, and Haverfordwest,—a list of towns which ought ultimately to yield an adequate revenue to the company. But the portion already constructed and now opened extends only from Chepstow to Swansea, a distance of 75 miles. The junction line however from Chepstow to the Gloucester railway, is rapidly approaching completion; and it has lately been determined to proceed with the western part of the line as far as Cardiff. The line is on the broad-gauge, and, like all other parts of that magnificent system, its capabilities in respect to speed and accommodation are great.

Newport and Cardiff, however, are still approached

from the east chiefly by the steam-boats from Bristol, on account of the cheapness of the fares. Every day as tide serves, steamers leave Bristol for both ports, crossing the Bristol Channel a little below the spot where the majestic Severn enters it, and proceeding a little way up the Usk and the Taff respectively. A payment of about two shillings suffices for either voyage.

As we enter the Usk on the voyage to Newport, we pass two or three bends of the river, and speedily find that the town stretches for about a couple of miles along the west-bank, while the east bank exhibits little other than green fields. We scarcely know in any other part of the kingdom an instance in which a large town has crept along one bank of a comparatively narrow river, and left the other bank so entirely untouched and uninhabited as in the present instance. One bridge crosses the Usk near the northern end of the town, forming part of the great mail-coach road from England to Swansea, and a little beyond this is the fine timber bridge which carries the railway over the Usk. The east bank of the river is not absolutely vacant; for there is one coarse pottery work, and one ship-yard; but these are nearly the only interruptions to green fields. This state of things has one advantage, that the inhabitants can leave a busy and somewhat dirty town, and get among the green fields in a very few minutes. For Newport is certainly not among the cleanest of towns. It can scarcely become so, as it is the mouth whence an immense quantity of coal discharges itself to the river side. Railways or tramways are met with in almost every street in the southern half of the town, laid down on the level of the street, and bearing their burdens of coal-trucks at all hours of the day and night. These tramways extend from Newport to the hills in the north-west part of the county, where the collieries are situated; and as Newport is the place of shipment for the whole of them, the arrivals of coal are large and frequent. The tramways have not come to the houses, but the houses to the tramways; for rows of houses, intended chiefly as workmen's and labourers' dwellings, have been built by the side of most of the tramways within the town.

These tramways, as well as the Monmouthshire canal, terminate on the banks of the Usk, at a little below Newport; and here we find the shipping being laden with the mineral produce. A dock has been built near the junction of the canal with the river, and this dock is generally completely filled with ships, receiving their cargoes of coal and iron. The dock was opened in 1842, and a fine ship of 1200 tons passed majestically through it on the day of opening. But the dock can accommodate only a small part of the shipping thus taking in cargoes; and consequently we find that the whole west bank of the river, as far southward as a village or suburb called Pillgwenlly, is occupied by quays, wharfs, staiths, and other appurtenances to a shipping trade. Steamers come here to obtain a supply of coals for their own use; merchant ships come for cargoes to supply to foreign countries; and

coasters take in their cargoes for various ports of England and Wales. Very little is exported from Newport except coal and iron; the imports include the usual variety of goods required for the consumption of a large town. As the tramways cross the whole breadth of the southern half of the town, it will easily be seen that, especially in wet weather, the coal traffic must necessarily render street-cleanliness almost hopeless.

The northern half of the town is, however, less exposed to this carbonaceous visitation, and here we find flagged pavements and a fair sprinkling of good inns and good shops. Westward the town is bounded by an eminence called Stow Hill, wholly to the north of the tramways; and this eminence is a spot for which the inhabitants ought to be thankful. It is high and healthy; and from the picturesque churchyard can be obtained a view, not only down the Usk to the Bristol Channel, but across the Channel to the Somersetshire coast. There is another hill also near Newport, on the east bank of the river, from which can be obtained a complete panorama of views, extensive and beautiful; so that Newport is more favoured in this respect than many of our smoke-enveloped towns.

The antiquary has not much of his favourite food offered to him at Newport. Stow Church and the Castle comprise nearly all. Stow Church, perched on the summit of the hill of the same name, has a good deal of ancient work about it, much of which, however, can hardly be detected among the many alterations it has undergone. There is another church, St. Woolos, whose nave is said to exhibit even Saxon work; but it is well known that Norman has often been mistaken for Saxon, in respect to architectural styles. The Castle stands close to the foot of the bridge: hemmed in, in fact, between the old bridge and the railway-bridge. It is a mere wreck, yet is it worth a visit. It is leased in great part by a brewer, whose vats and butts and mash-tuns occupy vaults and passages once devoted to far other duties. The walls are of vast thickness, and have well nigh defied the attempts of modern workmen to make them yield a little extra space for the brewer's utensils. It is true that we do not want castles in 1851; yet the stern old walls and vaulted roofs seem to frown at these tubs and butts; and the odour of beer does not associate well with thoughts of the feudal magnificence of the Fitzhamons who built the castle eight centuries ago. Feudality has a hard fight of it in these days.

A walk of four miles from Newport introduces us to a group of ruins far more interesting than any which Newport can present. These are at *Caerleon*, at present only a pretty village, but once a place of great importance. The visit is worth remembering for two other reasons—it carries us along a very lovely portion of the valley of the Usk; and it enables us to have a peep at the picturesque house called St. Julian's, half way between Newport and Caerleon; this house was the residence of the famous Lord Herbert of Cherbury, but it is now occupied as a farmhouse. Caerleon was Antonine's *Isca Legionis Secundæ Augustæ*, the

Roman metropolis of Wales. As such, its interest surpasses that of any mere Norman town. The whole neighbourhood is rich in Roman remains: palaces, towers, baths, temples, an amphitheatre, aqueducts, walls—all are believed to have once existed here; and the more excavations are carried on, the more evidence is there afforded of this fact. Some of the principal inhabitants have long been engaged in superintending excavations; and a pretty building has just been erected, to serve as a museum or repository for the coins and other Roman remains found. Some of the results of the researches at Caerleon have recently been published. The amphitheatre, a circular excavation in the middle of a field close to the village, is very conspicuous: and near it are veritable remains of the old city walls.

CAERPHILLY: CARDIFF: LLANDAFF.

As Caerleon may be considered the most venerable remnant of ancient times near Newport, so does Caerphilly maintain a similar position in respect to Cardiff. It lies between Newport and Cardiff, but nearer to the latter than the former. It is now little more than a village; but its fine castle points to a more dignified position in past days. Caerphilly Castle (Cut, No. 3) is one of the finest in Great Britain. It is supposed to have been built about 1270; and it is known to have played a conspicuous part in the contests of the feudal ages. It was besieged about half a century after its construction; and there is said to have been within its walls, preserved as a resource during the siege, "two thousand fat oxen, twelve thousand cows, twenty-five thousand calves, thirty thousand fat sheep, six hundred draught horses, a sufficient number of carts for them, two thousand fat hogs; of salt provisions two hundred beeves, six hundred muttons, one thousand hogs; two hundred tuns of French wine, forty tuns of cider and wine (the produce of the estate), with wheat enough to make bread for two thousand men for four years." Quantities, these, which certainly stretch our belief to the utmost limit. The castle, in the days of its prime, was a most complete structure. It occupies a peninsula at the junction of two small rivers; and had a strong buttressed outer wall on the remaining or land side. Within this wall was a moat, which converted the site on which the castle stood into an island. There were hornworks, bastions, redoubts, towers, barracks, several open courts, drawbridges, portcullised gateways, an armoury, a great hall, state apartments—all on a scale of the first magnitude. The remains still visible of this fine structure are very considerable. The finest is the great hall, 70 feet in length, by 30 in width; it is lighted by four lofty beautiful windows in the decorated style; on one side are the remains of a fire-place of great size and splendour; and around the walls are pilasters, which once supported a groined ceiling; several other apartments, including the armoury and a corridor, can still be traced. Externally the two remaining towers form striking features in the ruins; one



3. —CAERPHILLY CASTLE.

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of them is seventy feet high, and eleven feet out of the perpendicular; and the cause which has given to this Leaning Tower (as it is called) its inclined position has been a matter of as much local speculation as that of the more famous Leaning Tower at Pisa. It is supposed to have been caused by a subterranean explosion near the foot of the tower during the siege.

Caerphilly brings us into Glamorganshire; and at a short distance westward of it we find the Taff—that busy river whose scenery, canal, railway, coals, iron, smoke, miners, colliers, iron-workers, and wealth, have already engaged our attention. The first town we meet with in our way from Caerphilly is Newbridge or Pont-y-Prydd. It is distinguished by a very remarkable bridge, erected under circumstances of great embarrassment by a humble mason, named Edwards; whose perseverance has procured him a notice in the ‘Pursuit of Knowledge under Difficulties.’ Until about thirty years ago Newbridge was a quiet village; but it has now become a centre of manufactures, of which the Treforest Iron-works of Messrs. Crawshay, and the Chain-cable-works of Messrs. Brown and Lenox, are the most notable seats. At twelve or fourteen miles down the Taff from Newbridge, we arrive at Cardiff.

Like Newport, Cardiff is not in a mineral field, but is an outlet for one; like Newport, it is at the southern extremity of a river that flows from the mining district; like Newport, it has a station connected with the South Wales Railway; like Newport, it has steamers which ply daily to Bristol; like Newport, it has docks which are always filled with vessels receiving cargoes of coal and iron; like Newport, its streets are with some difficulty kept free from mud and smoke; and like Newport, its population has increased with astonishing rapidity. Newport has one or two elevated spots, such as Cardiff cannot boast; but Cardiff has a larger number of good streets. The docks are among the most eminently successful in the kingdom. Until they were constructed, there were very inadequate means for transferring the mineral treasures, brought down from the Merthyr district by the Glamorganshire canal and the Taff Vale Railway, to the ships. It occurred to the Marquis of Bute, who is owner of large and valuable estates in this part of Wales, to form docks in a piece of waste ground called Cardiff Moors, southward of the town and between it and the sea. As this part of the coast is very shoally and sandy, it was necessary to cut a deep channel to connect the docks with the sea. An Act was obtained in 1830; and in 1839, after an expenditure of £300,000 to £400,000, the *Bute Docks and Canal* were opened. There is an outer basin, connected with the sea by gates forty-five feet wide, and having an area of an acre and a half, with seventeen feet depth of water at neap-tide. A lock-gate, thirty-six feet wide connects this outer basin with the inner basin or dock: a dock which is generally as closely packed with vessels as those of Hull, which is saying a great deal. This dock is long and narrow,

and terminates northward at the town of Cardiff. Along the quays on both sides shipping operations are incessantly going on; and there is scarcely a yard of vacant quay room. Cardiff is the great shipping port for iron, as we have before said; and much of the iron for the continental railways is shipped here. The dock is 1,450 yards long by 200 wide, and contains 200 acres of water surface; the trains of the Taff Vale Railway come to the quays of the dock at many different points; and the dock will accommodate 300 or 400 vessels at one time.

It is a small matter, perhaps; but when a town can support a two-penny omnibus system, all day long, it is a proof that the people of that town must be a busy, active, bustling population, who measure time by pence, and wish to cover the ground quickly. The three passenger-stations—the steam-packet station, the Taff Vale station, and the South Wales station, are in three parts of the town; and all the hotels lie in or near the line of route from one to the other: an arrangement which renders available a pretty frequent and very cheap plying of omnibusses.

The lower part of the town, near the docks, is comparatively new; and though there is necessarily a great amount of commercial bustle connected with shipping and shipment, yet as the tramways do not cross the inhabited streets, as at Newport, there is less dirt and discomfort. The middle part of the town is perhaps the worst; while the northern, near the castle, contains the best hotels and the best houses and streets. Along the eastern margin of the town runs the Taff Vale Railway, while the western margin is bounded by the Taff river.

Cardiff has its castle as well as Newport; indeed there are almost as many castles as towns in South Wales. Instead of a brewer to mutilate and utilise it, there has been a nobleman to trim it up and preserve it. Yet there is a rude desolate grandeur about some parts of Newport Castle, more striking in its way than that at Cardiff. Cardiff Castle is itself a modern mansion, inhabited by Lord James Stuart, brother of the Marquis of Bute. It occupies one side of the enclosure or court of the original castle. This enclosure it now a beautifully soft carpet of verdure, in the midst of which is the mound whereon the old keep stands. This keep is of octagonal form, about seventy-five feet in diameter, and rises to a sufficient height to command an extensive view. There is a rampart around the greater part of the enclosure; this has been turfed and gravelled, a spiral gravelled path has been formed up the mound on which the keep stands; and the enclosure, the mound, the keep, and the rampart, are liberally and frequently thrown open to the inhabitants of Cardiff. With the exception of the castle, almost the only building in Cardiff which speaks of past days is St. John's Church, the tower of which is one of the finest in Wales.

We have many examples in England of commercial towns gradually eclipsing cathedral towns in all save their cathedrals; but it may be doubted whether there

is any parallel to Cardiff and Llandaff in this respect. Llandaff is now very little more than a village, about two miles from Cardiff; a quiet village in the midst of green fields, away from smoke, iron, coals, and ships, with its small knot of inhabitants buried in the tranquillity of a cathedral spot. It is difficult even to espy this one symbol of its importance; for the cathedral, humble and lowly, stands in the bottom of a hollow, insomuch that, when approaching it from the heart of the village, we look down upon the cathedral instead of up to it. But this looking down is only in a physical sense; he who could look down upon Llandaff Cathedral in any other spirit is not worthy to look at a cathedral at all. The see of Llandaff is said to be the oldest in the kingdom; and the part of the Taff where the cathedral is built was worthily chosen for such a spot, it being one of the most tranquil and quietly beautiful portions of the river, bearing some sort of resemblance to the position of Tintern Abbey on the banks of the Wye. It is supposed that the present cathedral was commenced about 1120, that the nave was finished about 1200, but that the choir was not finished till 1280; it is known also that many additions and alterations were made in later centuries, so that the cathedral displays a considerable variety of styles. Until about the year 1700, the building remained nearly complete; but storms and other disasters subsequently greatly injured it, and there were neither funds enough nor spirit enough to repair the ruins. The south tower fell; and when money was raised to rebuild it, the authorities, about a century ago, built up a sorry 'classical' structure instead, between the venerable nave and the little less venerable choir! After this the nave itself became roofless, and the choir deserted. At the present time a part only of the structure is preserved sufficiently for use as a parish church, while the rest is in ruins; but the dean and chapter have set to work energetically, and measures are now in progress which will probably lead to the restoration of the cathedral. The building is 270 feet long by 65 feet; it has no transept. It has been ascertained that the 'improvements' of 1751 have left much original wall remaining, covered with plaster and whitewash; and this will render the projected restoration all the more practicable. The roofless nave contains very beautiful 'early English' details, which it is to be hoped may be worked out in the future restoration. At present the praiseworthy labours are being confined chiefly to the Lady chapel at the east end of the cathedral.

The southern part of Glamorganshire, from Llandaff to Neath, is an agricultural district rather thickly studded with villages, whose names show the initial syllable of "Llan" in plentiful abundance. The towns here met with are Llantrissant, Cowbridge, Bridgend, Aberavon, and one or two of smaller rank. Llantrissant (the 'church of the three saints') is a picturesque old town, situated on an eminence; it has a fine old Norman church, and at no great distance from it are the ruins of a castle which took part in

the fendal contests of the lords of Glamorgan. Cowbridge is also an old town, but not so picturesque as Llantrissant; one gate of the old town wall still exists; and within a mile of the town, in different directions, are no fewer than three castles—Llanblethian, Llandough, and Penlline, all of which have been so far patched up as to be habitable. Bridgend, or Pen-y-Bout-ar-Ogwr, is a bustling market-town on the little river Ogmore, which divides it into two parts. Each half of the town had its ancient castle, and thus the names of *Oldcastle* and *Newcastle* have been given to these portions; very little is left to show what these castles may once have been. Aberavon introduces us to what we may term the Swansea or *smelting* district of South Wales, in which the smelting of copper either supersedes the mining of coal and iron, or is superadded to it. It may be well at once to give a sketch of the copper-smelting of the Swansea district, before describing the towns which have grown into wealth and importance by its means.

COPPER-SMELTING IN THE SWANSEA DISTRICT.

Nothing is more common, among persons who know only half the truth concerning Welsh mining and smelting, than to suppose that the smelting of copper is dependent on the existence of the ore beneath, as in respect to iron. This is not the case; not a particle of copper exists in South Wales; or if there be a few traces, they are regarded rather as curiosities than as commercial materials. Cornwall is the richest copper district in Britain, yet none of the ore is smelted in that county. South Wales is the greatest—almost the only—copper-smelting district in Britain, yet no copper ore is found there. How is this apparent contradiction explained?

That the Romans wrought copper-mines in Britain is clear: indications of the fact having been met with in North Wales and in Cumberland. Down to the close of the seventeenth century, the only copper smelted in England or Wales was that which was both mined and smelted in the north and midland counties, where coal was at hand. It was not till 1670 that the Cornish tin-miners found copper ore in their mines generally at a considerable depth below the tin; but as there is no coal in Cornwall, some time elapsed before the discovery was turned to profit. Small smelting works were erected near Bristol and on the Wye; and the copper ore, bought at almost a nominal price in Cornwall, was smelted at these works with a remunerative profit. At length it was found that a mutually advantageous plan might be adopted: by employing ships to carry copper ore from Cornwall to South Wales to be smelted, and by giving those ships a back freight of coals to be used in the tin-works and for domestic supply in Cornwall. Then came the choice of Swansea, as the place best fitted in South Wales for the general establishment of the smelting works. Swansea is nearer to the Cornish coast than any other Welsh port of any rank; it has an excellent

sheltered harbour; and it has an abundant supply of coal in the vicinity. These circumstances have determined the settlement of copper smelting in and around Swansea, and have made Swansea the most flourishing town in the principality. The smelting-works are scattered about, a few miles around the town; and if we include them as well as the town itself, we find that the smelting district has now a population of 40,000.

The Cornish copper ores brought to Swansea, from 1820 to 1850, have varied from 100,000 to 160,000 tons annually (a ton of copper ore = 21 cwt.). The *quantity* has gradually increased, but the *quality* has gradually decreased; that is, an average ton of Cornish ore does not now yield so large a per-centage of pure copper as in former times: the mines are becoming impoverished. The 'produce,' or per-centage has lowered from $11\frac{1}{2}$ to $7\frac{1}{2}$ or 8 per cent. The money value of the Cornish copper ores, within the last few years, has averaged between £800,000 and £900,000 annually. The ores brought from various parts of Wales to be smelted at Swansea are inconsiderable in amount—not exceeding 1000 tons annually on an average of the last ten years. The Irish ores reach Swansea in much greater quantity, though with a gradual decline; in 1840 the quantity was 23,412 tons, while in 1848 it was 14,554. It is the increase in foreign copper ores which has most marked the operations of the Swansea smelters within the last few years. Between 1844 and 1848 the foreign copper ore brought to Swansea varied from 36,000 to 47,000 tons annually. The average 'produce' or richness being very nearly 20 per cent.—far more than double that of the Cornish, and the market-price of the ore being proportionably higher, the annual money value of the ore during those five years gave an average of £630,000; thereby indicating no inconsiderable approach to the value of Cornish ore.

A table of sixteen years, from 1833 to 1848, gives the following useful averages in respect to Swansea copper-smelting:

Average quantity of ore smelted . . .	194,142 tons.
Average price per ton	£7 7s.
Average money value	£1,424,818
Average produce of fine copper . . .	18,567 tons.
Average richness of ore	$10\frac{1}{2}$ per cent.

Of the foreign ores, those from Cuba are greatest in quantity, but those from Chili are richest in quality. The Australian ores are becoming every year more and more important. In one of the mines of that colony, the Burra Burra, the £5 shares of the company are now valued in the market at more than £200, so rich is the return for the capital expended. These ores are gradually reaching Swansea in greater and greater quantity. The copper ore now being found on the shores of Lake Superior, in Canada, has hardly yet come into the market.

The docks and warehouses of Swansea have become the scene of a very extensive trade, foreign as well as British. Until 1827 nearly all the copper ore brought to Swansea for smelting was Cornish, but during the last twenty-three years the importation

of foreign ore has become quite a distinguishing feature. In 1814 there were only four vessels which traded between Swansea and foreign ports; in 1834 this number had increased to 46, in 1840 to 328, in 1849 to 771. And it is a remarkable feature in respect to the general trade of the place, that although most of the arrivals from foreign ports consist of copper ore, the ships depart with even a greater tonnage of cargoes than they bring. The foreign ore thus brought is chiefly from Australia, Cuba, and South America. The coasting trade is immense; it consists of the arrival of copper ore from Cornwall and Ireland, and of general merchandise from various parts; and the export of coal, copper, iron, and various produce and manufactures, to different British ports. The arrivals and departures of vessels engaged in the coasting trade amounted in 1849 to no less than 10,000 (averaging 27 per day), carrying 600,000 tons of merchandise. There are three other ports of shipment in Swansea Bay, viz.—Neath, Port Talbot, and Porthcawl; and it is probable that these large numbers apply to the whole collectively: the bay being thus regarded as one port.

Of the foreign mines whose copper ore reaches Swansea, most are worked by English adventurers or companies, whether situated in Australia, Cuba, or Chili. They charter large vessels of 500 to 1000 tons burthen to convey the ore; and this ore is accumulated in yards or warehouses at Swansea. The ore is crushed in these yards before being taken to the smelting-works; the crushing is effected by means of broad-headed hammers, and the fragments are passed through sieves till they assume the state of fine gravel. Some of the ore is imported in a fine state, and does not require this breaking and sifting. The ores are weighed, charged with duty, deposited in beds, ticketed, sampled, assayed, and sold to the smelters. Nearly all the Cornish ore is bought in Cornwall, by agents employed by the Swansea smelters; but the foreign ore is sold in Swansea, after the import. The purchases are called *ticketings*, and are made once a fortnight at the chief hotel in Swansea. The arrangements for these sales are highly curious, and have grown up by degrees so as to meet the convenience of all parties. The agents of the mine-owners or consignees take their seats round a table; a chairman takes the chair at a particular hour, and announces the lots of ore to be sold. These lots have all been previously assayed by the assayers employed by the respective smelters; and an agent for each firm is present to make biddings for the lot. There is no open competition, as at an auction, but each tender is handed up to the chairman, written on a slip of paper and folded; and when all have so tendered, the chairman opens the papers, reads the biddings, and declares the highest bidder to be the purchaser. Lot after lot is thus disposed of, and all proceeds so quietly and quickly that £50,000 worth may be sold in an hour, with scarcely a word spoken by any one except the chairman. The prices given per ton vary to a remarkable degree in different lots;

but so rigorous is the assaying, that all the smelters bid very closely in respect to any individual lot—all having formed pretty nearly the same estimate of its value.

There is among the copper-smelters a monopoly—virtual though not formal; something like that of large joint-stock companies; it is open to others to compete, but the smelting-works are of such great magnitude, the capital required to carry them on is so large, and the influence of their proprietors is so widely extended, that the entire copper trade may be said to centre in a few hands. Many mining proprietors wish to break through this monopoly, which they seem to think lessens the market-price obtained for the ore; but there are other reasons for thinking that the price adjusts itself with tolerable equity to the varying ratio between supply and demand. Be this as it may, out of about twenty copper smelting works in Great Britain, seventeen are situated in the Swansea district, belonging to eleven firms or companies. Out of these eleven, three are companies, known by distinctive names:—viz., the English Copper Company, the Crown Copper Company, and the Mines Royal Company. The other eight are the firms of Williams, Foster, and Co.; Vivian and Sons; Sims, Wilyams, and Co.; Pascoe Grenfell and Co.; Freeman and Co.; Schneider and Co.; Mason and Elkington; and Lowe. The purchases made by some of these establishments are enormous. For instance, in 1848 Messrs. Williams and Foster purchased copper ore to the value of £413,000; Messrs. Vivian, £322,000; Messrs. Sims and Wilyams, £201,000; Messrs. Pascoe and Grenfell, £180,000; and so forth. These immense sums of money are appropriated for the purchase of the ore only; the coal, machinery, the workmens' wages, are additional items of cost—all of which have to be returned by the selling-price of the pure copper when smelted.

Of the seventeen smelting-works in what we termed the Swansea district, eight are in the immediate vicinity of the town itself, and the others are dispersed a few miles in the environs. These eight are the White Rock Works, the Upper Bank Works, the Middle Bank Works, the Crown Works, the Hafod Works, the Rose Works, the Landore Works, and the Morva Works.

Such, then, are the works which we encounter on a walk up the valley, from Swansea town towards the north. A pretty valley it must once have been; but the chemical poison vomited forth by day and by night from the copper works withers the trees and pollutes the atmosphere. Time was when the townsmen tried by law to compel the copper smelters to "consume their own smoke;" but all parties seem now as if they regarded the fumes as part and parcel of the wealth of Swansea; and the chimneys have it all their own way. The number of these chimneys is truly enormous. Each large smelting-work, such as the Landore of Messrs. Williams, or the Hafod of Messrs. Vivian, is a little town in itself, whose own body of white smoke is distinct from all the other works. The whiteness

of the smoke distinguishes a copper-work from an iron-work. The number of processes to which the copper ore is exposed, and the number of ovens and furnaces of various kinds employed, have given rise to the construction of a very large number of chimneys in each work; each chimney doing its little worst to vitiate the air. And when we speak of the white *smoke*, let it not be imagined that it is really coal smoke; it is a villanous compound of sulphurous acid, sulphuric acid, arsenic, arsenious acid, and fluoric acid, all in the state of gases and vapours, and mixed with mechanical impurities. This is the real white smoke; the more humble coal-smoke, rising from separate chimneys, has the usual dusky colour.

Let us trace, in few words, the broad outlines of the copper-smelting processes. The Swansea river, the Tawy, is deep enough to allow the ore to be brought up by vessels to the principal smelting-works, where it is landed, wheeled along stages from the water side, and deposited in immense heaps under capacious roofs. All the various kinds are kept in separate heaps, which present yellow, green, blue, or red tints, according to the impurities combined with them. The ore is raised up by lifting machinery or by an inclined plane to a level with the top of the calcining-furnaces, of which there are many in each establishment; and when each furnace has received a charge of four or five tons of ore, it is exposed to the heat of a fierce reverberating flame. The ore is kept stirred, by long instruments introduced through doors in the furnace; and the sulphur and other evaporable impurities are thereby driven off. The calcined ore, having something the appearance of black gravel, is drawn from the furnace, wheeled along a stage, and emptied into an ore-furnace, where it is melted; metallic oxides and other substances rise to the surface, and are skimmed off in the state of *slag*; and the melted copper, in a red-hot state, is allowed to flow from the furnace into a tank of water, where it collects in a granulated state in a tray at the bottom. The slag is examined to see whether it contains any copper; if it has, it is re-melted; if not, part of it is cast in moulds to make copings for walls (much used in the neighbourhood of Swansea), and the rest is thrown on the huge slag or cinder-heaps which accumulate near the works. The granulated copper, when raised from the tanks, is again placed in calcining furnaces to drive off still more impurities; and then it is a second time melted, and cast into slabs three feet long by eighteen inches wide. Notwithstanding the double calcining and double melting, the copper still contains some sulphur, which requires to be driven off by *roasting*; this is a kind of slow melting and oxidation, by which the copper is brought to a state almost pure, and is then cast into moulds. Lastly, to give the finishing touch to the series of purifying processes, the copper is put into a refining furnace; and when melted, bars of wood are immersed into it, and allowed to burn by the heat of the metal: in the act of burning, any remaining oxygen is abstracted from the copper, and the metal is poured into



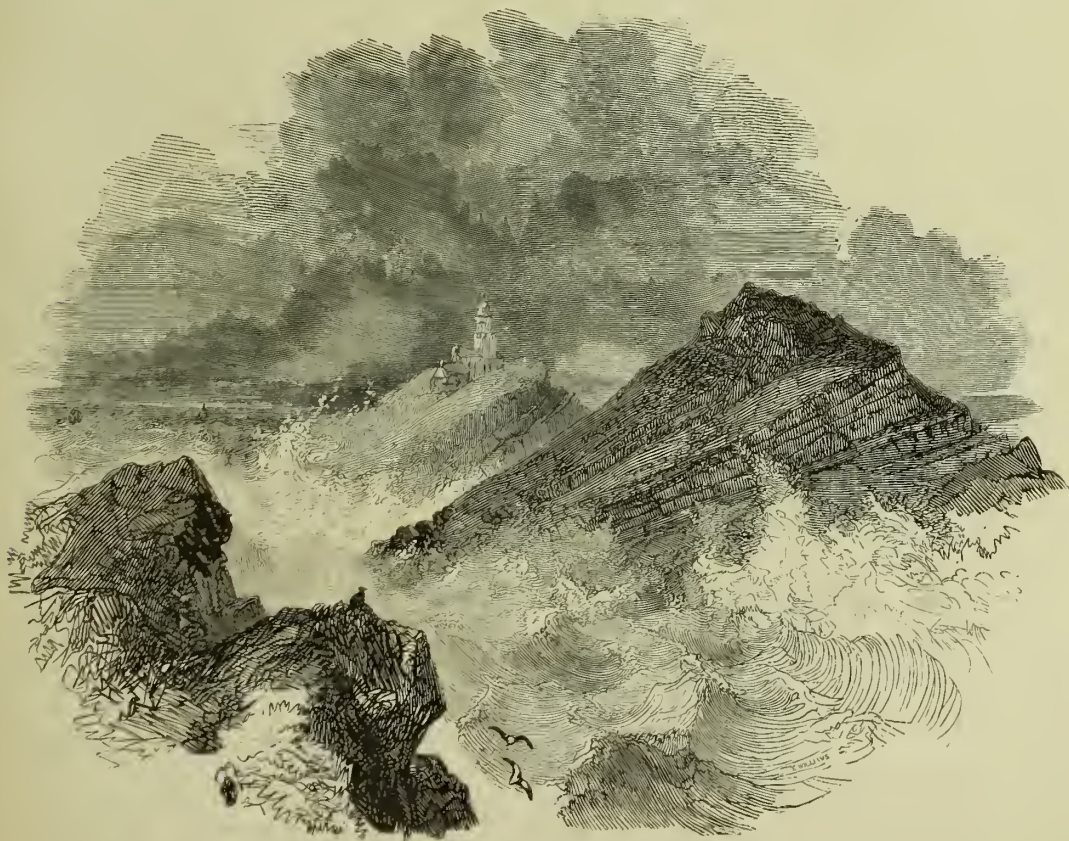
4.—SWANSEA.

moulds in the pure state in which it reaches the market. It is cast into ingots, cakes, or pigs, according to the purpose to which it is to be applied.

But copper-smelting is not the only metallurgic process here carried on. The Swansea Valley and the Neath Valley contain iron-works, coal-works, zinc-works, and tin-plate-works. Of the iron and coal-works we need say nothing: they are similar to those which have before engaged our notice, but smaller. Of zinc-works, Messrs. Vivian are proprietors of one of the very small number existing in this country. Zinc occurs in various English counties, in combination with lead, sulphur, carbon, and other substances; and the smelting process has for its object to drive off these extraneous matters, and leave the zinc in the pure metallic state. The roasting and melting, the refining and deoxidizing, somewhat resemble the analogous processes in copper-smelting, but on a less extensive and varied scale.

Tin-plate-works, we have said, are also among those which distinguish the Swansea district, and which are likewise to be met with in other parts of South Wales. This is a very remarkable manufacture. Those who study the philosophy of a tin-kettle, soon become aware that it is *not* a tin-kettle; it is an iron kettle with a thick varnish of tin on its surface. Tin is too soft a metal, and melts at too low a temperature, to be used as a material for making vessels; but it forms an excellent protector from air and moisture for metals

which are liable to be injured by either. All (so-called) tin culinary vessels are made of very thin sheets of iron, both sides of which have been coated with a layer of liquid tin. So thin is this layer, that half an ounce of tin has been made to cover 254 square inches of surface. There is a chemical affinity between tin and iron, which tends to make them unite when the tin is in a fluid form; but delicate precautions are necessary to ensure the success of this process. The iron is of a superior quality, and is heated and rolled several times in succession, until it assumes the form of a thin, smooth, and very tough sheet, which is cut to the size of a small quadrangular piece or plate. The plates then go through a long routine of processes. They are steeped in dilute muriatic acid; they are placed in a red hot oven until a thick scale falls off them; they are laid on an open floor to cool; they are straightened and beaten smooth on an iron block; they are made additionally smooth and elastic by being passed between hardened rollers; they are steeped for ten or twelve hours in bran-water; they are 'pickled' for about an hour in dilute sulphuric acid; they are scoured with sand and water; they are washed in clear water; they are steeped in melted grease for an hour; they are plunged into a vessel filled with melted tin; they are removed, after an hour or two, with a layer of tin adhering to both surfaces; they go through a draining process to remove the superfluous tin; they are rubbed with dry



5.—THE MUMBLES.

bran until the tin presents a bright polish; and finally they are packed in boxes, each box containing from 100 to 225 plates, and the plates measuring 13 inches by 10 up to 17 by 13. These processes seem strangely numerous; but most of them are rendered necessary in order to render the surface of the iron scrupulously free from oxide and all other impurities.

SWANSEA; ITS BAY, AND ITS ENVIRONS.

Such are some of the industrial pursuits which give such a busy aspect to Swansea and its neighbourhood. Let us now leave the work-people, and view this interesting district under another aspect. (Cut, No. 4.)

Swansea Bay is one of the most beautiful in South Wales. Its amphitheatric character is very striking, especially when viewed from the Mumbles Head at its south-west extremity. We may consider the eastern extremity of the bay to be formed by the headland near which Porthcawl is situated; but it is more usual to name Aberavon or Port Talbot as the eastern limit, from which spot to the Mumbles, or the western limit, is about ten miles, which may be deemed the width of the bay at its opening. The depth of the bay is about four miles, with an additional small but deep creek close to Swansea town. Into this bay, in the north-east corner, enters the somewhat wide mouth of the river Neath; and at the lowest point, where this river is narrow enough to be crossed by a bridge, stands the town of Neath. In the north-west part of the bay enters the Tawy, which has flowed from the mountains through the beautiful Swansea valley.

The whole of the towns surrounding Swansea Bay are gradually becoming absorbed in the vortex of manufactures. Porthcawl was a place scarcely known a few years ago; but a railway has been formed, which springs from the iron and coal works at Duffryn, and winds through the Llynvi valley to Porthcawl, which is becoming a place of shipment.

The same may be said of Aberavon or Port Talbot, a little farther up the bay towards Swansea. Aberavon is its old-fashioned Welsh name; Port Talbot is its new-fashioned commercial name. It is a very old and humble village, with a marshy shore in front, and a range of hills behind it; but it stands at the mouth of the little river Avon, and this river flows through the small valley where the gigantic Cwm Avon works are situated. Hence Aberavon became the port of shipment for copper, iron, and tin-plate; and hence the chief proprietor, Mr. Talbot, has done his best to make it a convenient port. A straight trench has been cut through the marshy land from the river to the sea; and this has been so cleverly done that a fine port has been made, capable of admitting ships of large burden.

Between Porthcawl and Port Talbot is Margam Park, the residence of Mr. Talbot, and one of the finest estates in South Wales. It was once called Pen-dar, or the oak summit, and consists of a beautiful alternation of wooded heights, and shady hollows. An

abbey once existed at this spot; it was built in the early part of the twelfth century for a Cistercian brotherhood, and bore a high name among the abbatial establishments of its time. After the dissolution of the monasteries, part of the abbey was occupied as a dwelling-house until 1782. Nothing now remains except a few fragments of the chapter-house, and the west front of the abbey church, which forms part of the modern church. Margam House is a modern structure of large size, in the Tudor style; and around it are plantations which are said to be enriched by the largest orangery in the world; rich, not only in oranges, but in lemons, citrons, shaddocks, and pomegranates. How long this beautiful spot will continue undefiled by smoke remains to be seen; already the Tai-bach copper-works, at no great distance, are sending forth their clouds of white vapour.

The valleys to which Porthcawl and Port Talbot serve as outlets are growing rapidly in commercial importance. About twenty years ago a tramway was formed from Duffryn to Porthcawl, and a small harbour formed to accommodate the vessels which shipped the coal brought down by the tramway; but it is only very recently that iron has been added to the exports. There are now many large establishments in the Llynvi valley—the Maestog Company, the Llynvi Company, the Tondy Company, the Cefyn Company—which send down enormous quantities of iron and coal to Porthcawl. The Avon valley has a still more remarkable establishment, the Cwm Avon works, perhaps the largest in Wales except the Dowlais. They belong to the “Governor and Company of the Copper Miners of England;” or, more strictly, we believe that they actually belong at the present time to the Bank of England, owing to certain financial arrangements between the two companies. They comprise five establishments in one; for there are collieries, iron-works, copper smelting-works, tin-plate works, and chemical works; they cover an immense area of ground, and give employment to some thousands of persons. A lofty hill at Cwm Avon may be seen from a great distance vomiting forth clouds of smoke and vapour into the air; this is the upper extremity of a system of flues formed up the slope of the hill from the works beneath, constituting, perhaps, the loftiest chimney in the world.

Having had occasion to speak of the somewhat neglected state of the dwellings occupied by the miners and workmen in other districts, it is pleasant to read what a competent authority has to say concerning Cwm Avon. Mr. Seymour Tremeneere, the Mining Commissioner, in his last *Report* to the Government (1850), says, “The Cwm Avon Works are now carried on on behalf of the Bank of England, under the management of Mr. J. Biddulph. Important additions have been made to their schools. Two clergymen have been appointed; one to take the place of the incumbent. Reading-rooms have been formed, accessible to all the workmen. The principal one, near the offices, containing an abundance

of well-selected books, papers, and reviews, supplies books, &c., to the others, held in the school-rooms at the remoter parts of the valley. To this is also attached a mechanics' institute; and both are shortly to be placed in a large building under the same roof. Useful and attractive lectures are given, and musical performances—the latter chiefly by young men belonging to the works. Evening schools have also been opened for young men and young women; the latter zealously superintended by the ladies of the chief persons in the valley. A more systematic attention has been paid to sanitary measures as regards sewerage, taking off all refuse, &c. A penny in the pound is stopped from all wages for this purpose. The Company's shop (on the *truck* system) has been given up; advances in cash are made weekly to every workman, and the balance paid every month. Several good shops were immediately opened by persons from a distance. Excellent accommodation has also been afforded for holding a market, at which there is a daily attendance of persons who bring their goods from Aberavon, Neath, and Swansea, and a full market every Saturday; and the prices of everything were, I was informed, precisely the same as at Swansea. It needs no such example to disprove what is often alleged as an excuse for a company's shop (and which was so formerly here), that it is necessary as a check upon exorbitant prices. Where between 4,000 and 5,000 persons are collected, earning in good times about £10,000 per month, there can be no fear of a want of sufficient competition for the supply of such a demand." Mr. Tremenhare states that the proprietors of the Maestog and Llynvi works have lately entered upon a similar excellent mode of attending to the comforts of the persons employed by them; and in relation to the copper-works of Messrs. Vivian, he says, "Spacious and handsome school-buildings have been erected close to the works, at a cost of £2,000 or £3,000. They are placed under trained masters and mistresses, and amply supplied with every requisite for good schools. The cottages for their work-people are of the best and most convenient kind in all their arrangements, with gardens both in front and behind, and small paved back-yards. The occupants have the opportunity of hiring a piece of land in adjoining fields for their potatoes. Foot-pavements are laid down between the rows, and the roadways properly made. Water, generally scarce about large works, is to be brought in, either from the town or from a reservoir to be formed in the hills. The number of public-houses is also kept down in their immediate neighbourhood. The cottages already built are only the commencement of an extensive design, which includes the building of a church, and the leaving vacant a large space near the centre of the rows of the cottages, to be laid out ornamentally for the purposes of recreation."

A cluster of hills separates the Avon valley from the Neath valley, and when we have passed this cluster, we find ourselves at the town of Neath. The river Neath flows from the Brecknockshire hills, and by its side is

the mail-coach road from Merthyr to Neath and Swansea. A railway, called the Vale of Neath Railway, was planned a few years ago; but the South Wales Railway is the only one which yet accommodates this town. Neath is supposed to have been the Roman *Nidum*, and a few Roman coins have been found there. An abbey was built here in the time of Henry I. which was one of the most beautiful in South Wales. A castle had been built earlier than this, but of this castle scarcely anything remains, while the ruins of Neath Abbey are still majestic and interesting. Industry is encroaching on the precincts of this venerable pile with stern determination. There are iron-works, copper-works, tin-works, and collieries, in its immediate vicinity. The Neath iron-works form an extensive establishment not only for the smelting and making of iron, but for the manufacture of machinery; a very large portion of the smelting and mining machinery of South Wales and of Cornwall has been made here. Near the abbey also are the copper-works of the Crown Company and the Mines Royal Company. These, with the coal and the tin-plate works, are gradually converting the Vale of Neath (one of the most beautiful in South Wales) into a smoke-covered manufacturing district.

A few short miles bring us from the Neath valley to the Swansea valley, where, as we have already said, coal-smoke and cupreous vapour are also doing their work. Swansea is one of the best towns in the principality. It is the centre of commercial transactions of such magnitude, that many wealthy families have congregated in and near it, and these families bring with them the amenities and usages of cultivated society. Swansea is the only town in Wales which can offer a fitting locality for the British Association for the Advancement of Science; and the meeting of this society at Swansea showed how well the inhabitants were prepared to welcome their scientific visitors. The town stands chiefly on the west bank of the Tawy, near the mouth, but it also stretches across to the east side. The best streets run nearly north and south through the town. They extend beyond the limits of the river itself, and follow the curvature of part of the beautiful bay. In the western part of the town is a fine new market-place, and new streets and handsome buildings are springing up rapidly. The remains of the castle are now so surrounded with buildings in the very heart of the town, that they can scarcely be seen; the chief portion is a circular tower, from the summit of which a fine view can be obtained over the bay.

Few commercial towns have so admirable a sea-side walk available to the inhabitants, as that which extends from Swansea to Oystermouth and the Mumbles, round the western margin of the bay. The whole line of coast is gently and gracefully curved, and a fine road having been formed throughout the whole distance, every part of the route is made easily available. For those who do not or cannot walk, frequent and very cheap conveyances follow this line of route. Leaving Swansea at its south-west margin, and passing through

streets of good houses, we arrive at this water-side boundary, near which are many private mansions and pleasant nooks. Just before arriving at that jutting peninsula which forms the Mumbles Head, we pass Oystermouth. The village was anciently called Caer Tawy. Its ancient importance was due to a castle, which, until a few years ago, was hardly known or appreciated, from being buried so deeply in its own ruins; but the Duke of Beaufort, to whom it belongs, has judiciously expended a small sum in making such clearances as shall develop the majestic character of the ruins, without making them too ornate or formally trimmed. Oystermouth depends in modern times on three elements — oysters, limestone, and visitors. The oyster-fishery is carried on during the season to a considerable extent. The limestone, which is of very fine quality, fitted for decorative purposes, is found in quarries behind the village; the quarrying, the sawing, and the polishing give employment to a number of the inhabitants; and a tram-road, running alongside the coach-road, affords the means of conveying the stone to Swansea. Visitors are attracted to the neighbourhood during the summer by the beauty of the surrounding scenes seaward and landward; but the bold headland of the Mumbles shuts out so much of the sun's rays, that the 'season' is very short.

The Mumbles Head is a conspicuous spot. It bends round so far to the south-east as to give a deeply-curved form to the western half of Swansea Bay.

There are steep winding paths which afford means for ascending to the summit of the headland, from whence is obtained a view of great magnitude and extent. The whole of Swansea Bay lies spread out before us; while a distant blue line, towards the south, marks out dimly the Devonshire coast, on the opposite side of the Bristol Channel. Landward we can see the white smoke of the copper-works; and immediately beneath us we have a view of the fleet of oyster-boats,—such of them at least as happen to be drawn up near the shore. There are from sixty to eighty of these boats, manned by four hands each. The oyster beds lie off the Mumbles and to a considerable distance westward of that point; and the men have often a fierce struggle to contend against the winds and tides of the Channel. During the season, each boat takes from 500 to 3000 oysters per day, which are sold to Swansea dealers at 9s. to 16s. per thousand; and these dealers supply Bristol, Liverpool, and even London; for the Mumbles oysters are highly esteemed. Besides the oyster boats which thus speckle Swansea Bay, it forms an excellent refuge in bad weather: 500 vessels having been sheltered in it at once. The headland of the Mumbles is itself composed of limestone, which is quarried in large quantities; but there is another circumstance which will very shortly cut up this delightful breezy elevation into a series of ravines and pits. It was discovered in 1845 that iron-ore exists in the headland; and the proprietor has not been slow to avail himself of the



discovery. Off the extreme point of the headland lie three small islands, isolated at high water, but connected by a narrow strip of isthmus at low water. On one of these has been built the Mumbles Light House, (Cut, No. 5,) which affords valuable guidance to ships entering the bay.

The western side of Swansea Bay, just described, forms the eastern margin of the peninsula of Gower, which extends thence to Caermarthen Bay, and which is nearly severed into an island by the river and wide æstuary of the Burry. It is an out-of-the-world place, leading no-whither; yet the tourist finds upon it and around it many beautiful spots. A body of Flemings was planted here by Henry V. in 1103; and the descendants of these Flemings have ever since given a peculiar character to the peninsula of Gower. "This race have, in a great measure," says Mr. Cliffe, "preserved their material characteristics throughout a period of nearly seven centuries and a half. They have held aloof from and rarely intermixed with their neighbours the Welsh. Their physical form is different; their costume somewhat peculiar; and their language an English dialect, the prevailing radical of which is Saxon, although abounding with obsolete, somewhat Flemish, words. The Gowerians are generally more cleanly than the Welsh, but perhaps not so much so as the English peasantry; their character is good; they are temperate, and their pursuits are chiefly pastoral; although many, like the inhabitants of the Danish marshes, are sailors, or pass part of

their time in deep-sea fishing. The plough and the net may often be seen together."

CAERMARTHEN; TENBY; PEMBROKE.

Let us now leave the Swansea district, and glance a little farther westward in the principality.

There are two very different routes from Swansea to Caermarthen; one by way of the Llanelly railway and Llandeilo; and the other a coach route nearer the coast. The former of these, at the present time, is a curiously mixed mode of travelling. We first avail ourselves of an omnibus from Swansea (at which town these conveyances are numerous, well conducted, and cheap) to Loughor, and thence to the point where the coach road crosses the Llanelly railway. Here is a station—perhaps one of the least aspiring and least magnificent railway-stations in the kingdom; but if it accommodates the sprinkling of passengers who use it, no one has a right to complain. We travel for about a dozen miles along this railway, and are then transferred to a 'bus which conveys us to the Caermarthenshire town of Llandeilo-vawr. This is a very beautiful ride (or walk.) On the east rise the bold heights of the Black Mountains; while, spread out towards the north and west, lies a wide expanse of very lovely country, fertile and studded with pretty Welsh villages, comprising the vale of Towy. Llandeilo-vawr is itself a pretty town; but it is more attractive on account of its vicinity than for anything contained



7.—TENBY, PEMBROKE.

within the town. South-east are the bold fronts of the mountains which we have passed on the road; north-east is the upper part of the vale of Towy, leading towards Llangadock and Llandovery; and westward is the lower part of the same vale, with the castles of Dynevor and Drysllyn, and a succession of beautiful scenery all the way to Caermarthen.

Dynevor or Dynas-Vawr Castle was the regal residence of a Welsh prince so far back as the ninth century; and continued so till the Norman Conquest of the principality. The castle was the scene of repeated conflicts between the Welsh and the Normans, until the former were finally subjected to English rule. The remains of the castle comprise a quadrangular area about a hundred feet in length and breadth, and two towers which formerly constituted part of the ponderous outer wall. The modern mansion of Lord Dynevor occupies part of the site of the ancient castle. Carreg Cennin Castle, at the foot of the Black Mountains, is a strongly-wild and picturesque ruin. Golden Grove, on the southern side of the Towy, is the residence of Earl Cawdor. At Aber-gwilli, within a short distance from Caermarthen, is the episcopal residence of the Bishop of St. David's, situated in the midst of delightful scenes. Dyer, the poet, was a native of this part of Wales; and has attempted to make his pen do justice to the scenes which surrounded him.

The second route to Caermarthen, of which we have spoken, goes by way of Loughor, Llanelly, Pembrey, and Kidwelly. Loughor is the English form given to the name of the town and river whose Welsh name is Llwchwyr. The river is very wide just opposite the town; and, until within the last few years, no bridge crossed it below Pont-ar-dulais, some miles higher up; but as Loughor stands in the direct line from Swansea to Llanelly, a timber bridge has recently been built. Near Loughor are some large copper-works; and a ride of a few miles brings us to the coal region of Llanelly. Llanelly was, a few years ago, a place of no importance; but it has become a port of shipment for the coals brought down by the Llanelly railway from the mountain districts. A little beyond Llanelly the road to Caermarthen goes over Pembrey Hill, a steep elevation, from the summit of which a widely-extended view can be obtained. Another few miles bring us to Kidwelly, where is one of the many castles with which this district is spotted; and beyond this a few miles of flat country completes our journey to Caermarthen.

Caermarthen (Cut, No. 6) is a well-built and flourishing town. It forms a meeting-point where roads converge from the extreme sea-coast districts of South Wales,—Tenby, Pembroke, and Milford on the south-west; Narberth, Haverfordwest, and St. David's on the west; Cardigan and Newcastle Emlyn on the north-west; Lampeter and Aberystwith on the north. There are remains of a castle and two priories at Caermarthen; and there are associations connected with Steele, who is believed to have written some of his works on the site where the Ivy-Bush Hotel now stands.

Caermarthen Bay is wide but not very deep. On the east flows into it the Llwchwyr and the Burry; on the north, the Tawy and the Taff; on the west, some smaller streams. On the east lies the peninsula of Gower, already spoken of; on the north, is a wide stretch of country, the chief part of which is that which is traversed by the Towy up to Caermarthen; but on the west, we find the peninsula or headland on which the pretty town of Tenby is situated. Tenby (Cut, No. 7), has rapidly risen in importance as a watering or pleasure town. Until the beginning of the present century it was a small and insignificant place, living on the means of its once famous castle; but its availability as a watering-place has led to the construction of hotels, marine villas, parades, and all the other appurtenances of such places. From the Castle-hill may be obtained a splendid and extensive view, stretching to the Caermarthenshire Beacons in one direction, and down the Channel to Lundy Island and its lighthouse in another. The town stands on the neck or isthmus of a little peninsula, and has two beaches or sea-shores; a position which has enabled the pleasure visitors to have a double share of the pleasure of sea-side rambling.

Tenby stands on the margin of the southern part of Pembrokeshire: a part which, bounded by Caermarthen Bay and St. Bride's Bay, is rather thickly studded with Welsh villages. Pembrokeshire is one of the most remarkable counties in Wales, in respect to its population. It is the Cornwall of Wales—not only in occupying the south-west jutting peninsula, but in having been the stronghold of the ancient Britons after the rest of the districts further east had fallen into the hands of the Anglo-Normans. The chief towns in this part of the county are Pembroke, Pater or Pembroke Dock, Milford, and Haverfordwest. Three of these towns lie on the margin of Milford Haven, the grandest natural harbour in Great Britain, and one of the finest in Europe. The lower portion of the Haven runs inland towards the east for almost twelve miles, and then turns towards the north; many parts of it are two miles wide; and the seamen, who know how to value such advantages, count five bays, ten creeks, and thirteen roadsteads within the haven. Milford Haven can be entered without a pilot by day or night, even with contrary winds; and vessels may find sheltering places within it against any and every wind. So safe and advantageous is the harbour, that vast fleets of merchant-ships are sometimes congregated here.

It is the fine haven at Milford that gives importance to this part of Wales. Milford itself is now an unimportant place; although there were two circumstances which gave it distinction a few years ago—the dock-yard and the packet-station. Towards the close of the last century an Act was obtained for making docks and quays, which for many years were used by the mail packets going to Ireland: and the government soon afterwards established a dock-yard on a small scale; but both the packet-station and the dock-yard have

been removed to Pater; and Milford has sunk into insignificance. Milford is on the north side of the haven, about six miles from its mouth; while Pater is on the south side, about two miles from its mouth. This is the establishment which is known as Pembroke Dockyard. It covers no less than eighty acres, and in it some of the largest ships of war have been built. There are twelve slips for ship-building, covered with iron roofs; and many of the other buildings and works, such as those described in PORTSMOUTH (vol. i., p. 214), and DEVONPORT (vol. iv., p. 128), necessary for building men-of-war, but on a somewhat smaller scale. Such an establishment is sure to draw around it a population in which a good deal of public money becomes expended; and thus Pater is gradually rising into importance. Steam communication is kept up between Bristol and Pater.

Pembroke is an old-fashioned town, which has hardly yet become accustomed to the bustle of commercial and naval affairs. It stands on a small ridge, which causes it to consist mainly of but one street. Its most attractive feature is the Castle (Cut, No. 8), which occupies a rocky eminence at the head of one of the creeks of Milford Haven. This castle traces back its history to the early Norman times, and was an object of more than one siege in the stormy feudal times. The rock on which the castle stands is nearly surrounded by water, and was formerly protected on the land or town side by a ditch and barbican. The inner ward or court contained the state apartments and the keep, the latter of which still stands, and affords some superb views from its summit. Although Pembroke bears the name of the county, Haverfordwest, situated about a dozen miles further north, is regarded as the county-town, and has the usual corporate and county buildings connected with it. It had once a castle, the keep of which—like the keeps of so many of our castles—has been converted into a county-gaol.

ST. DAVID'S; CARDIGAN; LAMPETER; ABERYSTWITH.

Directing our steps westward from the town last named, we approach the sea at St. David's Head—that bold headland which forms the westernmost extremity of Wales. And here, almost washed by the Atlantic, and far away from the busy haunts of men, we find the Cathedral of St. David's. Singular that the seat of a bishopric should be chosen on the verge of the ocean, so far away from the heart of the diocese! However, the Cathedral exists, and it is pleasant to know that the old structure is maintained. The town (or, we believe 'city') of St. David's stands near the southern shore of St. Bride's Bay, around which are many scenes of great beauty. St. David's itself is an utterly unimportant place, which, but for its cathedral, would be scarcely known at all beyond the immediate neighbourhood. St. David, the patron saint of Wales, established a monastery here in the fifth century; and the town became soon afterwards the chief episcopal place in the principality. The

original cathedral, of whatever character it may have been, was pulled down in the twelfth century, and the present structure erected in its place. The cathedral is 290 feet long, 124 wide in the nave and aisles, 80 feet wide at the choir; with a transept, a Lady Chapel, and a tower about 127 feet high. The Lady Chapel is in ruins. The nave, which is finely roofed with rich oak, has a row of Norman arches to separate it from the aisles. The cathedral takes rank only among the smallest and least ornate of those which our island possesses; but it is gratifying to learn that, under the auspices of the present accomplished bishop (Connop Thirlwall) judicious restoration of the ruins and defaced portions are in progress. The bishop's palace is a venerable structure, too dilapidated to be inhabited, but full of interest to a student of old buildings. There are other ecclesiastical ruins also near the town.

The coast bends round from St. David's Head towards the north-east, where, at a distance of about fifteen miles from St. David's, stands the sea-port town of Fisguard. Those who remember the fierce railway struggles of 1845-6 will not need to be reminded that Fisguard was looked upon by the Great Western Company as a point whence such traffic might be brought within their reach, in opposition to the Holyhead route of the narrow gauge companies; and the South Wales Railway was planned and fostered with this view. As we have already stated, the works of that company have not yet proceeded westward of Swansea; and until such time (if ever it arrives) as the whole scheme is completed, Fisguard will remain, what it has hitherto been, a place of no importance. The position of Pembrokeshire, which lies north-eastward of Fisguard, contains no place of any note except Newport, at the mouth of the little river Nevern. This owes its prosperity in past times to the castle which stood there; but at present the commercial dealings connected with the neighbouring slate quarries form the chief features in the town's prosperity.

Crossing the Teify into Cardiganshire, we find Cardigan, Newcastle Emlyn, and Lampeter on that river; Aberaeron at the mouth of the Aeron; and Aberystwith at the mouth of the Ystwith. Cardigan—which is more expressively termed in the Welsh by the name of Aberteify, on the same principle as Abcraeron and Aberystwith—does not contain much to interest a stranger. It is the county-town, and contains the usual county buildings; but of the ancient castle and priory scarcely any vestiges now remain. A walk of a mile or two out of the town brings us to the ruins of St. Dogmael's priory; and a little farther on in the same direction we come to the æstuary of the Teify, whence many beautiful sea and coast views can be obtained. The Cardiganshire coast contains many small ports which are rising into some commercial importance, although their names are hardly known in England. Aberforth, and New Quay are two of these, where much mineral produce is exported, and where fishing is rather extensively carried on.

Newcastle Emlyn is a picturesque town, so divided by the Teify that one part of it is in Cardiganshire and the other part in Pembrokeshire. Here, as almost everywhere else, the ruins of a castle remain to attest the feudal importance which once belonged to the town. Higher up the river is Lampeter, which appeals to our notice on other grounds, in respect to the college which it contains. St. David's College was founded at Lampeter in 1822 by the late Bishop Burgess for students in divinity. It is intended especially for those who, while desirous of studying for the Church, are unable to bear the costliness of a university education; there are several scholarships, but no degrees are conferred. The college buildings, erected from the designs of Mr. Cockerell, are of quadrangular form, and are adapted for the reception of about 70 students.

Aberaeron, which we have described as standing at the mouth of the Aeron, and which fact is indeed indicated by its name, is a rising little port. It has a pleasant situation, an extensive fishery, a fair amount of exports, and a summer-visiting season for bathers.

But Aberystwith is the most important place in the county. It occupies a sort of marginal position between North and South Wales, and has the majestic Plinlimmon almost within view. "When the rage for bathing-places began to spring up towards the close of the last century," says Mr. Cliffe, one of the most pleasant of tourist-companions, "persons of taste directed their eyes to the western coast of Wales, where they found a town previously known but to a few, seated on the margin of a magnificent bay at the

confluence of two gladsome streams, with a green sea tumbling on a fine beach, a store of pebbles which afforded constant amusement, cheap living, and a pleasant neighbourhood backed by breezy mountains. The place was then perfectly primitive, the harbour almost sanded up, and the appearance of a ship or even a distant sail was an event. Visitors soon gave a good name to Aberystwith; a coach from Shrewsbury was started in 1805; and the town has gone on prospering until it has become the real capital of the county—an abode of health and good spirits sought by numbers every summer—a fashionable watering-place. If the town were more easily accessible, its merits would be better known than they are; there are neither railroads nor steamboats, and coach-travelling seems tedious to many in these days of rapid locomotion." Aberystwith occupies a gentle eminence, bounded on two sides by the Ystwith and the Rheidol. The streets are good, the modern buildings are many of them handsome, and the harbour has been so improved as to accommodate a large import and export trade. On a rocky elevation, washed by the sea, stands the castle, or all of it which now remains; this all is very scanty, and the inhabitants are anxiously endeavouring to preserve the fragmentary walls from further decay. The beach at Aberystwith is celebrated for its pebbles, which often include cornelians, jaspers, crystals, agates, pudding-stones, &c., the searching for which amuses the loungers, and the shaping and polishing of which employ the local lapidaries.



8.—PEMBROKE CASTLE.

WOOLWICH; THE MEDWAY.

WE may proceed more rapidly to Woolwich by railway than by the pleasant Thames steamers. By the North Kent line we have carriages with broad windows, and a varied country to gaze upon. On we go. Past the wooded and green slopes that extend beyond Lewis-

ham;—past Blackheath and its signal of popular progress, the ‘Literary Institution.’ But now our thoughts are checked by the Tunnel. And hark! ‘Woolwich Dockyard’ is the cry of the officers on the station at which we are stopping; and there begins our work.

WOOLWICH.

THERE are certain noticeable periods in the history of this place which it is pleasant to look at for a moment in conjunction. The first carries us back to the time of the Conqueror, when Haimo, the sheriff, was the one great man of the neighbourhood, when there were but three cultivators of the soil rich enough to pay a yearly rent of forty-one pence each; and when the whole value of the Manor was just three pounds. In the second we behold Woolwich raised to the rank of a royal dockyard, and Henry VIII. is personally inspecting, with great and evident satisfaction, the new ship that had been built in it, and named after him, *Harry Grace à Dieu*, the largest vessel ever built up to its time, 1515. This vessel had a peculiar and unfortunate destiny: she was burnt at the mature age, for ships, of forty years, in the very dockyard where she had been reared. In the third period, we perceive Woolwich, though possessing a royal dockyard,—and which had become still more famous since Henry VIII.’s time, for the excellence of its ship-architecture, as was proved by the vessels of Drake and Hawkins, Cavendish and Frobisher,—remained in all other respects but a comparatively unimportant fishing-village. The three payers of rent of forty-one pence each, had been replaced by one hundred and twelve payers of rates. But this slow progress was soon to be greatly accelerated.

There was then in Moorfields, London, a Royal Foundry, for the casting of brass cannon. This was put into use for an interesting purpose in the year 1716, when that of the cannon taken from the French by Marlborough as had been injured, was to be re-cast. A brilliant assemblage of officers, and other persons of distinction were present; and the process went on apparently in a very proper manner; but there was among the spectators a young German, just out of his apprenticeship, who, according to the custom of the German artisans, was travelling to improve himself in his craft, as a journeyman, before he could be considered at liberty to commence as a master. He noticed what had escaped the eyes, or thoughts, of the artisans and others engaged,—moisture in the moulds. “Fire in the ship” is not a more alarming cry than this in the ears of those who understand the consequences,—the instantaneous formation of steam in vast

volumes, which must explode since it cannot escape. He immediately warned the bystanders, and he did not hesitate also to send a message, through Colonel Armstrong, the Major-general of the Ordnance, to the Duke of Richmond, then the head of the department. It was received with true official superciliousness; and disregarded. So the young German quietly withdrew with his friends. Before long all London was alarmed by a terrible uproar; part of the roof of the Foundry building was blown off, the galleries for the company were broken down, many of the latter were injured, and most of the workmen terribly burnt, while some were killed on the spot. The official mind was now indeed impressed, and acted in a very prompt un-official mode; it advertised for the young German, soon found him, offered him the superintendence of a new foundry, and set him to work to find a more suitable place for its erection than Moorfields. Before long, behold the young German at Woolwich, examining with a critical eye the advantages of the spot,—neighbourhood to London, without being inconveniently near,—on the banks of the Thames, possessing, therefore, ample facilities for shipping and unshipping the cannon,—unoccupied spaces for dangerous operations and tests,—and a delightful country around; so that if in process of time the first institution here should expand, and throw off other institutions, there would be room enough for all to grow and flourish as they pleased. He said to himself, and to the Government “this is the place,”—and so it became.

The last of the four periods we referred to is that in which we live; when in place of the half-desert of the Conqueror’s days, or the insignificant fishing-village and not very busy dockyard of the last century, we look upon a place whose name resounds throughout the world, and with a terrible significance attached to it, as that from whence issue so many brazen and iron-throated ministers of war,—as being, in short, Britain’s chief arsenal, and one of our chief dockyards; to say nothing of the various other corresponding institutions which have grown up around these, and of which we shall presently speak. We must not forget to add, that the population has risen, through the causes indicated, to nearly 40,000, and the yearly rates paid to nearly £12,000.

A somewhat curious conversation takes place as we enter the Dockyard gateway. Two comfortable-looking policemen confront you, and one of them asks, "What do you want?" "To walk through the dock-yard." "Are you a foreigner?" "Certainly not, why do you ask?" "No foreigner can be admitted without an express order from the Master-general,—please to step this way." We follow him into the little office close by—enter our names, professions, and residences. The policeman then puts a card into our hand,—and lo! the Dockyard-world is before you, and you may wander at your will. Stay, there are exceptions; you must not go into the engine-house, where the steam-engines for the navy are made, without an express order, although the doors move to your touch, and you can glance in without much fear of offence. It is against rules also to engage the attention of the workmen and others scattered about. And there are subordinates so deeply smitten with the sense of duty in carrying out this rule, that they reprimand you for even asking the name of the building in which you happen to be;—not very favourable circumstances for acquiring knowledge, it must be confessed. Having, however, made as good use as we could of the opportunities afforded us, and being aided by two excellent little guides, we trust to be able to indicate to future visitors some of the most interesting points to which their attention should be directed. Passing various dwelling-houses for the officers, and which have a particularly fresh country-village aspect for such a situation, we reach one of the great houses devoted to the smiths' work. Those tall massive machines, supported on two widely-expanding legs, are hammers, which play on corresponding anvils beneath. Watch their work; in yonder corner are masses of old iron, consisting of every conceivable kind of rubbish, built up into squares of two feet or so each way; these are put into the glowing furnaces for half or three-quarters of an hour. And see!—they are now taking one batch from the furnace to the hammer: the intense brightness dazzles your eyes. Two artisans stand before you, why you know not. The half-melted mass is placed on the anvil,—down comes the hammer, crushing the metal into nearly half the space it before occupied, while the brilliant sparks fly in thick showers to an immense distance, and would endanger your own dress but for the kind thoughtfulness of the leathern-clad artisans, who have made themselves your rampart. Presently the whole mass, that was worthless rubbish, is put aside, solid new iron, fit for any purpose.

At another hammer they are preparing iron for ship's knees, and every now and then a piece of glowing metal, some six inches or so thick, is cut through as if it were only a piece of tough cheese. A bar of cold iron, of the size of your wrist, is snapped asunder with little more apparent effort than we should make to divide a stick of sealing-wax. But all this illustrates only the strength of the hammer: ask it, however, to break a nut for you, and not to injure the kernel, and it will do it for you most obligingly. Seriously, we

never saw anything in machinery more beautiful than the life-like manner in which the hammer gradually descends by a series of little flourishes up and down, as though to accommodate itself to the freedom of movement and touch requisite to break the nut properly, before it will venture to touch it at all. This account of Nasmyth's patent hammer may be taken to illustrate generally the exquisite finish and power of the machinery in use here and in the arsenal, in nearly every branch of industry. Our space will not allow us to particularise much. The work, roughly prepared in this shop, is completed in the adjoining one, where between thirty and forty men labour, each having his own furnace and anvil. But where are the bellows, that, unscen, kindle the latent flames at the pleasure of the artisans?—go to the other side of the wall, into an adjoining place, and you will be satisfactorily answered. Those cylinders, three or four together, are each in fact equivalent to a vast pair of bellows. The pistons moving up and down are perpetually drawing air into their chambers, to send it to another vessel, on the top of which the lid, notwithstanding its weight is above a thousand pounds, dances as elastically as if it took a pleasure in simply amusing itself, instead of being, as it is, very busy, pressing down the air with all its force, in order that it may pass into the adjoining building, and then, through suitable channels, blow every man's fire for him. There is an escape at the back of this last-named chamber, in the shape of a long slit; put your hand against it, and feel for once in a quiet and safe way, the material presence of this power, which manifests itself in storms and tempests. We have spoken of furnaces. One wonders to see no chimney; but an attendant opens a sort of underground Tartarus, which you dare not bend over for above a second or two, so terrible is the glow of the flames rushing through:—that is a part of the flue, which connects underground the furnaces with a tall shaft at a great distance, in connection with the saw-mills. Cross over now to these saw-mills. The floor is covered with parallel lines of rails; in the centre of each is a saw-mill. And a very various tribe is that of saw-mills. Take these two for instance, side by side. One can cut horizontally, or vertically, or in a circle, or in short, in any way you please. The other is the common circular-saw, but how beautifully it works. There is now a great log of timber, nearly two feet square, advancing with as much ease and quiet through the air, a foot or two above the ground, as if that particular movement was a part of the law of its vegetable life; while, on its side, the saw dashes round with a piercing shriek of enjoyment, cutting its way through the very centre,—and so the bulk which commenced that little movement as one, ends it, a minute or so later, as two. Thirty feet of such timber sawed through in so brief a period is in itself something, but the perfect easiness of the whole proceeding is far more impressive.

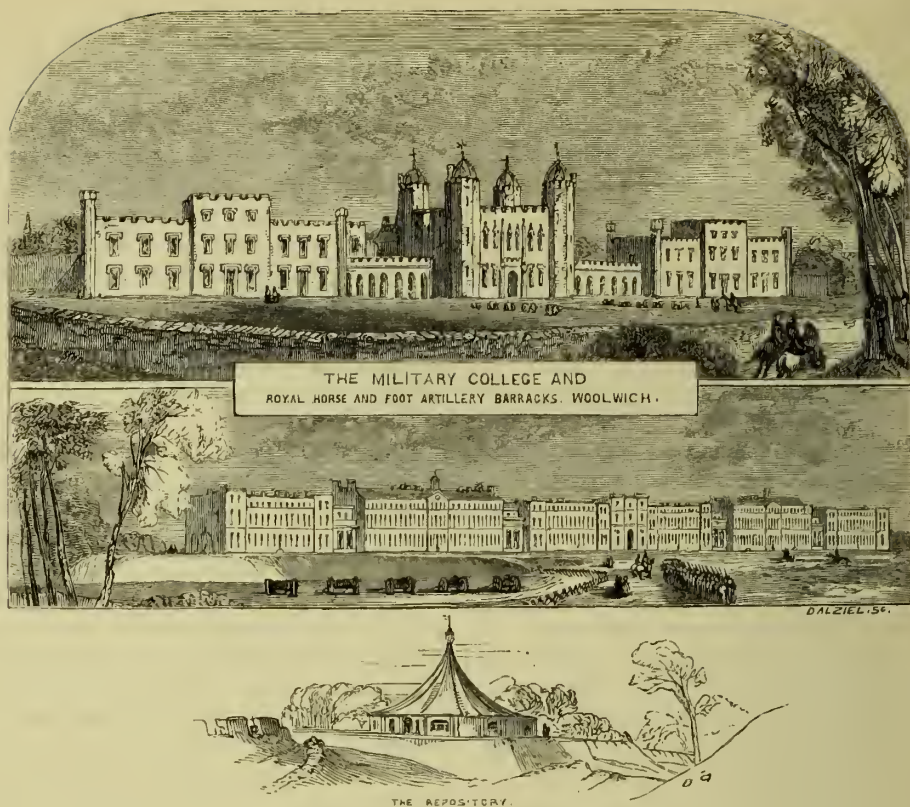
Anchors are no longer made in the Dockyard; which has thus lost one of its picturesque spectacles: but what is going on may well satisfy the

most inveterate sight-seer. In yonder ship they are building a 50-gun frigate, which it is expected will turn out an unusually beautiful specimen of naval architecture. Here they are erecting an 84. Further on, are two of these grand marine structures, side by side, slowly rising into their perfect states. And what a contrast—the one a steamer, which will be mischievous enough, no doubt, to those who venture to meddle with her,—but still only a steamer; the other a ship of war of almost fabulous power, which will carry 130 guns, and be of some 3500 tons burthen. The builders of *Harry Grace à Dieu*, or of the Sovereign of the Seas, which made so much noise in Charles I.'s time, as the greatest ship then known, would be a little astonished to look on this, the Royal Albert,—the largest ship, without exception, in the greatest navy the world has ever seen. What a curious walk it is to ascend the long-continued series of inclined planes, made of rough timbers, which enable you to pass upward from the ground to the edge of the monster's deck. And then to think of the height of the forest of masts and spars that will rise above that again.

As we wander onward the extent of the Dockyard begins by degrees to astonish us; and no wonder, for it is nearly a mile long. The buildings are countless, and no two are alike. We now approach long ranges of workshops with gable roofs: these past,—we are on the edge of one of the two Dockyard basins, where now lie a couple of packet-boats, steamers, for repair. Looking up we perceive we are standing between two tall mast-like erections, each moving upon an iron joint at the bottom, where the two divide widely, while at top they nearly meet. These are the Shears, and will drop you a new boiler, of any size, into a steamer, or take a mast coolly out from one of the largest ships, at your pleasure. Among the other features of the Dockyard may be briefly enumerated,—the Dry-docks, the Parade, where the Royal Dockyard battalion exercise, and where, on summer evenings, a military band, that most spirit-stirring of musical effects, may be often heard; the Guard-house, the Surgery, the Chapel, the Dockyard-school, for apprentices, and the supply of water which comes from a reservoir at the base of Shooter's Hill, a couple of miles or so distant. But ere we quit the Dockyard, there remains one thing to notice, and to dwell on,—a sight of melancholy interest, and which, though we have not before spoken of it, meets one at every turn. Here is a sample:—nine or ten men are dragging a truck with ropes. At first you might not see anything peculiar about them. Their dress is simple,—gray jacket, and trousers, and a sailor's glazed round hat. But do you see their attendants?—the soldier trailing a musket on one side—the smart keeper, giving his orders on the other. Perhaps, unconsciously, you go a little nearer and look in their faces: then the truth flashes on you—Convicts! Hulks!—Aye; and there is one of the Hulks, on the Thames in front of the Dockyard. But you have gone too near. The soldier warns you “the keeper does not like any one to approach the

convicts.” He is quite right, and one's own feelings suggest the warning to be unnecessary, now we know who they are. This is, we repeat, a sight of melancholy interest; and grows more and more so, as you see group after group pass you, occupied in a variety of labours, none of them we fancy really very hard, and certainly none of them degrading; but then the ever-watching soldier, with his gleaming weapons,—and the equally vigilant keeper. A continuous hunt without the excitement;—punishment inexorably dogging the heels of crime.

Let us now bend our steps towards Woolwich Common, passing, on our way, through the streets of the dull town, in one of which we find the Royal Marine Barracks; in this pile some 1500 soldiers can be accommodated, and it has the reputation of being the most commodious place of the kind the army possesses. We now reach the fine breezy common, upon which we enter by means of a couple of iron gates. We have now on the right one end of the magnificent barracks of the Royal Artillery, in front a fine expanse of green-sward, crossed diagonally from the left by a line of buildings terminating in the Royal Military Academy, and crowned in the distance by the finely-wooded heights of Shooter's Hill—most appropriate of names! whilst lastly, on the right, the eye is arrested by the tall, tent-like form of the Repository, situated among beautifully picturesque undulating and broken grounds, diversified with fine pine-groups, snatches of water, &c. We will first, then, visit the Repository. Every step now brings some fresh object of interest into view; here is a park of artillery, pointing their dumb, blank-looking, demure mouths at us, and making one shiver to think of the scene they could suddenly raise about us—and possibly yet may raise somewhere or other. A little farther on we see, facing us, a genuine piece of field-fortification, formed of earth, and faced with sods, and having cannons grimly peering out of every embrasure. Here the artillerymen are exercised in their terrible business; here sieges are constantly lost and won—would all sieges were equally bloodless! In the waters of which we have spoken, which lie beyond the Repository, the management of pontoon boats, crossing rivers in the face of an enemy, diving for sunken pieces of ordnance, form the chief exercises. The Repository is peculiarly the show-place of Woolwich, and would be considered, anywhere else, a very striking one; here it is so surrounded by rival attractions, that it suffers a degree of eclipse. By the little field-gate that admits freely all visitors, except the poor foreigner, again stands on each side a sort of Ordnance Cerberus, triple-mouthed, in the shape of a small piece of cannon, containing three distinct bores. These pieces were taken by Marlborough from the French, at Malplaquet. In the centre of the Repository-ground stands a soldier's memento of grateful and proud recollection of their eminent leader—it is an Obelisk, inscribed, “The Royal Regiment of Artillery to Sir Alexander Dickson.” Do you ask who he was? look on the other side of the obelisk, and you read a



list of battles, seventeen in number, in which the veteran was engaged; and that list, which begins with Buenos Ayres, ends with Waterloo. Opposite the door of the Repository stands 'Voltaire,'—a magnificent piece of artillery, a trophy from Waterloo, and which is peculiarly interesting to unlearned visitors, as being complete in all its equipments. Close by, just raised above the ground, is a history of British ordnance, which he who runs may read; it consists (apparently) of a perfect set of specimens of our ordnance, from the days of Henry VIII. ("King of England and France," the guns say) down almost to our own time. "Thys Culveryn Bastard weys 2279," one piece remarks. Another informs us it is a "Pierrier," or stone-thrower, and thereby reminds us that cannon-balls were originally made of stone: in a commission given by Richard II. to Sir Thomas Norwich, 1378, the latter was directed to purchase six hundred balls of stone, for cannon and other engines. The extremely beautiful colour of many of these cannon must strike all eyes; it is the softest most exquisite green one can conceive,—the result, of course, of chemical action, and a colour that would be much more agreeable to the antiquary or artist than to the Master-general of the Ordnance, were the pieces for use. The length of one of the pieces is enormous; we should say, measuring by the eye, nearly, if not quite, 15 feet. But, ha! what is this?—the very piece of ordnance that burst in Moorfields, broke down the Foundry, and raised up the fortunes of the young German, Schaleh; and who, by the way, lies now in Woolwich church-yard.

The Repository would be a very graceful building, if all idea of consistency were not destroyed by making the lower portion of the tent-like pile (the base, as it were, on which it stands) of brick; but seeing *that* you only wonder why so apparently fragile and graceful a superstructure was placed upon so solid a foundation. Within, the effect has been still more injured by the truly barbarous idea (if indeed Goth or Vandal can be supposed capable of such a solecism as that) of putting in the centre a thick Doric pillar, whose massive capital just manages to thrust itself into the pointed roof or apex of the tent, having therefore apparently nothing to support. A slender tree-shaft would have been beautiful, and quite as useful, if support were really needed. However, having got the thick Doric pillar, the authorities have made extensive use of it, in mounting upon it all sorts of fancy military ornaments,—conspicuous among which stands the complete armour of Bayard, the knight "*sans peur et sans reproche*." The object of the Repository is here stated to be for the reception of the "arms and other trophies taken by the British army in Paris, in 1815." The building itself, we are informed, came from the Carlton Gardens, as the gift of the Prince Regent, afterwards George IV., who erected it there as a banquetting-house for the reception of the allied sovereigns on their visit to England. The contents of the Repository are so multifarious as almost to defy any generalisation except the very vague one of relating to warfare, and even that would not include many of the most interesting objects. For instance, under a glass is a cinder, of about six cubic inches.

That cinder is the last vestige of above fifty-six millions of one pound bank-notes, burned by the Bank of England after calling them in. Here is also a new instrument for the measurement of time, by W. Congreve, which may be kept in motion for thirty years, by a piece of chain, four feet long. Among the objects more especially proper to the place, the models of fortified towns, dockyards, &c., first attract attention by their size. They include Woolwich, Chatham, Portsmouth, Plymouth, and Deptford dockyards; Fort William, in Bengal; Quebec, including the spot where Wolfe fell, marked by a piece of the stone from the spot; Fort St. Philippe, in Minorca; Brimstone Hill and Citadel, in the Island of St. Christopher; Gibraltar, Rio de Janeiro, &c. Guns of every kind, of course, abound here, from the gigantic instrument or matchlock—which looks like a musket, but which no mortal man could lift, and which we find is for platform-firing, and supported artificially—down to the most elegant little weapon that ever an amateur Mars burned to discharge in the face of an enemy. The artillery-service is, as one would expect, profusely illustrated by tiny models of cannon, and mortars, and carriages, and equipments of every sort, ever used, or ever proposed to be used in war; the ordnance being in many cases mounted, and preceded by long trains of horses. There are also similar models of carriages bearing flat-bottomed pontoons, turned upside down, of artillery-waggons, of infernal machines, rockets, scaling-ladders, and—like a little wholesome “bread” to all this stimulating “sack”—refuge beacons. Many of the cannons are extremely beautiful; but here is a refreshing contrast, a villainously-ugly piece from Cutch, looking like a round cannon suddenly crushed into a flat one; it was used for firing iron bars. Models again of machines for grinding powder, of foundries for cannon-making, sections of powder and other magazines, scientific, optical, and other instruments, a gigantic kettle-drum, weighing four and a half tons, models of bomb and fire-ships, a model of the Royal George, built in the dockyard we have lately quitted, and sunk at Spithead, fire-alarums, moveable targets, &c., help to compose the peculiar wealth of the Repository. The last objects we shall mention, are some relics of genuine old English ordnance, supposed to belong to the earliest period of the introduction of artillery into our service. They were found on the coast of Walney, Lancashire, and were dropped there, it is believed, by the fleet of Richard II., in 1379, on its expedition to Ireland, when twenty-five vessels were wrecked, and above a thousand men lost. No—there is one thing more we must name, this gigantic bunch of ordnance *grape*, looking like a lot of India-rubber bottles tied together by rope, and rudely smeared over with red paint. A pleasant messenger to send among a ship’s crew, scattering, as it does, on its alighting, some forty shells, each vomiting forth its devilish contents in emulous contest with its neighbours, the whole changing life into death with a ghastly suddenness, through the extent of a vast semicircle. Touch it—how innocent and trivial it looks just now!

From the model instruments of destruction to the model-men who use them, or in other words, from the Repository Museum to the Royal Military Academy for Cadets, on the opposite side of the common, seems a natural and felicitous transition. This institution is for the education of the sons of officers and private gentlemen, who desire to obtain commissions in the Artillery or Engineering service. At present the numbers vary from 150 to 200. The expense is proportioned to the rank of the parents, if they are in the army; if not, the annual payment is £125. It may not be uninteresting to consider what is now esteemed the ideal of a military man’s education. The range of study here has of late years been greatly extended and improved. It now comprises mathematics, with all its minor branches; natural philosophy; fortifications, permanent and field; and all matters relating to attacks, defences, sieges, outworks, mining, powder magazines, bridges, coast defences, towers, &c.; drawing, including landscape, and plan, and map, and figure, and water-colours; chemistry; botany (there is a garden to aid botanical study); and lastly, all the ordinary branches of an English education, as history, geography, the French and German languages, &c. So much for the mind. The body, meantime, is subjected to all sorts of drilling, and exercising, and marching, to military practice with carbines, to mortar, howitzer, and eprouvette practice, at various ranges, manœuvring with field-guns, sword-drill, formation of parades, also gymnastics, swimming, and athletic games, besides we know not how many etceteras. A rather fearful prospect for a timid youth to enter on! We have been told of one case, where for the first six months the young cadet made absolutely no progress, and was looked upon as an incorrigible dunce. Probably he was all the while only making up his mind to the place, and its demands. Suddenly he started onwards, overtook more advanced students, passed them, and presently was by the side of the masters themselves, perfectly acquainted with all they could teach him. The affair quite startled the Academy. The authorities talked about it, and wondered at it, and at last thought they would do something in it, by noticing it with some extraordinary mark of approbation: consequently a gold medal was cast and presented to the young student; an incident quite out of course, utterly unprecedented. Would not one suppose that when the gentleman cadet had mastered the foregoing routine he must have finished his studies at last?—that is by no means the case; he has only mastered the first or theoretical branch. He must next go to the Arsenal, and form one of the “practical class” established there, as a detachment from the Academy. There he remains for a twelvemonth, learning the use of all sorts of guns, carriages, and machines that are employed in the service; making drawings from actual measurements of every object, and accompanying them with original descriptions, in fullest detail. The casting of brass ordnance, the composition of gunpowder, the actual manufacture of rockets, fuses, &c., now become “fami-

liar as his garter." Sapping and mining, field-work surveying, are all now closely and experimentally taught. The cadets receive lectures on mineralogy, geology, practical mechanics, practical astronomy, practical optics, chemistry, strategy, and other military subjects, courts martial, and military law. Lastly; during the eleventh and twelfth months, they are made finished horsemen in the Riding School. Supposing the whole course of study to be creditably passed through, a commission, without fee or reward, soon gratifies the eyes of the cadet—from thenceforward he stalks abroad an officer in Her Majesty's service. Monthly examinations take place, followed by reports to the Queen and the Master-General, and upon these reports the latter acts in recommending to the former those cadets whom he esteems worthy of and prepared for actual service.

The Academy front presents three divisions, the one in the centre suggesting at a distance a likeness to the well-known central square turretted pile of the Tower of London, the others forming solid battlemented structures each higher in the middle than at the ends, and the whole three divisions forming a fine façade. A few six-pounders appropriately decorate the entrance. Here take place annually gymnastic games, which we are told are not unworthy of classic days. Prizes of books, telescopes, skates, and a host of other suitable articles are given to the winners in the different contests, which comprise foot-races, foot-races including hurdles to be leaped over, cutting lead, running high jumps, running wide jumps, high leaps with the pole, vaulting, and "putting" or throwing 24-pound shot. The prize of prizes is the Silver Bugle which is granted to, and worn for a year by, the cadet who is victor in the greatest number of games. A pretty scene, when the bugle with his name engraved on it, is first slung over the manly yet youthful shoulder. These annual contests are open to the public view, and must be well worth seeing. The Governor of the Academy is the Master-general of the Ordnance; practically the Academy is managed by a Lieutenant-governor, aided by inspectors and other officers, professors, and masters. The Professorship of Mathematics is generally held by one of our most distinguished mathematicians; the names of Dereham, Simpson, Hutton, and Gregory already stand upon the Academy's roll. The cadets themselves share to a certain extent in the business of government; some being appointed corporals over a number of their fellows; and each room, with three cadets, having a head who is responsible for the conduct of the whole. The hall of the Academy looks like a genuine piece of middle-age domestic architecture, though the whole pile was only erected in 1805 (the former academy being too small); it is in exquisite taste, of perfectly noble proportions, with richly stained glass windows, various suits of complete armour mounted high on the walls, and among the minor effects are some very pleasing and artistic ones, such as the continuous line of ornament along the walls, formed by the belts of the cadets hung closely

together, and the lion heads formed in the recesses on both sides the centre of the hall, by weapons of war. The origin of the Academy may be said to be a small school which existed in the neighbouring village of Charlton before the year 1719, and which has gradually expanded into the institution we have described.

Re-crossing the common, but in a more easterly direction, we pass the long-extended front of the Royal Artillery Barracks for foot and horse,—a pile of enormous size, and capable of accommodating between three and four thousand men. This front is formed of five divisions, connected by four others, standing back, and having before them arched Doric colonnades, which complete the line of front unbroken, to the extent of 1200 feet. The two cupolas in the centre, and the constantly varying line of roof, prevent the slightest idea of tameness or monotony. The barracks include a large chapel, three reading-rooms for (respectively) the officers, non-commissioned officers, and privates, a superb mess-room (60 feet by 50), riding-schools, &c. &c. On the parade in front are five remarkable pieces of ordnance; the centre one is of immense size, and was taken at the siege of Bhurtpoor. This parade is the grand promenade of Woolwich,—and certainly nothing can be well conceived more brilliant in military spectacle than the scene here frequently presented, as, for instance, when the Horse Artillery march forth on a grand field-day, with a complete battery of guns, each drawn by four or six horses, preceded by a brass band, under the eyes, perhaps, of a general officer and his staff and friends, and surrounded by a large concourse of persons.

We now finally direct our steps to the Arsenal, and the road leads us up past the Royal Ordnance Hospital and the barracks of the sappers and miners. At the Arsenal gate we are again met by the query as to our extraction, and again give a satisfactory answer. With the politest of bows, the attendant on duty says, "You may now go where you please to any part of the Arsenal;" excellent! we mentally exclaim; "only," he adds "you must not enter any of the buildings." The sense of the ludicrous nature of this climax grows on us as we proceed, through a sort of deserted path or road between houses and erections, until at last one fairly bursts out into a hearty peal of laughter at this specimen of arsenal wit. However, it is a fact that the buildings are all hermetically closed except to those who obtain an order from the Master-general; and from what we can learn such orders are by no means easy to be obtained by those who would make any other use of them, than merely to please their eyesight and gratify their curiosity. It is in these buildings, of course, that all the more interesting processes and manufactures are carried on. Information, however, does ooze out, even so as to supply the local guide-books. From these then we shall just borrow such a brief notice as we intended to have given (and which we regret we cannot give) from personal examination. The Foundry, for casting brass guns and howitzers, was erected by Vanbrugh, and contains three furnaces, one

of which is large enough to hold nineteen tons of metal. Cannon are cast whole, and then bored. This operation is performed in other parts of the Arsenal, and is one of high mechanical skill and beauty. The boring of the interior, and the turning and polishing of the exterior, go on simultaneously; the gun revolving all the time on its axis, and the bore being completed by a centre-bit, placed at starting at the mouth. Every gun, after casting, is examined by magnifying-glasses outside, and by mirrors within. If no flaw be discovered, it is then further tested by being fired: that proof is decisive one way or the other. Iron ordnance is generally supplied on contract, by private manufacturers; but alterations of iron ordnance are carried on here. Thus an 18-pounder is sometimes enlarged into a 24. Everywhere in the Arsenal machinery is at work, performing the strongest and the most delicate operations.

The Laboratory is devoted to the business of preparing all sorts of ammunition except ball and blank cartridges, which, on account of their hazardous nature, have been removed to the eastern extremity of the Arsenal. The Model-rooms contain specimens of all the articles, in all stages of preparation, used in the manufacture of gunpowder, also of the grinding and sifting-mills, and the machines and implements by which the manufacture itself is carried on. Here, too, are moulds for casting missiles of every kind, balls, bullets, chain, grape and canister shot, and shells,—some of the latter weighing 230 pounds. A leathern bag hanging on the wall, will show you how Ghuznee was won. It was by means of a few bags like this filled with gunpowder, and applied to the gateway, that an opening was torn away into that strong fortress, which admitted the storming party, and caused the Affghans the loss

of their apparently impregnable place. The military antiquary will here find many things to charm him; as, for instance, the specimens of implements of destruction of an earlier date, many of which have fallen into entire disuse. The percussion-cap manufactory possesses some very beautiful machines for the construction of that little and new but valuable auxiliary to the modern musket, the cap, which is cut out from a sheet of copper, at first in the shape of a Maltese cross, then put into rough form by boys. In the proof department metal fuses are made and fitted to shells, and the latter tested. The final test is proving them by air under water. The other chief departments are the powder-magazines and the gun-carriage department; in connection with the last are buildings for the manufacture of that terrible missile, the Congreve-rocket.

But though the interior of the buildings, their varied contents, and scientific processes, are sealed to the visitor, the open spaces are not altogether destitute of objects to arrest his attention. There are two almost appalling items, the one of them consisting of the ordnance ranged in lines on the ground, to the number of *twenty-eight thousand pieces* of large cannon, the other of shot and shells pyramidally built up to the number of four millions! These two facts may give some idea of the resources of Woolwich, in case of our neighbours feeling inclined to substantiate Sir Francis Head's anticipatory alarms; and, starting from this idea of Woolwich, one may go on by degrees to vaguely reckon up the resources of the other places of the kind in England; and last, and by no means least, we may take into account what could be done by private manufacturers, when we remember that Birmingham alone during the last European war, produced with ease a musket a minute.

THE MEDWAY.

Resuming our place in the train, we speedily see on our left the marshes of Plumstead, with the river veiled in mist beyond. Here the authorities of the Arsenal come not unfrequently to look on, while inventors of all sorts of shells, and other infernal machines, test the schemes with which they hope to scatter death and ruin among hostile armies, and towns, and ships, and thereby build up their own lives and fortunes. On our right the eye rests upon a long-continued slope of gentle eminences, crowned by woods of varying outline. Again our pace increases, and the scenery, as in a moving panorama, floats rapidly by. There is Erith,—with its gigantic excavation in the earth, looking like the bed of some new tower of Babel to be raised here—and which is proposed as one of the places of sepulture for London under the new arrangements;—and there is a hop-garden, with the poles in bundles, collected into elegant pyramidal forms, like small tapering huts; and there Dartford, where Wat Tyler's insurrection broke out, and where—banc and antidote—the first English paper-mill was said to have been

established for the use of the press which can expose and show how to redress all social wrongs, and render unnecessary these terrible social explosions; and although great England, like little Dartford, relies too much on its *powder mills*, and the things pertaining thereto, and too little on its paper-mills, and their adjuncts, yet we believe the current is turning at last into the more wholesome direction. And there is Greenhithe, with its beautifully picturesque broken grounds, extending on both sides of the railway; and there in the distance is Gadshill—the scene of the exploits of Prince Hal, and Falstaff, and their followers;—and lastly, there is Gravesend, that cockney elysium! and which is really a precious breathing-ground for poor half-stifled London—and where it may now, in spite of Sir Francis Head's cry of alarm, wander about in a safety that did not always characterise the place; as for instance, in the days of Richard II., when a fleet of French galleys, had the impudence not only to come to Gravesend, burn its houses, &c., but to carry off the greater part of the astonished inhabit-

ants back with them to their own country, whence we suppose they were only allowed to return on ransom. Beyond Gravesend, we have only one idea till we reach Strood—that of chalk! Every little hill seems but a sign-post for the sale of chalk. The water in Coleridge's 'Ancient Mariner' was not more omnipresent than we here find chalk.

We are at Strood, one of the "three towns," Strood, Rochester, and Chatham, and which form to the eye but one long-continued narrow city. In a few minutes we are gliding on the Medway, and through the natural basin that the river forms here by one of its many windings. That fine picture before us of hills, densely covered with the houses of Rochester and Chatham,—is it really on the same bank, we wonder, or on the other side of the river? Presently our question is answered by our passing it, leaving it still on our right. The stately storehouses, &c., and the great angular or curved roofs of the slips of Chatham Dockyard, which occupy the lower part of the hill, and the mysterious-looking trenches, and other phenomena of the fortifications above, next attract all eyes. These are scarcely looked at before you are told such a ship is a guard-ship, that is one of our men-of-war, kept here in commission, with a regular crew, and with its weapons and stores on board; for what purposes connected with guardianship we could not learn, unless it be intended as a sort of water-watchman to cry out when the foreign spoilers—so long announced, shall come at last. Its ordinary use seems to be to instruct lads in the duties of good seamanship. They are received here, taught the requisite knowledge and discipline, and then draughted off to such men-of-war as may need them.

But see!—that rather toy-looking fort on the left, on the very edge of the water, half covered with ivy, and with its one projecting battery almost concealed by a sort of shed erected over it, to protect the guns, is Upnor Castle, erected by Elizabeth for the defence of the Medway; and which played rather a conspicuous part in one of the most memorable historical events that give interest to the noble waters of the river, and which is also connected with the place towards which we are approaching,—Sheerness. During the war between the English and Dutch in 1677, De Ruyter, the Dutch admiral, determined upon a bold adventure,—no less than making a sudden dash at some of the dockyards of England, and at such portions of the fleet as he might find unprepared to resist his great force. Presently he appeared before Sheerness with fifty ships of the line. It was gallantly but vainly defended by Sir Edward Spragge; the place was taken, and destroyed. De Ruyter, remaining on the watch at the Nore, at the junction of the Thames and the Medway with the sea, sent his admiral Van Ghent, with seventeen light ships and eight fire-ships, up the Medway to destroy Chatham. Monk, then admiral of the fleet, having heard the appalling news of the fate of Sheerness, hastened to the place next devoted to ruin, caused a strong chain to be drawn

across the Medway, and placed three great ships that had been taken from the Dutch behind the chain. But Van Ghent was bold and fortunate. There was a strong easterly wind, and a spring tide. Careering along with all the force this conjunction gave, he snapped the chain asunder, and set fire to the ships placed behind it. But a vigorous defence was made at Upnor, and the country was soon alarmed in all directions, and began to pour in its strength to drive off the invaders, so Van Ghent was compelled to resign all hope of the chief prize—Chatham, and retreated; taking with him, however, one ship—the *Royal Charles*. Pepys has revealed the utter imbecility and confusion that these incidents caused in the councils of Government. When all was over, fresh fortifications were planned, and to some extent erected in a great hurry. The excess of alarm was followed by a re-action of carelessness; but on the whole one can see that the event has never been utterly forgotten, nor a recurrence of such incidents left unprovided for. We should say, any De Ruyter of the nineteenth century would go back in a very different plight. Vessels are warned off from Upnor Castle, and the why must be perfectly satisfactory; accompanying the warning we read, in letters whose size is as portentous as their theme, 'Powder Magazine.' That is the use to which Upnor Castle is now applied.

But what is the meaning of these mast-less spar-less vessels—of such gigantic bulk, and lying together so thickly, frequently in pairs, that the Medway seems alive with them?—These are England's men-of-war reduced to the aspect of peace; lying, as it is called, in ordinary,—that is, with their crews discharged, their masts, spars and rigging, guns, moveables, and stores of every kind removed to the dockyard, and the upper deck covered in with a framework of timber and tarpaulin that completely protects the ship from the injuries of weather. We pass these mighty erections almost every minute. Certainly the Medway thus peopled forms one of the most striking scenes our island can furnish. And to ourselves it is as novel as it is unexpected. We pass some of them so close, that we could look into the state-cabins if we were but high enough; but our little steamer looks still less than she is beside such leviathans. And as we measure the length, breadth, and height, of the enormous structures, we are reminded that what we see out of the water, necessarily involves a world of space, and timber beneath, to give the whole such buoyancy. Stern magnificence is their general expression; but in their colours they are, for the most part, absolutely beautiful, seen under such a clear transparent sky, and brilliant sun, as these of to-day. The intensely beautiful green of the copper bottom is set off, on the one hand, by the dark colour and varying form of the waves, and on the other, by the warm stone colour with which the whole ship is painted, except where the decks are marked by long horizontal stripes of pure white, through which appear the port-holes for the guns. The 'Meanec' we read on the ship we are now passing. This is an 80-gun ship, was built of teak in the East

Indies, and like almost every noticeable ship we hear of from abroad, is said to surpass anything of the kind produced in our own dockyards at home. What can

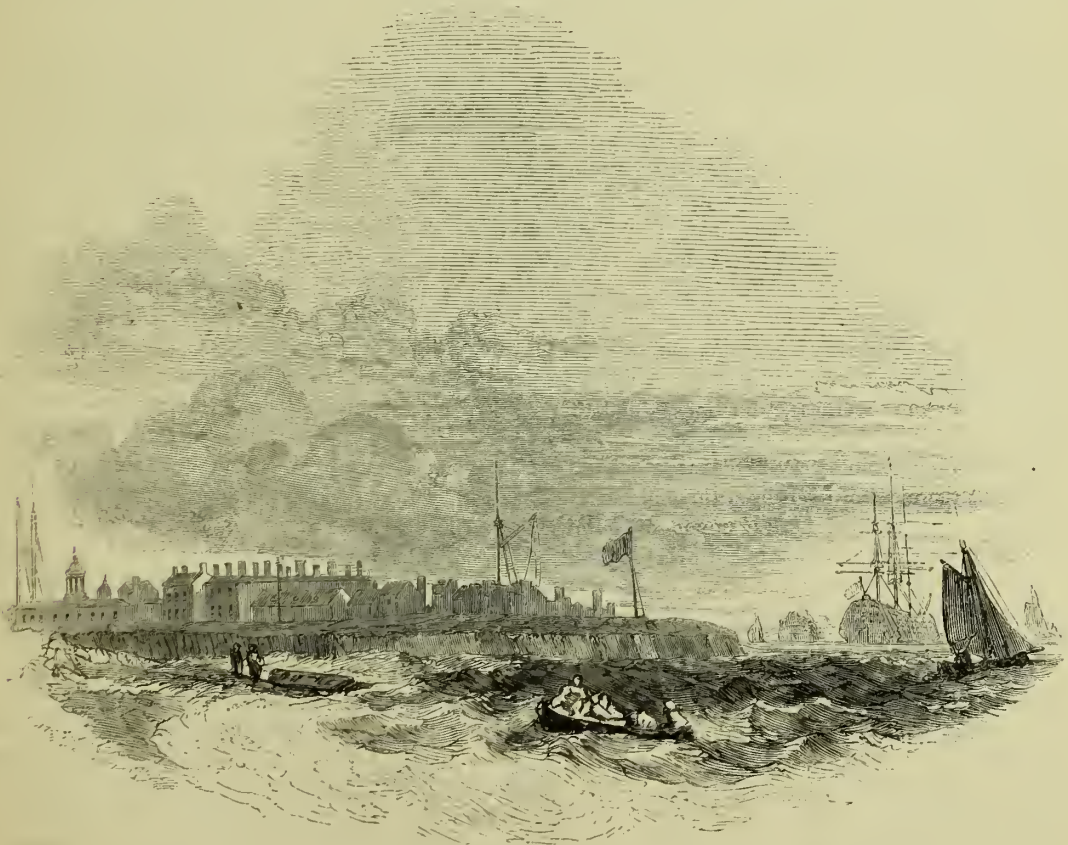
be the meaning of this continual reproach? And here is another vessel that cannot be passed without respectful attention—the Royal George of 120 guns.

SHEERNESS

now comes slowly into view in the form of a long range of stately and handsome-looking buildings apparently of recent erection, and rising from the very bosom of the water. And that appearance speaks but of the reality. In the time of Charles I. Sheerness was nothing but a swamp. Its position, however, at the corner of the Isle of Sheppey, and commanding the mouths of the Thames and Medway, early marked it out as an admirable site for a stronghold of Government, and as a place of refuge for its disabled vessels. Here the ships in ordinary lie far thicker than we have yet seen them, many as we have already noticed in our morning's voyage. Not less than forty ships of different sizes can we count; most of them, evidently, men-of-war, and some of them of the very largest class. Here is one, the Trafalgar, a seventy-four, in commission. We wish we could, without departing from the object of our visit, take our readers over it, and explain to them what a world of industry, and skill, and self-denial, and rigorous exactness and discipline opens to us in wandering through the interior of such

a ship; when crew, guns, and stores are all on board, when, in a word, the ship is in its natural state, fitted alike to sail or to fight:—but this may not be.

The Nore Light may now, we believe, be described by those who possess good eyes; we can perceive only the sea, and are content. Its vastness, so far beyond all our power of comprehension, once more occupies our every thought, and fills us with an awe difficult to be shaken off. An acquaintance we have picked up now leaves us for a neighbouring ship. He has been absent on a two-days' leave, and is uneasy that he has (through his sailorlike mismanagement of all land affairs) extended the two days into three. He left the train at Gravesend for a few seconds, and was astonished to find it gone on his return,—had to telegraph arrangements about his box, containing his uniform (for he was now in a wide-awake hat and ordinary street garb,) and wait all night at Chatham for the next morning's boat to Sheerness. We wish him a lucky oversight of his fault, or at least a mild reproof; for he is of a spirit as buoyant as the floor he treads during the



SHEERNESS.

greater part of the year,—and is anticipating a pleasant trip to the Mediterranean, and from thence to the West Indies.

As we make our way toward the long jetty, that the spirit of the inhabitants has thrust forth some three thousand feet into the water, we are shown one of the few ships that enjoy the reputation of having fired every gun it possessed in one tremendous double broadside. Obviously this is of rare occurrence. The ship pointed out to us was chivalrous enough to run between two enemies, and, being there, did her best. But they were too much for her, and she retreated in time. The steamer in the basin must not be passed over in silence. This was originally intended to carry forty or fifty guns; but, to confess the truth, iron has failed for once—it does not do for steam war-ships. An unlucky blow may commit a terrible amount of damage, and be irreparable at sea. So the *Vulcan* (we think this is her name) is to be made useful in another way. She is to be a troop-ship, that is, she will carry troops to and fro between England and her dependencies. Her size may be best illustrated by stating her capacities—she will carry at one time fifteen hundred soldiers!

Sheerness is a bathing-place in summer, and must be always interesting from its magnificent assemblage of ships of war, which we presume find a much quieter anchorage here, in the comparatively confined space of the Medway, than outside Sheerness, where the sea winds and waves rage entirely uncontrolled. Otherwise the place is dull enough except to visitors of an hour or two, who wish, like ourselves, to see the dockyard.

As we reach the little toll-house at the town-end of the jetty, a man presents himself with an unmistakeable “stand-and-deliver” aspect. A person by our side accordingly asks, “What’s to pay!” “Nothing Sir, for you, but a penny for this gentleman,” referring to our unfortunate selves. “What’s the meaning of that?” we naturally ask. “Oh, you have a writing-case under your cloak, that’s luggage, and we charge for luggage though not for passengers.” A novel law, but it is the law of Sheerness, we suppose, and therefore like peaceable subjects we submit to it.

Sheerness, though not very large as a whole, yet tries to make the most of itself by a threefold division, each part being dignified by the name of a town; thus we have the town of Sheerness properly so called, Mile Town and Blue Town: the latter being included with the dockyard in the lines of fortification. On the land side we see sloping walls rising high on each side of a dry ditch (easily turned into a wet one, no doubt, in case of need) and drawbridges, &c. Facing the water are two batteries of heavy guns, divided by long walls of brickwork, pierced with shot-holes, for musketry. Outside the guns, are various intricacies of slope and ditch, and little green enclosures, pleasant enough to look at but we should say uncommonly dangerous for an enemy to amuse himself in. There are, in all, about one hundred heavy guns mounted, for the

defence of Sheerness. Most of these works of defence are of late creation, and have cost heavy sums of money.

But here we are at the dockyard. Nothing can be more courteous than the officer who admits us. We receive a card, a few hints in answer to our queries as to what is most interesting in the place, and are dismissed to go just where we please. Looking round, we are surprised at the beauty of the place. It is just as though a dockyard, all prepared, had been suddenly, but very gently and nicely, lowered into a gentleman’s park. The handsome pile on the left, which forms the residence of the Captain Superintendent, increases the likeness here suggested. After roaming about the yard for some time, and noticing how all the arrangements seem to conform and harmonise with our first impressions (for Sheerness is undoubtedly one of the most perfect though also one of the smallest of the royal dockyards), we grow inquisitive about a model of the whole, that is kept, we understand, in an upper room of that extremely large storehouse, or rather range of storehouses, which form a quadrangle enclosing an inner court, are six stories high, and will hold 30,000 tons of naval stores. So on application to the builder’s office, a messenger is sent with us to show the model. It occupies the whole central part of a large room, is raised breast high, and contains an accurate representation of every building, however small, that is to be found within the dockyard wall, and some buildings, including a part of the town, that lies beyond. The first thing that strikes us is the infinite number of pointed sticks, some few inches long, which extend downward from beneath every batch of building that is represented; so that if you were to take any particular batch, and turn it, with the points upward, it would look exactly like a flax-dresser’s comb. Those sticks are the representatives of the piles, nearly 100,000 in number, that had to be driven into the marshy soil, before any portion of the dockyard could be safely erected. Standing before the model, opposite the gate at which we entered, our attendant points out the house for the police superintendent on one side of the gateway, and the police station, and surgeon’s house (all dockyards appear to have a resident surgeon) on the other. Next he shows us, farther in the yard, the house for heating pitch, for calking the sides of vessels &c., the saw-pits, and the steam-kiln where planks are steamed and boiled, and the most refractory timbers reduced to the shape that best suits the shipwright’s purposes. Then, outside the gates, he points to the residence of the Port-Admiral; Sheerness being a station entitled to the guardianship of an officer of that high rank; and to the Ordnance department, which is disconnected from the dockyard management, and forms, we presume, a sort of petty arsenal. Sheerness is chiefly used for repairing and not for building vessels; there is, however, generally one vessel, and that a steamer, on the stocks, for the purpose of keeping the permanent hands in employment, when repairing work may be

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CHATHAM DOCKYARD.

slack. Beside the slip for building, there are two dry docks, and two small camber-basins. Of course our attendant does not forget to point out his own office, the Builder's. From thence his eye wanders to a large building, called the Victualling House; but which is no longer used for that purpose, Deptford being the great victualling depôt, for all the royal dockyards, in which we are at present interested. The school for the shipwrights' apprentices is next pointed out, then the large basin, in which lies the Vulcan troop-ship, that we before mentioned, and then the three large docks, opening into the basin, each of which will receive a first-class ship of war; in testimony of which fact, our attention is directed to the Howe; 120-gun ship, at this instant occupying the middle one. The curious arrangements for the transit of large timbers from the Medway outside the dockyard, to the mast pond, a considerable distance within, are now explained. There are certain openings in the sea-wall, into which the timbers are guided, then floated through a tunnel into a pond behind, and thence, if needed no further on, they go under the mast-house which stands on the opposite side of the pond, to the mast-pond behind the mast-house. The masting shears, which we noticed in our account of Woolwich, are of course an indispensable requisite in every dockyard, but here, as well as at Chatham, they are mounted in vessels on the water. The engine for pumping out the water from the docks is of fifty-horse power, and can clear the whole of the enormous body of water they contain when full, in two hours and a half. The mast-house store, two more steam-kilns, police-station for the residence of the dockyard policemen, the cabins

assigned respectively to the timber-receiver, and boat-swain, the mould-loft, joiner's shop, and what was the dockyard tap, all are pointed out to us on the model. Enquiring about the meaning of the word *was* as applied to the dockyard *tap*, we are informed that such places are all abolished in the royal dockyards, and that now the tap of Sheerness is used as a compass-house. "Are there then so many compasses?" we asked. "It is chock-full of them, or pretty near," was the answer. We learn an interesting fact relating to the supply of water, for which Sheerness used to be dependent upon Chatham, until a well was sunk, within the dockyard, 350 feet deep, and abundance at once secured. Presently, however, a complaint reached the authorities that the springs at Southend, ten or twelve miles distant across the Thames, were failing, through the effects of the dockyard well. It seems incredible that the facts should have been as stated, but we are assured there is no doubt about the matter, notwithstanding that all the channels of communication lay below the bed of the deep and broad æstuary of the river. Happily, the sources soon adapted themselves to the increased demands made, and have ever since afforded plenty for all parties. The naval fleets that pass this way are now supplied with all their fresh water from this well. After these glimpses of the extent and completeness of the buildings, and of the expensive nature of the ground, it need excite no surprise to learn that the whole has cost above three millions of money: such at least is the estimate we have seen in a local publication likely enough to be well informed.

STROOD, ROCHESTER, AND CHATHAM.

Returning now to Strood, and landing at the very spot from which the steamer took us, we are reminded by a board of the attractions of the Cathedral and Castle of Rochester, and one has not far to seek for them, for both uprear their hoary-looking walls, close together, within half a mile or so of where we now stand. As we pass on towards the bridge—itsself an object of no ordinary interest,—let us note down a few particulars relating to the three towns, premising that we are not aiming to give a regular topographical description of any of the places on our route, which on the contrary has for its primary object a visit only to the Royal Dockyards and Arsenals at Woolwich and on the Medway. The three towns comprise, altogether, a population, according to the census of 1841, of above 41,000 souls, and extend for nearly two miles along the banks of the Medway. This noble river is of course a tidal one, and rises here in spring tides to the height of 18 feet, and to 12 feet in neap tides. The valley through which it flows is very beautiful, and in no part more so than where the three towns see the reflections of themselves in the smooth waters below. Strood is chiefly noticeable as being the railway-station for the three towns,—Rochester for its Castle and Cathedral,—and

Chatham for its dockyard, barracks and fortifications. Of course there is the usual proportion of churches and chapels, and public buildings in each town, and there are some fine old specimens of domestic architecture. The environs of Rochester and Chatham are very delightful, as may be readily supposed from the nature of the country. Rochester, with Strood and Frindsbury, return two members of Parliament, and Chatham sends another. Rochester is probably the oldest of the three towns, and carries us back into the very mid-night of English history. It was walled round at least as early as the time when Kent rejoiced in its own particular king, Ethelbert I., and the walls in question are supposed to have been of Roman workmanship. Traces of them still remain. But here we are at the Bridge, which is often spoken of as one of the finest antique structures of the kind in England. It connects Strood and Rochester, is built of stone, includes some ten arches, and is now above four and a half centuries old. The builder was Sir R. Knowles, a knight of the reign of Edward III., who was renowned alike for his piety and courage. When that King marched his army through Rochester, on his way to the siege of Calais, he found the wooden bridge that had

existed from at least the date of Henry I. unsafe; hence the erection of the stronger structure.

Gazing with some interest upon this example of our forefathers skill in engineering, we noticed certain horizontal scaffoldings of wood, stretching out from it on the Chatham, or sea-ward side, and had the curiosity to ask their meaning. "It is for the erection of a new bridge" was the answer. "And of course, then, this bridge will be removed?" "Yes, as soon as the new one is completed." So this fine old structure, which has been long looked on with veneration by our antiquarians, not only for itself, but for its antecedents (there are vehement suspicions of Roman handywork about its foundations, and there cannot be the least doubt that there was originally a Roman ferry, if not a Roman bridge), this fine old structure is doomed—and will soon be known only by the prints in big volumes of county history. We learn from the resident engineer, that the new bridge will be of iron, with three arches, the centre one having a span of 170 feet, will take about three years to erect, and will cost a sum which cannot be estimated nearer than as ranging between one—and one hundred and fifty—thousand pounds. In making the foundations, the engineers have alighted on what is evidently the foundation of the original wooden bridge, and in consequence they have to penetrate through eighteen feet of Kentish rag-stone. This unexpected circumstance has led to great changes in the mode of action. The piles are of cast-iron instead of wood, and measure no less than seven feet in diameter. Of these about fifty or sixty in all will be employed. Their construction and use will probably mark a new era in this department of engineering. They are divided into two portions, one smaller than the other, but connected by an internal door. The small chamber is intended as a kind of preliminary reception-room for the two or three workmen employed in each cylinder, while the communication is cut off between the external air they have just left and the larger chamber to which they are going. The last is kept constantly full of compressed air, by means of a steam-engine. This air—so compressed—keeps the water out of the bottom of the cylinder (which is a kind of diving-bell), and yet allows the workmen to break up and prepare the ground for the reception of the cylinder itself, which is to remain permanently as a pile. The contrivances by which all this is effected are as simple as they are beautiful. The inventor is Mr. Hughes, who acts for the chief engineer of the bridge, Mr. W. Cubitt. Before we leave, the first-named gentleman shows us a stack of black-looking pieces of timber, old piles, which have been extracted from the foundations; and he informs us of a very valuable fact that has resulted from their examination. It is calculated that this wood has been at least a thousand years under water; and as it consists of several kinds, there is an opportunity, of a character seldom afforded, for testing their relative value. The kinds are oak, chestnut, elm, and beech. The first three are perfectly sound, the fourth is entirely rotten.

What a change has taken place in all things, since this dark-looking ruin—the Castle—this remnant of feudal times, preserved for the instruction of our own, was erected, and nowhere is the alteration more conspicuous or significant than in itself. Formerly the protector of the whole neighbourhood, the parent, so to speak, of the towns that grew up in comparative security under its shelter, it is now unable without assistance to keep its own worn-out body together, and its sole value is to amuse an idle hour of the curious, or to afford a practical lesson in old English history, not at all to the increase of its own social estimation in modern thoughts. There is, indeed, something touching to our eye, in the words written against the walls, requesting that no stones, &c., be removed to be carried away as relics. No! the poor old castle can no longer spare them. Still it is a really magnificent ruin. Much of the walls yet remain, also one or two smaller towers scattered about the grounds; but the chief portion is the Keep, which is of great height and size, and in admirable preservation. As we enter, thinking of the bloody sieges it has maintained, we behold—what a contrast to such thoughts!—a kitchen-garden, merging in one direction into a kind of pleasure ground. One of the towers is occupied as a residence by the party who rents the whole of the Earl of Jersey, the proprietor. In answer to our inquiries, we are told the castle is freely exhibited,—but, it is hinted, a slight remuneration is expected. And certainly this is deserved, if it be only for the careful state in which the castle is preserved, and for the manner in which the convenience of the visitors is studied. A sort of gallery runs all round the keep, opening by arches upon the different stories into the interior; and seats are placed here and there, each commanding some one of the many glorious prospects that keep bursting upon you in all directions of the compass, and with increased extent and grandeur, as you wind round and round to the top, whence the whole panorama is exposed to your gaze without interruption. We here see an amphitheatre of hills; almost entirely encircling the beautiful landscape, which presses upon your delighted eyes one object after another, of high interest, and the whole combining into a picture of rich and rare harmony. First, there is the Medway at the bottom, extending round full three-fourths of the castle, and coming close to it at one point. How well those old feudal princes knew the military value of a position! Next there is the Cathedral, with the pinnacles of its main-tower (a bald-looking structure of the present century) rising to about the height of our eye, and the only thing that does rival the lofty stretch of this fine old keep. How hoary looking, how full of years and of care, the Cathedral looks! And the parish church of Rochester close beside it, seems infected by the same spirit of weariness and decay. As we see where the stones have from time to time crumbled and fallen away from all these three aged and neighbouring piles, one cannot resist the fancy, that, like the old man in

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ROCHESTER CASTLE.

Chaucer, they knock upon the earth, which is their mother, and say, "Leve [dear] mother, let me in." The Bridge forms, of course, a most picturesque feature in the bottom of the panorama, spanning the waters of the Medway. And lastly, the eye rests with great pleasure upon the pretty garden grounds that embroider, as it were, the exterior base of the Castle, partly within its walls, and partly without, where the moat has been filled up. These walls were twenty feet high and seven thick, and constructed, we must remember, before the days of powder and heavy ordnance.

The interior of the Castle is divided into three distinct portions; first, the hollow space of the small entrance-tower, and then the two great divisions of the keep, caused by a thick party-wall, running across, which extends from the earth at the bottom to the very top of the pile, about 104 feet high, and is full of arches and doors of communication between the two portions. There are six stories, reckoning the basement as one. The arches on the fourth story are magnificent, with great round Norman pillars, and show plainly that these were the state apartments. Through the great partition wall a well was constructed, to which there was a communication on each floor. Of course all timber-work, including floors, have utterly disappeared. It is probable that a castle of some sort stood on the site of the present one as early as the period of the creation of the see of Rochester, about 604, for Rochester was then known as a place of strength on the Medway. But the earliest fact of which we have cognisance, was the act of William the Conqueror, in either repairing or building the present Castle, and consigning it to the care of Odo, his brother, bishop of Bayeux. In one sense Odo was well fitted for the trust: his soul seems to have been set much more on things military than on things ecclesiastical. So in the reign of William's successor, Rufus, Odo raised the standard of revolt, and defied his nephew and sovereign. Rufus then issued a proclamation in which he declared every one a *Niding* who did not repair to the siege of Rochester. This had the desired effect. The young blood of England could not stand that—a *Niding*! heaven forefend! so Rufus soon found himself surrounded by a gallant army; the Castle was besieged, and taken after six weeks' delay. The garrison, however, marched out with their horses and arms. Rochester Castle might form the text of a discourse on the civil wars of England; it has been engaged in so many. In the time of Stephen, John and the Barons, Henry III. and De Montfort, Richard II. and Wat Tyler, Edward IV. and the Wars of the Roses, Rochester town and Castle enjoyed an undoubted though not very enviable renown. The most interesting of all these affairs was probably the siege of the Castle by De Montfort, after he had beaten the king at Lewes. Lambarde tells us, this great soldier-statesman "girded the city of Rochester about with a mighty siege, and setting on fire the wooden bridge, with a tower of timber that stood thereon, won the

first gate or ward of the Castle by assault, and spoiled the church and abbey; but being manfully resisted seven days together by Earl Warren," and hearing the king was coming, he departed to meet him, and what force he left behind was soon afterwards driven off by the king's troops. When such was the sort of work Rochester Castle had to engage in, we need not wonder at the precautions taken by its founders—as manifested, for instance, in these solid bulks of masonry that form the walls of the keep, which are nowhere less than eight feet,—and in many parts thirteen feet thick.

The Cathedral is, as it looks, one of the oldest buildings in England; having been erected chiefly before the close of the eleventh century, on the site of that still earlier Christian church which was begun by Ethelbert, king of Kent, about the year 604, and which was therefore coeval with the creation of the see. The builder of the present Cathedral was Bishop Gundulph, whose name occurs so frequently in connection with the architecture of the Conqueror's æra. The west front, with the exception of the window, the nave, nearly up to the transept which divides it from the choir, and the tower known by his name, are all from the hand of Gundulph. The great window just mentioned is in the perpendicular style, while the transepts, and some parts of the choir, belong to the early English. The main tower, as we have already noticed, is of quite recent erection (1825). The Cathedral, like the see, is rather of the smallest for a cathedral. It measures in its entire length 306 feet, of which the nave occupies 150 feet. The view of the nave is architecturally grand and simple; and at the intersection of the great transept, between nave and choir, the slender black columns, which extend more or less numerously up the face of the gigantic and light-coloured piers, and decorate also every little arch that one sees on high, give a peculiar and picturesque effect and finish to the change which takes place from the solid Norman to the more graceful, though still massive-looking, English. The crypt beneath the choir is of very early date, belonging, in fact, to that period when one hardly knows whether we are not still lingering within the direct influence of the foreign architects who followed in the train of the Conqueror, or whether we have really arrived at the advent of native art, which in its first manifestation was but a modification of that which preceded. There are some antique monuments in the Cathedral, and many other objects of interest, to which, however, we cannot here attempt to do justice. We must now turn from matters relating to the cure of human souls to those whose ambition it is to do the greatest possible injury to human bodies;—from cathedrals and sees to fortifications and dock-yards.

As we pass through Chatham, nearly to its farthest extremity, an opening on the left brings us to the base of the hill, which here interposes between the town and the Medway, its height crowned with the embrasures that, like open mouths, seem to threaten all and sundry, and whose bite follows quick upon the warn-

ing, when need is. Winding round to the left, we reach a drawbridge, and read what is inscribed there,—“Drive slowly over the bridge,” by the light of an imagination which is somewhat excited by the nature of the scene into a belief of mysterious powers and dangers all around: so that even these words seem to suggest some hidden terror. As we pause on the bridge, we find ourselves standing over a great trench, which ascends from the valley on the left, and pursues its undeviating course straight up the hill for some distance on the right, until it turns off to include some wider portion of the top of the hill in its embracing arms. Another bridge crosses the trench half-way up beyond us; while at the top, or turn that we have mentioned, the face of the high wall of earth and masonry is pierced with openings of various sizes and shapes, that speak very plainly of the amiable intentions that gave them birth. What volleys of musketry, what storm of shell and shot, what avalanches of troops, if necessary, could not those openings vomit forth, for the sudden destruction of all who might appear in the trench without lawful business. Midway up the hill, we find one of the three barracks of Chatham, and the call to early parade is just sounding from within. Farther on, in the same direction, we can just see the very rich and handsome brick entrance to the dockyard. But we will stroll on farther up the heights, to see if we can get any clear idea of these fortifications, which we confess somewhat puzzle us to understand as a whole. Presently we find ourselves in a maze of military roads; turning and winding about, with high, steep, unscaleable walls on each side, and sky above. Then every now and then we emerge upon some open ground, part of the heights, but not their highest part, and wherever there is a full command of the scenery, whether inland or sea, there you find a row of intelligent cannon, looking forth apparently in mute admiration. Now you move among fields, and begin to think of agriculture and of delving the soil, till you are reminded by various mounds that the soil has been indeed delved to some purpose; each of these grass-covered hillocks is a powder-magazine, trying, apparently, to conceal its awful secrets in the depth of the earth; but stuck fast midway in the attempt. Nowhere can the grass be greener, the breeze more cheery! and surely there must be wild flowers!—aye, truly, yonder are a pair of them,—villainous-looking little mortars that might have shot up spontaneously from the soil, in that little hollow,—so innocent do they seem of any particular purpose in their present position. In another inclosed bit of lawn-like ground, we come upon a kindred pair,—two small cannon. Such are the wild flowers that grow on Chatham heights. Lastly, we notice before we again reach the great trench of inclosure on the top of the heights, that there are breast-works, behind which bodies of soldiery can shelter themselves, while they load, then advance up the gentle slope till they look over, fire, and instantly retreat back to repeat the process. Beyond the trench, we see a fine open park-like space, descending to the Medway on the left, called

popularly the “lines;” here military exercises take place, and this also forms the race-ground.

Looking over the whole, from the highest accessible point, and judging without any other aid than our own civilian eyes can afford, the ideas that are here worked out seem to be—first, batteries commanding the river, and all modes of approach, and posted at different elevations upon every suitable spot of ground, so that the total number of pieces of cannon that can be brought to bear upon any point endangered must be enormous. So much for your enemy, while he yet keeps a certain respectful distance. But if he can and will come closer,—if he feels the temptation of a dash at the dockyard and all its unfathomable wealth of stores, too clearly irresistible, then there is the trench, which he must be good enough to cross, and we have already shown how that rubicon is superintended—what sort of spirits keep watch and ward over it. Let us add, that the depth and width of the trench, and the evident solidity of its structure, are—to our notions at least—extraordinary. Measuring with the eye the part already spoken of by the draw-bridge, it seemed to us, that the walls on each side, sloping outwardly, as they ascend, must be at least forty feet high, and the trench about the same width across the top, though narrower at the bottom. The whole trench is formed with brick-work. Supposing the enemy to be very strong, as well as very brave and very skillful, and to pass the trench, and to sweep away the defenders of the breast-works, he has apparently but one of two courses,—to remain on the heights, exposed to the murderous fire of all the batteries, or to seek for shelter in the various roads that lead from the heights down to the very part he wishes to reach—the dockyards, &c. Heaven help him if he does get into the roads! It is awful to think of the wholesale slaughter that would take place among masses of men cooped up in these labyrinthine passes; out of which no army, we should think, could emerge, as an army, unless the defenders of England be absurdly weak in numbers, or fearfully degenerated in all soldier-like qualities. But for aught we know an army once entangled in these roads, and among these heights, might be hurled suddenly in one vast hecatomb to heaven, by exploding mines, for we hear that there are underground communications, running in all directions, and even extending, it is said, to the forts on the opposite heights—named respectively Fort Pitt and Fort Clarence, the one used as a military hospital, the other as a military prison.

Descending now through the picturesque suburb of Brompton (which is included within the fortifications) towards the dockyards, we meet for the first time with a very agreeable piece of attention shown to all visitors by the dockyard authorities, that is, they send a policeman round to explain everything to you. One cannot but contrast this treatment with the churlishness of Woolwich, and which, we presume, is partly to be accounted for, by the fact that visitors are more numerous and more troublesome at Woolwich, as being so much nearer to the metropolis, than at Chatham.

Everything here is on the largest scale. The dock-yard itself is nearly a mile long. There are no less than seven slips for building vessels, and every one of them is at the present moment in use. Of the seven ships of war thus in course of erection, four are line-of-battle ships. There are four wet docks capable of receiving vessels of the largest size. The range of storehouses looks as though it might be cut up into houses numerous enough to accommodate the population of a moderate-sized town. In the rope-house, which extends to above 1100 feet, cables are constructed of above 100 fathoms in length, and as thick as a man's thigh. The smithery, as at Woolwich, is full of all sorts of contrivances for increasing at once the power and the convenience of the workmen. We notice here what we do not remember to have seen elsewhere, a pair of great, dull-looking, blunt-nosed shears, consisting of two pieces of thick iron, several feet long, playing up and down against each other, their edges just touching—a very harmless and rather useless-looking instrument at first glance; but our attendant gets a workman to put a bar of wrought iron, thick as our wrist, to its lips, and without apparently taking the slightest trouble, or in any way deranging its economy by over-exertion, the iron-creature (for its constant motion makes it seem like a thing of life) quietly snaps the bar in two; in fact no lady's scissors can be more manageable or effective in the snipping of materials for gowns and flounces, than the smithery shears are in dealing with iron. In the rolling-mills, saw-mills, &c., every step reveals to you some new application of practical science; and indeed this thought has in our present tour constantly occurred to the mind, that a dockyard, as a whole, presents perhaps a more comprehensive notion of the extent to which invention and executive skill have been carried in the operations of English industry than could anywhere else be found within one class of establishments. Step up to this high ground, for instance, at the top of these long-extending stacks of massive timbers, marked with the countries from which they came, and the date of their arrival, and among which we see African oak holds a conspicuous place, while English oak, on the contrary, appears scarce. Let us mark how these gigantic stacks are piled up, and how drawn upon for the service of the saw-mills at their further end, on the high ground we have named. Here there commences a kind of railway track, raised high over our heads, with elegant iron arches, that stretch far away through the yard, over the highest part of the timber stacks; and a very charming picturesque vista these slight elegant arches form. On the top of the iron track there is a machine, holding out as it were, on each side, a pair of arms, ready to receive something that is no doubt commonly given to it. On the right the machine overhangs an enormous tank, some 90 feet deep, and, we should say, 60 or 70 feet across. But see! the machine is about to commence work.

We run hastily round to look over the low brick-

wall that defends the edge of the tank, and the whole process goes on before our eyes. A man stands at the bottom with a pole drawing towards the scaffolding, that extends from the very bottom of the tank up to the machine and iron track at the top, one of the great pieces of timber floating about the tank, and which have been brought, through the tunnel that opens into the tank, and which is some 300 feet long, and through various other water-ways, from the Thames. A pair of arms is attached to the bottom of the scaffolding, which fasten upon the timber as soon as it reaches them, and then all is ready for the ascent. We must now direct our eyes upwards. Under the machine, within the scaffolding, a kind of large iron hoat, or lesser tank, is suspended; into this water flows for a few seconds, during which everything else appears at rest: but suddenly the power which the hydraulic principle here in use has generated causes the boat to descend, and when it has passed through a few feet of the space the timber begins to ascend with a motion as easy and assured as that of a child gently lifting its doll in its arms. While you gaze in wonder and delight at this exquisitely beautiful piece of mechanism, behold! the timber is at the top, attached to the machine, which then gently swings round, and is ready to receive another piece on what was previously the opposite side. When properly supplied with its double load, off it starts down the inclined plane of the iron-road, and deposits the timber in the most convenient place of reception among the stacks. Of the various houses scattered about the yard, we think we are perhaps more impressed with the boat-house and the mast-house, than with any of the kind that we can remember; probably because we think, as we walk through them, of our nautical friends in the Medway, the ships of war in ordinary; for it is here that *their* masts, and *their* boats, &c., &c., are all stored away in a manner that one would have previously supposed impossible; tier above tier of great boats, for instance—some of the launches being forty feet long, and wanting but masts to make very respectable vessels themselves; and the masts, in bundles, all belonging to one ship, kept together, and hung up, like so many walking-sticks, upon the various supports provided. The teak mainmast of the *Meanee*, a ship of which we have already spoken, is one of the first objects that attracts us in the mast-house; this weighs about nine tons, and extends right across the floor of the building. The size of the two houses just mentioned may be sufficiently guessed at from the notion we have given of their contents. But there is one object of attraction at Chatham, which perhaps surpasses all that we have yet referred to—the block-making machine of Brunel, the engineer of the Thames Tunnel. He first conceived the idea of that machine in America, whither he was obliged to expatriate himself in 1793, on account of some political matters arising out of the excitement of the great French Revolution; and it seems extraordinary that he did not offer his invention to the American government, who employed him

in various public works. It is said his notion was that he thought the idea could not properly be developed except in the hands of a first-rate naval power, which the United States at that time were not. This may have been the motive: for even in England now, there are but two of his machines required,—one at Portsmouth, and one at Chatham,—and of these two the one at Chatham is only provided in anticipation of some accident, or other cause, throwing the Portsmouth machine out of order. Brunel came to England about the close of the last century, and lost no time in introducing his much-treasured long-matured idea to the authorities. He was a foreigner, and a man of original genius—two very great obstacles, and so it was only with extreme difficulty he obtained permission to make a trial in the arsenal at Portsmouth. His chief patrons were Lord Spencer, the First Lord of the Admiralty, and General Bentham, who has laid our naval service under many obligations, and whose conduct in this affair really entitles him to our earnest admiration. He was himself, at the very time Brunel appeared before him desiring his aid to construct a new block-making machine, trying to accomplish the very same thing. No sooner, however, did he arrive at a clear apprehension of the plans Brunel proposed, than he renounced his own in their favour, and threw all his influence into the scale of their author. In 1806 the machinery was completed, and with entire success. The blocks furnished by it are in every respect superior to those used in the navy before. A public grant of 20,000*l.* was the significant and final approval set upon this part of Brunel's labours by the English Government.

We understand that not less than eighty different sorts of blocks are constructed by the machine, or rather by the assemblage of machines, for that would be the proper mode of description; these blocks being such as are employed in raising burdens in the dockyard, and especially in the important service of moving the rigging of ships. To make all these varying blocks with the utmost individual accuracy and strength, yet at the same time with the least possible labour, was the problem with which Brunel had to deal, and which he has so successfully solved. The machines consist of many saws and lathes. By these the work is prepared, from the preliminary operation of cutting up a log of timber, to that nearly final one of polishing the

groove in which the pulleys turn; the whole being kept in motion by a single steam-engine.

Before quitting this subject, it is but making a due acknowledgment to Isambard M. Brunel, to point out that Woolwich and Chatham owe much of their present admirable economy to his labours; the Admiralty having employed him in 1800 to remedy the disorganised state into which they had fallen. This engagement led to another manifestation of his most fertile mind:—the saw-mills, of which we have spoken in our account of Woolwich with so much admiration, owe their chief wonders—the different machines for cutting timber—to him.

The number of artificers employed in Chatham dockyard is between sixteen and seventeen hundred; to these must be added, about a hundred soldiers and fifty policemen, independent of all the officers. For such a population, we need not be surprised to find special religious provision made; accordingly we find that the handsome building just within and facing the dockyard gates is a chapel.

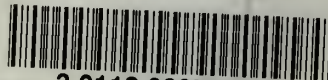
The guns belonging to the ships in ordinary are not kept in the dockyard but in the Ordnance-wharf, close by. Here you see them ranged in regular order, with the name of the ship they belong to, and their weight of metal. The ball and shell occupy various parts of the yard, arranged in pyramids, and the gun-carriages are kept under sheds. This department is under the Board of Ordnance.

The military establishments of Chatham include barracks for the marines, infantry of the line, and artillery; also hospitals, and a school for the instruction of young officers and recruits in the practical knowledge of the duties of the engineering service. The entire number of the soldiery in Chatham at the present time is about 3000. The most noticeable feature of the military life here, is the system of *depôt*. A certain number of regiments of the line, chiefly, if not entirely, engaged in foreign service, have each stationed at Chatham a small detachment of their body, into which recruits are received, and from which, after due training, the said recruits are despatched as occasion offer to join the main body. Each of these detachments is called a *depôt*; and there are some twenty-nine *depôts* at Chatham.

END OF VOL. IV.



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